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Atlantic

# Insight

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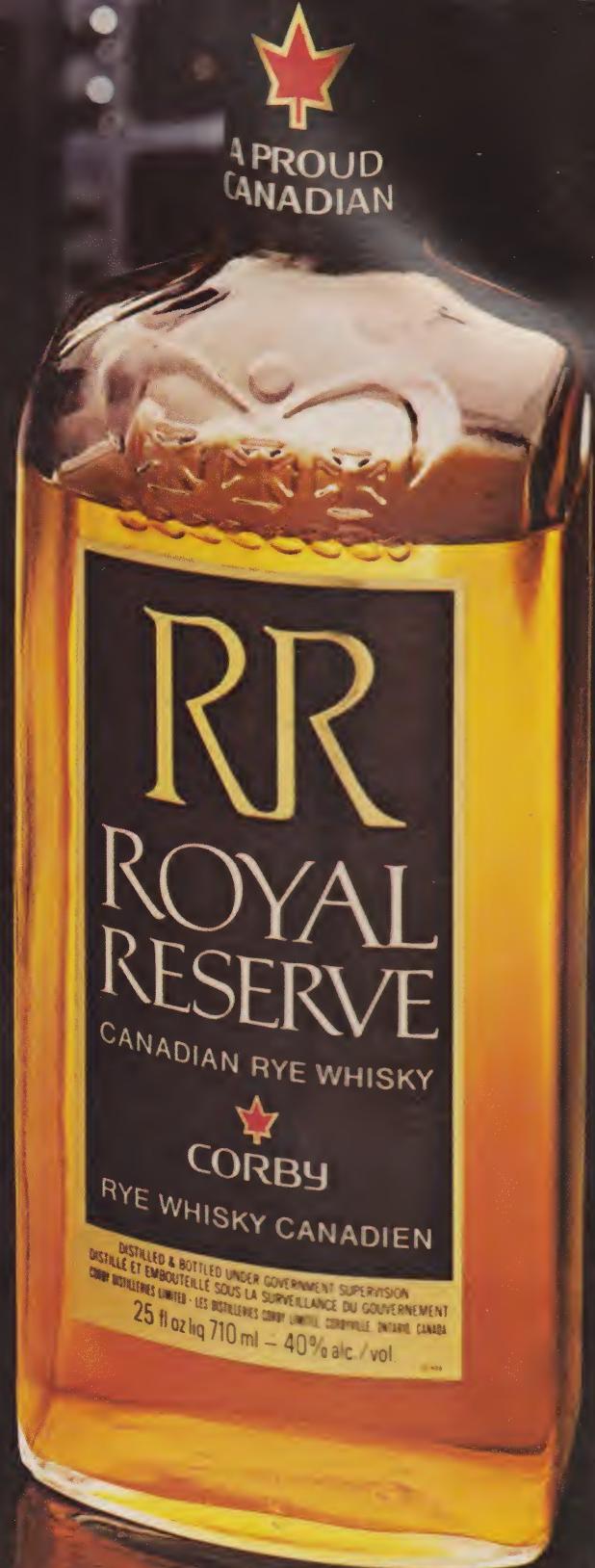
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# Atlantic Insight

August/September 1981 Vol. 3 No. 7



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**Cover Story:** John Crosbie is the man whose budget led to the unmaking of Joe Clark's government. Crosbie may have been bloodied, but he's unbowed and itching to take on Pierre Trudeau again. Maybe even as his party's leader.  
By Amy Zierler

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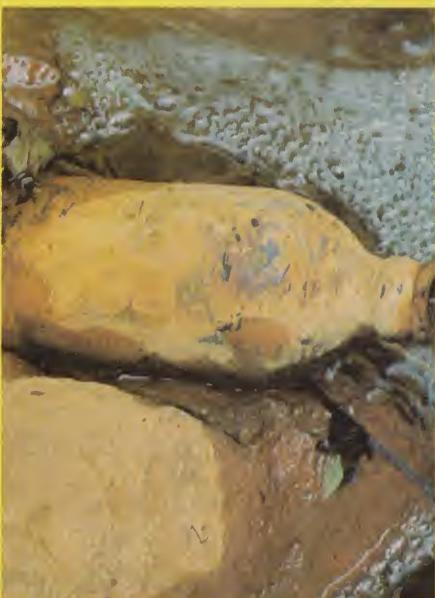
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## Editor's Letter

You might have noticed a few things that make this issue different from any August edition that *Atlantic Insight* has published before. For one thing, it's fat—unusually fat for an issue published during the summer, the thinnest season of the year for magazines. For another, it's not called August but August/September. There's a reason for all this. It's called the national postal strike.

By the time this reaches you, the strike, we hope, will be over. But as we go to press it's still on and has been on for over a month. And it's given *Atlantic Insight*, along with every other magazine in Canada, a summer we won't forget.

The Canadian Union of Postal Workers shut down the mail within hours after our July issue had arrived, fresh from the printer, at our mailing house. The copies which we distribute on newsstands throughout the region and across the country went out by truck, as they usually do. But subscribers' copies which normally go out through the mail lay bundled, labelled—and stuck.

Over the next week or so we looked at alternate ways of getting the magazine out to you: Trucking it to designated drop-off centres; hand delivering it. But the costs we would have incurred were enormous and we would have had to bear them at a time when, like thousands of other small businesses in Canada, we were suffering a severe cutback in revenue because of the strike.

So we waited. And waited. We assigned, edited, produced our August issue and sent it off to press hopefully. The strike couldn't go on much longer. Could it?

The federal government appointed a mediator. We sent our September issue off and now there were three



issues in the works: September at the graphics firm, August at the printer's, July still grounded at the mailing house. We heard national spokesmen for the publishing industry predict that, if the strike were prolonged, one—whoops, now it was two—out of every five Canadian magazines would die. We got ulcers.

We tried to look at the problem from your point of view. Would you forget about us if we weren't around, except on the newsstands, for a couple of months? Would you care if we ever came back? We looked at our costs and, finally, we decided to combine our August and September issues. It would help us avoid the expensive business of printing magazines, only to have them pile up, waiting for the mail to start moving again.

Combining August and September means that we will be delivering one less issue to you, our subscribers, than we'd promised for 1981. To make up for that, we will extend your subscription for one month past its current expiry date. So you won't lose.

We know the solution we've chosen isn't perfect, but we hope it will assure you that we're thinking about you, that we value your continued support of *Atlantic Insight* and that we want to do our best for you in an extraordinarily difficult situation.

This is the second Editor's Letter I've written for August (or, as it is now, August/September) and it's ironic that the first one, the one you'll never see, talks about what a wonderful, relaxed, problem-free season late summer is in Atlantic Canada. Hah! Maybe next year.

*Marilyn MacDonald*

## Feedback

Drooping dungarees? Shame! Jon Everett's story on the Olands (*The Moose is Loose*, Cover Story, June) says a case of Moosehead beer would most likely be seen "under the arm of a longshoreman in drooping dungarees." Do all longshoremen wear drooping dungarees? Shame, shame for making fun of a working man's clothing. I will look forward to the next issue despite this ridiculous remark.

Susan Higgins  
Upper Musquodoboit

### Don't take 1940 nickels

Alden Nowlan's article on coin-collecting was most informative (*Help Yourself to a Wooden Nickel*, Hobbies, May). However, I wish to point out two errors. First, the article says Newfoundland issued its own coins and currency until 1949. No coins for Newfoundland were struck after 1947. The article also refers to "the 1940 silver five-cent piece, of which only 2,141 were ever issued." In 1946, the Royal Canadian Mint struck 2,041 five-cent silvers for the Government of Newfoundland. My concern is that some collectors will start looking for the 1940 silver, thinking that it is a valuable one.

Raymond A. Peppard  
Truro, N.S.

### Athletic support

The Folks section of your March issue left the erroneous impression that Truro weightlifter Wayne Smith has received very little federal government assistance during his development as a world-class athlete. In fact, throughout 1978, when Wayne distinguished himself so well at the Commonwealth Games, his international standing resulted in provision of financial support under the Fitness and Amateur Sport athlete assistance program. We did not provide this support in 1979 and 1980 because he was not competing, but since that time we have provided indirect assistance through the Canadian Weightlifting Federation.

Peter P. Lesaux,  
Assistant Deputy Minister  
Government of Canada  
Fitness and Amateur Sport  
Ottawa, Ont.

### Forgotten woman

Congratulations on your June editorial and for the pertinent and very informative article on aging women who live alone (*Atlantic Canada's Forgotten Women*, The Region). Their



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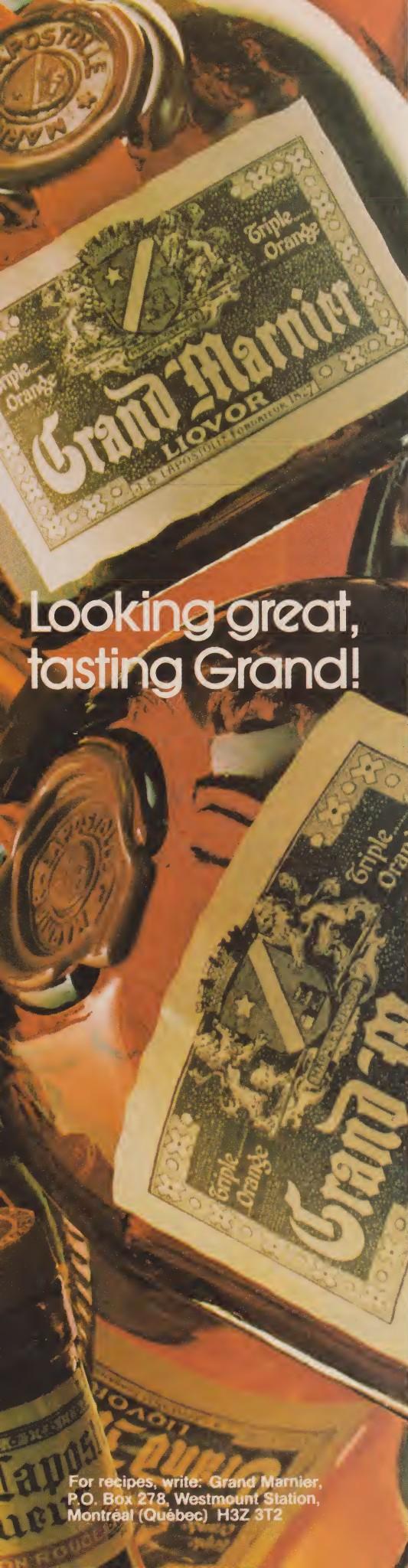
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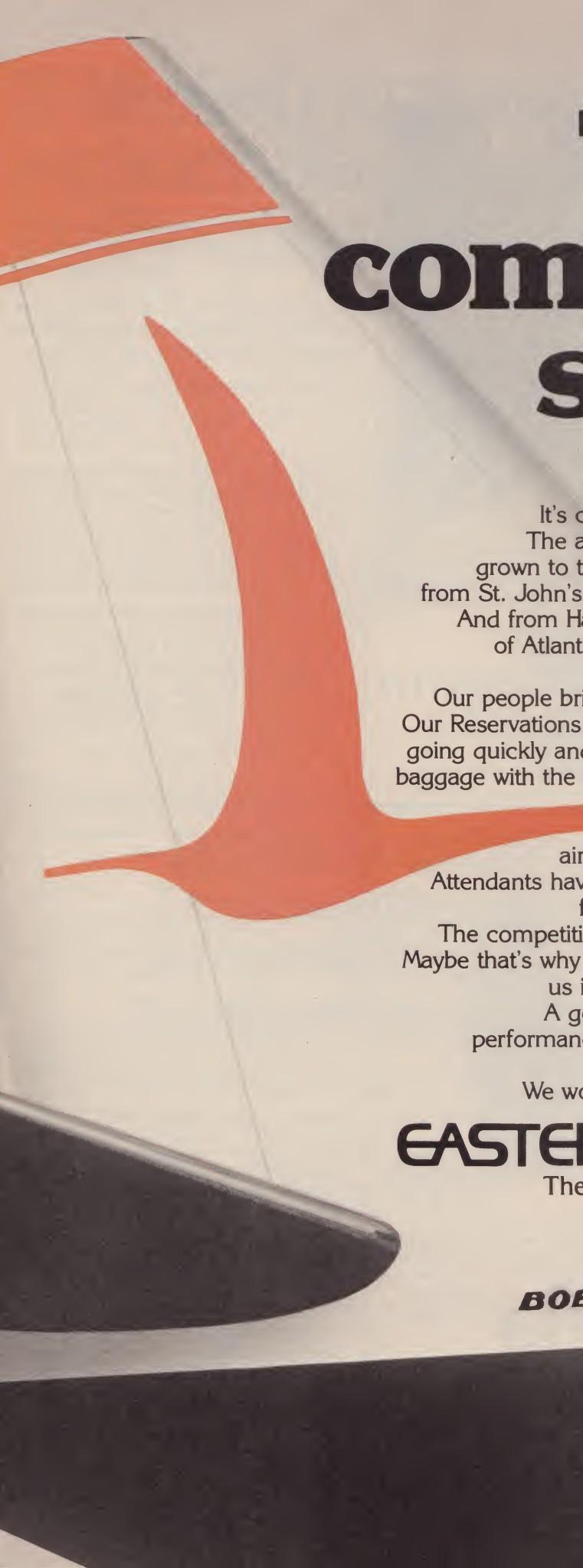
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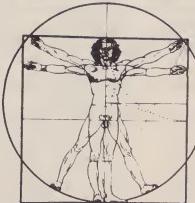
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## Feedback

plight is indeed a serious one. They are of the generation who have lived through wars and the Depression, and who have been hard-working and independent. They have never relied on the state for handouts. Now they find themselves at or near the poverty level through no fault of their own. Society should make an effort to try to help these women, while allowing them to retain their dignity and self-respect. One way to do this is to make a pension scheme available for women.

Gloria Langlands  
Halifax, N.S.

Suzanne Babin's effort to condense a 10-minute conversation with me into a half-paragraph in her article came off fairly well, but two errors crept in. I said that 83% of all people supported by welfare assistance are women and dependents. About 60% of all cases show a female head-of-household; in terms of the functional head-of-household, the figure may be closer to 65% female. My other point was that all the services of a social services ministry are almost entirely directed towards meeting the needs of women (including those generous souls who care for the disabled men on welfare). This system is also largely staffed by women. On the other hand, it is almost entirely managed and directed by men, and our performance generally reflects the dichotomy of views.

J.E. Green,  
Deputy Minister  
Department of Health and  
Social Services  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

### Policepeople?

I feel it is necessary to point out that there are female as well as male cadets in the Atlantic Police Academy (*Will Calgary's Police Get Our Men?* Labor, June). Today, "policewoman" and "policeperson" are accepted words in the English vocabulary. Why is this not the case in *Atlantic Insight*? Also, women photograph just as well as men. Why is your photo of men only?

Yvonne S. Whalen  
Port Hawkesbury, N.S.

### Temperature inversion

Jon Everett's definition of a temperature inversion (*Scrubbing Saint John's Air*, New Brunswick, June) needs to be cleaned up. There is said to be an air temperature inversion when the temperature increases with height and not when "warm air is trapped under a layer of cold air."

Rube Hornstein  
Halifax, N.S.

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# The Region

## Claims are small but victory's still sweet

*Thousands of Atlantic Canadians have discovered that they don't always have to grin and bear it. In small claims court, they can sue. And they do*

By Parker Barss Donham

**A** South Haven, N.S., lay preacher paid a bail ticket for two young friends in trouble with the law. The young men agreed to work off the debt by doing some chores, but later reneged on the deal and the minister was stuck with the tab. A Prince Edward Island farmer agreed to board a horse in his barn over the winter. Come spring the owner failed to show up and the farmer was left with a worthless nag and no pay. A Buctouche, N.B., trucker's semi-trailer didn't run properly after a nearby garage repaired the engine. A second try at the same repair shop produced no better results. Finally, another garage solved the problem, but the first shop refused to refund the trucker's money.

What sets these cases apart is the fact that all three victims took their gypsies to court. Using newly simplified procedures available in all four Atlantic provinces, the preacher, the farmer and the trucker all prosecuted their own cases without lawyers—and won payment of the money owed them.

Quietly and with little notice, traffic in small claims courts has exploded over the last two years. When the Newfoundland legislature simplified small claims procedures last January, court officials expected a 30% increase in cases. Instead, says provincial Judge Charles L. Roberts, the case load shot up 150%. The Small Claims Division of the Prince Edward Island Supreme Court heard 1,335 cases last year, easily outstripping the ordinary civil

court case load. At the Court of Queen's Bench in Moncton, small claims have doubled over the last year, and Fredericton has seen a fourfold increase in two years. In January, Nova Scotia became the last Atlantic province to enact small claims legislation. Within six months, 1,800 cases were filed, and court officials in Sydney were forced to add extra sessions to unclog a calendar already booked five months in advance.

Although procedures vary widely from province to province, what dis-

cates the plaintiff had dunned him so relentlessly, he was forced "to send two men after him to beat him up."

Some of the claims are not just small but silly. A St. John's man invited his nephew, a federal civil servant, to stay with him while he was in town on business. But when uncle discovered that nephew had received a per diem allowance from his employer to cover room and board, he sued for a share of the money—and lost.

Small claims officials seem unanimous in the view that frivolous cases are the exception, not the rule, however. They point out that the overwhelming majority of cases are settled without going to trial, simply because the debtor pays up as soon as he's notified court action is pending. Of those that go to trial, the plaintiff wins a solid majority of cases in all four provinces.

One danger in small claims courts is that the system may become an arm of the collection agencies. In Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island—the two provinces that haven't barred them—collection agencies make heavy use of the facilities. In all four provinces, small businesses of the Ma-and-Pa grocery type use small claims courts in great numbers. For many, it's the first time they've had an economical way to go after uncollectable bills.

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB MACDONALD



tinguishes a small claims court is the fact that you don't need a lawyer. Since most people prosecute (or defend) their own cases, trials are inevitably less formal than in an ordinary courtroom, even in Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, where small claims are heard by regular judges. In Nova Scotia, where cases are heard at night by part-time adjudicators, court officials learn to expect the unexpected. A Cape Breton man brought in a bag of oily gravel to illustrate a shoddy paving job, and the defendant in a bad-cheque case complained to a Halifax adjudicator that the plaintiff had dunned him so relentlessly, he was forced "to send two men after him to beat him up."

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Sometimes even giant corporations get into the act. Not long ago, a Canadian National freight derailed about 32 km outside St. John's when a small flood covered the tracks. The water came from a leaky Newfoundland Light and Power Co. reservoir, and when the utility wouldn't cover the damages, CN took it to small claims court and won a judgement of less than \$1,000.

None of the Atlantic provinces has gone as far as Quebec and barred lawyers from small claims courts altogether. But all four systems seem designed to answer the late American legal theorist Roscoe Pound's observation that "it is a denial of justice in small causes to drive litigants to employ

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## The Region

lawyers." Opinion is mixed on the quality of legal presentations by laymen who represent themselves. "Some of them are excellent, they should be lawyers," says Halifax adjudicator Diana Dalton. "You get some real Perry Masons," echoes David Burke, clerk of the Cape Breton County small claims court. Not everyone agrees. "Regrettably," sniffs Chief Judge John Nicholson of the Prince Edward Island Supreme Court, "that has not been my experience."

The most difficult situations in-

volve cases where one side has a lawyer and the other does not. When that happens, small claims judges usually intervene to question witnesses and even conduct legal research to make sure both sides get a fair hearing. As often as not, the layman ends up beating the solicitor.

Lawyers are especially common in auto accident cases, since most insurance contracts guarantee representation in court. But some small claims judges hate to see them coming. "Cases that lawyers are involved in usually

take about three times as long to adjudicate," complains Victoria County adjudicator Wayne Hutchinson. Clerk Brian Cosman, who hears small claims cases in Saint John, concurs. "Lawyers traditionally are used to the technicalities involved in higher courts and the cumbersome methods of proof. They find it difficult to shed those trappings...so they tend to draw it out a lot more."

If lawyers have trouble shedding those trappings, judges find it even harder to do so. Officials of the Attorney General's Department had to put their foot down when some Nova Scotia adjudicators wanted to wear formal robes. And most adjudicators seem content to let lawyers address them as "your honor," even though there is no basis for that appellation. Judges in Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island voice surprise that small claims legislation in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick allows judges to dispense with the normal rules of evidence. "A question of law can be just as serious and just as important in a case involving \$500 as in a case involving \$50,000," cautions P.E.I.'s Nicholson. But Cosman thinks this view begs the point of small claims courts. "As strange as it may sound, small claims courts try not to get involved in 'The Law,'" he says. "My approach to small claims is that there are two parties with a problem and I'm going to try to resolve that problem. Now if I have to go midway to resolve it, whether that's allowed in law, I don't concern myself with that."

Newfoundland provincial court Judge Charles L. Roberts believes that informal conciliation of the type Cosman prefers could handle most of the load now being carried by small claims courts. "But that's not for court," he insists. "When it gets to the point where both parties, either on principle or on feeling or on justice, want their day in court, by that time you've got to have guidelines, and the rules of evidence give a sense of fairness to both parties."

But the thousands of citizens currently flooding Atlantic Canada's small claims courts obviously care less about the fine points of legal procedure than they do about getting a reasonable hearing. "It's the principle of the thing," says adjudicator Dalton. "Someone promised them they'd do something and they haven't followed through. Now they have a way to get to them. They don't just have to sit there frustrated and write it off."

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# How to...

It is now possible for residents anywhere in Atlantic Canada to sue for small debts and minor damages without using lawyers and without spending a lot of money on court costs. The complexity of the rules varies from province to province, but all are within reach of the ordinary citizen. Here is a province-by-province breakdown:

**Nova Scotia:** Small claims courts hear claims up to \$2,000, except those involving landlord-tenant disputes, wills, land ownership, and such things as malicious prosecution, false imprisonment, and libel. At the small claims office in the county where the problem occurred, or where the other party lives or carries on business, you fill out a simple form describing the details of your claim, and pay a \$10 fee. The clerk will set a date for a hearing. The hearing, before a part-time adjudicator (a practising lawyer whose chief qualification is loyalty to the party in power), is very informal. Strict rules of evidence do not apply. If your opponent has a lawyer, the adjudicator will help you present your case. Corporations may use the system, but collection agencies cannot. There is a limited right of appeal.

**New Brunswick:** The Court of Queen's Bench hears claims for debts and damages up to \$750 under special, simplified rules. The system doesn't cover wills, land ownership or defamation. At the clerk's office in the judicial district where your opponent lives, you fill out a simple form describing your claim and pay a fee ranging from \$5 to \$15. If the defendant doesn't reply within 35 days, you fill out another form asking for a decision. In simple debt cases, you'll be awarded your claim without a hearing. If you claim damages, a simple hearing will determine the amount approved. If the defendant disputes your claim, an informal hearing is held at which both sides present their evidence. The right of appeal is limited.

**Newfoundland:** Claims involving less than \$1,000 are heard by provincial court judges as long as they don't involve wills, land ownership, libel, seduction, false arrest, breach of promise of marriage, or landlord-tenant disputes. At the clerk's office in the nearest provincial court, file a statement of claim describing your case, and an originating summons, notifying the other party. You can hand deliver the summons or send it by registered mail. Your opponent has 25 days to reply. If he does, a trial date is set. Trials are less formal than in an ordin-

ary court, but the rules of evidence apply. A typical case would cost \$4 to \$6. Appeal is to the district court, where lawyers are needed.

**Prince Edward Island:** Legislation providing simple procedures for claims up to \$2,000 has been in effect since 1975. Three years ago, the Supreme Court implemented simpler rules for claims of less than \$500. The system cannot be used for cases involving libel, wills, or land ownership, but is used for landlord-tenant disputes.

You complete an originating notice at the clerk's office in the nearest law courts building (Charlottetown, Georgetown or Summerside) and for a

fee of \$6.35 plus 16.1¢ per kilometre, the sheriff delivers a copy to your opponent. If mediation fails, the case goes to formal trial before a Supreme Court judge. Normal rules of evidence apply. If no defence is filed, simple debt cases will be awarded in your favor. If damages are involved, you'll have to prove the amount of those damages at a hearing. There's no fee for claims up to \$500; \$15 for claims between \$500 and \$2,000. Corporations, including collection agencies, can use the system only through lawyers, but that rule is waived in cases under \$500. Appeal is to a three-judge panel of the Supreme Court, where you'll need a lawyer. ☒

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# New Brunswick



STUDIO LAPORTE

Gislain Bellavance, Jean-Guy Leclerc, Patrick Lepage: The jobs are disappearing

## A forestful of troubles

*New Brunswick woodworkers are losing their jobs to machines and Quebecers. And they don't like it*

**W**hen the wood-cutting season began this spring in the vast forests of north-central New Brunswick, 30 RCMP officers, in full riot regalia, converged on the camps near Plaster Rock. As a helicopter circled overhead, the mounties formed a cordon between 40 Quebecers working in the woods and about 80 Acadian woodworkers from the twin villages of Saint-Quentin and Kedgwick.

The Acadians had driven to the camps, run by Fraser Inc., the area's largest forestry employer, to protest the fact that the Quebecers were working for Fraser at a time when many New Brunswick woodworkers can't find jobs. With technological change knocking out many traditional jobs in the forest industry, unemployment in the area is running about 50%, and dozens of New Brunswick woodworkers are facing financial ruin.

Armand Plourde, Kedgwick's bearded parish priest, says it's an outrage that New Brunswick workers suf-

fer while about 200 Quebecers—most of them employed by Fraser—remove \$4 million a year in earnings from the province.

And, while Quebec woodsmen migrate freely to New Brunswick jobs, Plourde says, New Brunswick woodsmen are harassed if they try working in Quebec. "They cannot go to Quebec because the workers resent them," he says. "A couple of years ago, a bulldozer of one of our people was blown up. They [the Quebec woodsmen] said to our people here, 'You'd better go home, because the jobs we have here are for us.'"

The New Brunswick government won't act to keep out the Quebecers; it has a policy of freedom-of-movement for all Canadian workers. And the Quebecers are protected by union seniority clauses. Of Fraser's 1,000 woodworkers, 140 are Quebecers, company public relations manager Larry Fyfe says, and were hired several years ago when it was hard to get local labor.

But New Brunswick woodsmen aren't losing jobs only to laborers from outside. At J.D. Irving Ltd., for instance, three-man crews have been reduced to two-man crews by a machine that cuts limbs from trees. Max Michaud of Edmundston, an official of the Canadian Paperworkers' Union (CPU), estimates that Irving has laid off about a third of its woodsmen in the past two years.

**A** standard woods crew consists of two cutters with chainsaws and the operator of a skidder, a four-wheeled vehicle that hauls logs out to the road. The Irving crews bring out whole trees, which are limbed by machine at a central yard. Another innovation is the mechanical harvester.

As big as house-trailers with seven-foot-high wheels, these monsters cut and transport trees with only one man at the controls. One harvester replaces five crews, and, working a double shift of 18 hours, replaces 30 workers.

The cutting season runs from May to December, and when there's work available, the money's good. Cutters average \$116 daily at Fraser; skidder operators can gross up to \$1,500 a week.

That's cold comfort for people such as Roger Labonté, a 27-year-old father of three who invested in a \$25,000 used skidder last year. Then, with 26 other woodsmen, he was laid off at an Irving operation. Without work, he says, he'll lose his skidder, his pickup truck and his home. Patrick Lepage, 46, is out of work this year for the first time in 31 years. As recently as 12 years ago, he says, horses were used in the woods. Then companies encouraged woodsmen to buy skidders. Now the companies have moved on to new equipment, leaving woodsmen with useless machines and huge debts.

Michaud of the CPU predicts that one side of the unemployment problem—that of imported workers—will solve itself in two years, when a new mill at Matane, Que., opens.

Meanwhile, many discouraged New Brunswick woodsmen are packing up and moving to Alberta. "They make more in two or three months than I can make in a year," says Jean-Guy Leclerc, 28, who's contemplating a move.

Jean-Paul Savoie, an official with the Société des Acadiens du N.-B., says so many people are leaving for the west, it's a rerun of the 1755 Acadian deportation. "Instead of putting us in boats," he says, "now they simply don't invest any money around here to create jobs."

— Jon Everett

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# Prince Edward Island

## The greening of Frank Johnston

*He wants to build a shopping centre. The government wants to fulfil an election promise. The result is a nasty controversy*

L egislation to control shopping centre development in Prince Edward Island is barely four months old but it's already brought on a bitter dispute involving a developer, the provincial government, Charlottetown's business establishment and the courts. The controversy's hero or villain—depending on your point of view—is Frank Johnston, a 34-year-old businessman who owns two McDonald's restaurant franchises and has a burning desire to build a \$10-million shopping centre in West Royalty, a village straddling the busy Trans-Canada Highway on the western edge of Charlottetown. But last April, the provincial government made good on an election promise and passed legislation which says that all shopping centres more than 2,000 square metres in size must first have the blessing of the minister of Community Affairs.

Immediately after Angus MacLean's Conservatives came to power in 1979, they announced a moratorium on all new shopping mall construction and expansion of existing malls, and appointed a special five-member commission to look into retail store development. The commission filed a 300-page report which found that large regional shopping centres contributed to the business and social decline of small communities and the downtown areas of larger ones, and recommended that the province should control their development. Island businessmen and municipal officials have generally responded favorably to the controls.

Johnston, who comes from the you-can't-stop-progress school of thinking and is a self-confessed "strong free enterpriser," says he can live with the new law except for one clause. It states that any outstanding building permits being disputed before the courts when legislation was passed must still be sub-

ject to the new legislation, no matter what the court decides. In other words, even if the court rules in favor of a developer and orders that a building permit be issued, the developer must still obtain approval from the government before he can build.

But at the time the legislation was proclaimed, Johnston was the only person to have an outstanding building permit being disputed in the courts. West Royalty had granted him a building permit for his proposed 18,000-square-metre mall in January, 1979. But a last-minute court injunction by a local resident prevented the approved permit from being delivered. "I have the approved application in my file," says Robert Hamilton, West Royalty's village administrator. "If it hadn't been for the injunction that shopping centre would be up today."

The injunction was granted to Jean Beaton, whose property lies smack in the middle of Johnston's 22-acre site, and who was already involved in other legal proceedings against Johnston in her efforts to thwart the shopping centre project. Johnston says he has evidence to prove that Beaton did not act alone but that she was strongly encouraged to speak out against the mall proposal by "vested interests." Beaton refuses to comment.

But the legislation makes it pointless for Johnston to pursue those arguments in court. "They," Johnston says of government members, "have made a fool of the courts." Johnston's lawyer, John Keaveny, says the retroactive element in the legislation is wrong and "without legal precedent anywhere in Canada."

The Conservatives deny the law was aimed at Johnston. Says Harry O'Connell, deputy minister of Community Affairs: "The legislation is not

ROB DYKSTRA  
a personal vendetta against anyone. The government campaigned for it during the last election. No one knew Frank Johnston during the campaign."

In the meantime, Johnston has reapplied to West Royalty for his building permit, which will involve another round of impact studies, public hearings and deliberations by village officials. If West Royalty approves the permit—almost certain since the village is anxious for the tax-dollars—the matter goes to Community Affairs Minister Pat Binns for a decision.

If the minister says no, Johnston has one last resort. He can appeal to the P.E.I. Land Use Commission, a powerful seven-member body, designed to be outside the sphere of any political or business influence and from which Johnston says he expects a "fair" decision.

By fair, does he mean favorable? He won't say. "I've made another application for a building permit," he says. "All I can do now is sit back and wait." — Rob Dykstra



Johnston: Try, try again



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## Nova Scotia

# There's life after shutdown

*Britex Ltd. of Bridgetown, N.S., is proving that an employee-run company can do better business than a multinational*



DAVID NICHOLS

Sandy Archibald: "There's been a change in attitude"

**B**ritex Ltd. president Sandy Archibald leans back in his chair in the company's stark Bridgetown, N.S., boardroom. It's been a year since he and six others bought the elasticized-fabrics plant. "One day we didn't think there was any risk. The next day we were totally scared," he says. He's talking about the insecure months that followed American textile giant J.P. Stevens and Co.'s decision to close down its plant in the Annapolis Valley town.

Stevens' United Elastics plant had been a major employer in the Valley for 20 years, with 250 workers at its peak. When the firm announced it was closing, Archibald, then plant manager, saw it as both an obligation and an opportunity to buy. He and six department managers chased up \$4.4 million in government loans and grants. "When we looked at potential problems, it was very scary," he says. "But likewise when we looked at potential opportunities, it was darn exciting and interesting."

So far, the gamble seems to have paid off. Archibald, 37, rattles off evidence of remarkable progress: Productivity up 20%; staff turnover down by 25%; sales up a million dollars over projections; even a small profit by the end of year one (none had been expected until the third year). "Fifty percent of it's good luck," Archibald admits, "and 50% of it is everyone pulling together and working toward the same goal. I think there's been a

change in attitude."

The idea was to create an employee-owned company. "It's a small town, you know," he says, "and faced with the closure we all had a lot to lose. So we wanted to structure it so that everyone had a lot to gain if it went well." Ownership still rests with the seven-member management team, which will always hold controlling interest, but the company is making an initial offering of 20% of shares to the 170 employees.

In the meantime, Archibald has made some changes he thinks have made the plant more democratic, and more fun to work in. After years of running the operation based on a policy manual dictated by Stevens' New York headquarters, he threw away the book and set up an employee committee to recommend changes. The firm now posts job openings. "Before, you just assigned somebody," Archibald says. Employees are kept up to date at quarterly meetings, and by a newsletter that Archibald writes himself and signs "Sandy." Perhaps the most significant change is a profit-sharing plan, under which employees receive 10% of before-tax profits calculated quarterly. Archibald says workers were credited with an average of \$150 each in the first year of operation.

Britex Ltd.'s success contradicts the widespread belief that if a multinational company wants to get rid of a plant, it must be uneconomical. J.P.

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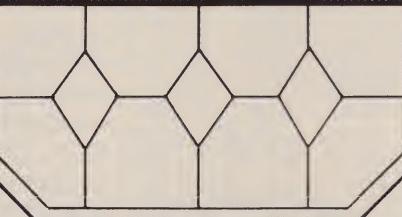
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### Nova Scotia

Stevens and Co., America's second largest textile manufacturer with roughly 85 plants and 42,000 employees, unwittingly acquired the Bridgetown factory, its only Canadian operation, when it purchased United Elastics Corp. of East Hampton, Mass., in the mid-Sixties. Its decision to close down was part of a general company decision to divest itself of foreign holdings and concentrate resources at home.

But the move was probably hurried by knowledge that equipment in the plant was deteriorating. Local management had recommended a \$1.5-million investment to keep the operation viable. "The amount of money invested by Stevens in the past decade had been a drop in the bucket," Archibald says. "Some of the equipment was 10 or 12 years old, and just totally worn out. We were spending more trying to keep things going than they were worth."

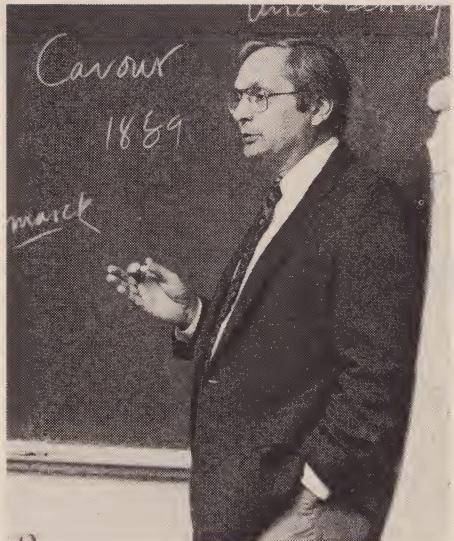
The takeover—with a \$1.8-million grant from the Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE), and a \$2.6-million loan from Industrial Estates Ltd. (IEL)—allowed the company to commit \$1.5 million to a three-year modernization and expansion program. It's well ahead of schedule and some equipment slated for purchase in year two is already in place.

The company has two products: Wide elasticized fabric used to make swimwear, bras and girdles, and narrow fabric used for trim. But its small research department is scrambling to develop new lines. Recently, the company began to manufacture a specialized stretch material for protective hockey equipment, and straps for things like ski goggles that have the manufacturer's name woven in.

Britex makes 80% of its sales in Ontario and Quebec markets, but in the past year, Archibald has spent 40% of his time on the road, rounding up customers in France, Scotland, Australia and even the U.S. Says Bill Ring, IEL vice-president of finance: "They've got a really aggressive group there. They're really going after it. We've been quite pleased with their progress."

For Archibald, the takeover has been like a shot of adrenaline. "You're not only more involved, you have more at stake. If you see an opportunity you can go after it. If you see problems, you have to solve them because they're your problems now." But for the town, it's been a life-saver. "I shudder to think," Bridgetown Mayor Roy McIsaac says, shaking his head, "I shudder to think what would have happened if [the plant] hadn't continued. It would have been a bad, bad blow."

— Sue Calhoun



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## **Oil rig jobs: No women need apply**

*Are women discriminated against in oil rig hiring? It's a simple question, but finding the answer isn't. First you have to know who to complain to, then you have to find out who's really responsible*

**D**onna-Lee Hedges didn't set out to prove a point. She asked for an interview with the representative from St. John's-based Harvey Offshore Services because she wanted a job. With her husband, a Happy Valley-Goose Bay assistant postmaster, she had weighed the pros and cons of the month-on, month-off schedule of a job on a drillship, and they had agreed it would give her more time to spend with their two children (11 and nine years old) during their summer holidays. Because her brother had worked offshore (he died in a diving bell five years ago), she was aware of the isolation, mental stress and physical danger

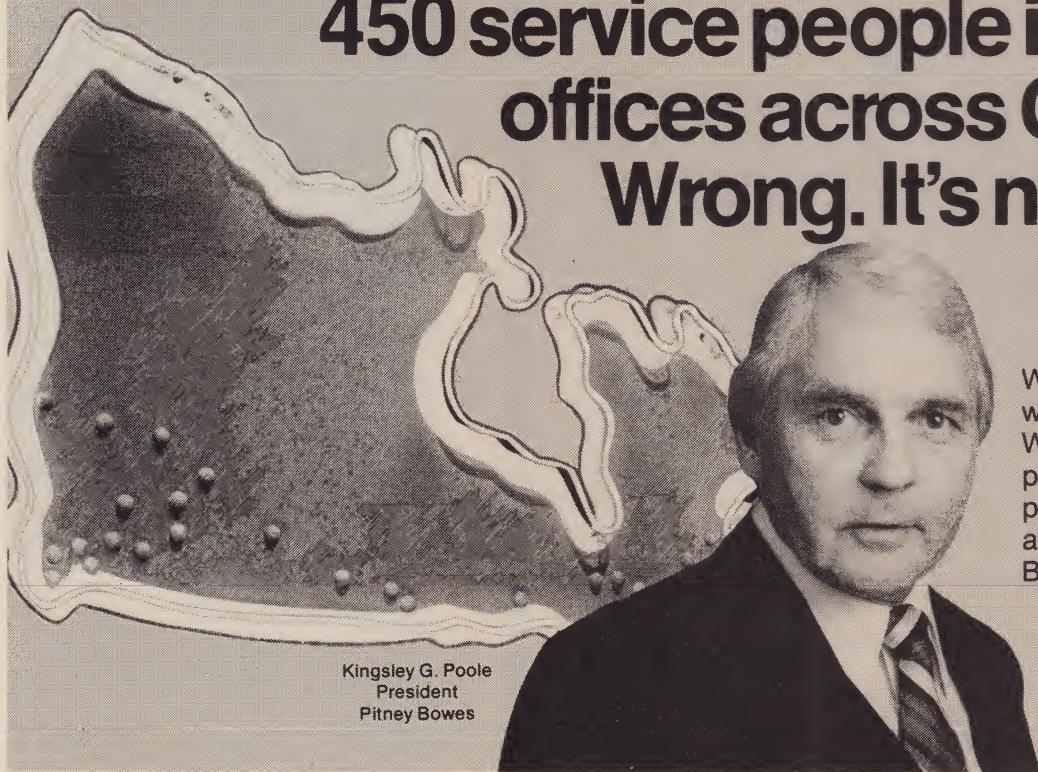
of living on an offshore oil rig. She felt prepared for all that. "My big fear was they would think I might get homesick after two weeks and want to come home," Hedges says. "Was I ever in for a rude awakening." Harvey Offshore crewing manager Adrian Coady took her application for a catering position, but told Hedges her chances of getting work offshore were slim because "liquor, drugs and women" are not allowed on the rigs.

The problem, Coady told her, is accommodation: The living quarters on most rigs do not provide privacy for two sexes. Only senior ships' officers and oil company representatives get

private or semi-private rooms. All other crew members sleep four to a room and use communal washrooms. "On the rigs we use for the exploration phase, we are very, very strapped for space," says Greg Lever, Labrador operations superintendent for Petro-Canada, for whom Coady was recruiting. Lever's explanation is typical of the east coast industry, but Hedges is not sympathetic. She's filed two complaints alleging sexual discrimination in hiring with the Canadian Human Rights Commission (CHRC)—one against Harvey Offshore Services, another against Petro-Canada.

Coady says he was just being honest. "I have never refused anyone an application, but I don't want to encourage anybody where there is very little hope," he says. There is, in fact, not much hope for most people looking for work on the rigs or service vessels. Nearly 9,000 Newfoundlanders have registered with the provincial government's offshore employment office. But for the 1,000 Newfoundlanders they've hired to work offshore this summer, most companies didn't even need to use the government registry. They have thousands of names in their own files and

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can choose the experienced hands they prefer. Against odds like that, even a woman with suitable work experience may not get the job.

When Hedges registered, she didn't discuss the trouble she might face getting work offshore. "He just wanted to know that I was born in Gander in 1952," she says. Registry co-ordinator Larry Collins says his job is to enforce the regulations: "As long as they hire a resident, that's all we care about."

Because of the peculiar structure of the oil industry, the CHRC may not find it easy to lay blame even if it does find in Hedges' favor. Harvey Offshore Services, acting in this case as a personnel service, is under contract to the rig owner (a Norwegian company, Helmar Staubo) who is under contract to Petro-Canada.

Petrocan, which has the drillships under contract for only a few months a year, does not tell Helmar Staubo who to hire or for whom to provide private washrooms. Harvey Offshore manager Nath Cooper says, "If a woman comes to us qualified for the position, we will put her name forward to the client," but the rig owner, Harvey's client, can reject any candidate. On other rigs, the owner may hire the marine and drilling crews directly and contract out the catering service. "We're all concerned about our principal business," says the manager of one catering firm. "That's why nobody really wants to wave the banner on this women's thing."

One Canadian oil company which has made a point of employing women offshore and in its isolated shore-based camps owns and operates its own rigs. When Dome Petroleum started drilling in the Beaufort Sea five years ago, the company modified the living quarters on one drillship, setting aside two two-person cabins for women. "The experiment was extremely successful," says personnel supervisor Dick Duzek. "Some people had reservations at first, but they actually found it made life out there a little more enjoyable." Dome has since made similar changes on its other three drillships. In its 1980 annual report to Parliament, the CHRC says govern-

ment should offer tax support, grants or subsidies to offset the extra burden to employers of providing a non-discriminatory workplace.

As the investigation of Hedges' complaint proceeds, the federal human rights commissioners may find themselves drawn into the dispute between Ottawa and Newfoundland over offshore jurisdiction. Newfoundland, like every other province, has its own human rights code and its own commission to investigate complaints, but the division of authority between the federal and provincial bodies is not always clear. "The jurisdictional matter is a problem," says CHRC Atlantic regional director Hugh McKervill, "but we will be relentless in following any complaint where there appears to be just cause. As far as we're concerned, we're completely apolitical."

When news of Hedges' complaint hit the St. John's morning paper recently, open line radio hosts had a hot topic for the day's show. "We all know what the man-woman situation creates," a disapproving Bas Jamieson of Q Radio told his listeners. Hedges says she'll pursue the case even if she finds work elsewhere. "I didn't start out to make a point, but I can't help but pursue it to make a point now," she says, "if not for me, for my daughter."

— Amy Zierler

**Donna-Lee Hedges**



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# Cover Story



A blunt, funny man

## Does John Crosbie want to be prime minister?

*He's unusually reluctant to talk about his interest in his party's leadership, but he'll happily insult "Emperor Napoleon TRU-deau." Trudeau will have to be pried out of power like Smallwood, Crosbie says. "That would be just great..."*

By Amy Zierler

**O**n the long, hot drive back from Marystow to St. John's, through mile after mile of treeless moon-scape, a fatiguing sun pours in the car windows. John Crosbie, driving an unconservative 110 kilometres an hour and passing every car in sight, wipes the sweat from his face. He's talking about political power and the frustration of knowing that hanging on to it may have nothing to do with a party's policies. In the car, there's an audience of three—his wife, Jane, his executive assistant, Bill Welch, and a reporter—

but Crosbie is still very much the partisan politician, defending the budget he brought down two years ago as finance minister of Canada, heaping scorn on the federal Liberals and Prime Minister Trudeau ("Emperor Napoleon Trudeau," Crosbie mocks, mimicking a French accent), analysing the Conservative party's defeat in Ottawa after eight months in power. Then, driving past a turnoff that leads to one of the rural communities in his riding, Crosbie seizes the chance to reduce the whole, depressing problem to its essence. "There's a nice little community," he

says. "Their roads are paved. They've got nice new wharves. And the bastards still vote Liberal."

His friends will tell you John Crosbie is, in a sense, no politician. He's not given to dressing up observations in delicate ambiguities or padding opinions in cotton-batting gobbledegook. His blunt style, along with the fact that he's considered one of the funniest men in Ottawa, may be one reason he's keeping such a gruelling schedule these days. Since the Conservative government defeat on Crosbie's budget in December, 1979, he's been criss-crossing the country, speaking two or three times a week to groups ranging from the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce to the Kiwanis Club of Witless Bay, Nfld.

"All you have to do," an Ottawa colleague says, "is mention that John is going to be at a meeting, and you can pack a hall." Crosbie has been in demand as a speaker for years, but what has changed in recent months is that Tory Leader Joe Clark is now under pressure to call a leadership convention. If Crosbie is winning new friends in Grande Prairie, Alta., and Middle Musquodoboit, N.S.—and it appears that he is—it won't do him any harm in a Tory leadership race. It is a topic on which he is unusually reticent. "I've always said I'd be interested in the job, when and if it becomes vacant," Crosbie says. Then he promptly changes the subject.

Last night, Crosbie was speaking close to home, at a Conservative dinner-dance in Marystow. He was at his country-preacher best, by turns caustic, humorous and indignant as he launched a full-scale attack against the federal Liberals. But there were only about 150 people in the room, and when he wrapped it up at 10:30 p.m., the applause was uneven. This is the Burin Peninsula, an area so steadfastly Liberal that showing Conservative colors in public is considered downright indecent. Just the day before, in Owen Sound, Ont., a mixed political audience of 240 Kiwanians packed the largest room they could get to hear him speak. And when he delivered his standard message on the economy in Hamilton recently, "he had the whole crowd thinking as one by the time he was finished," a Conservative friend says.

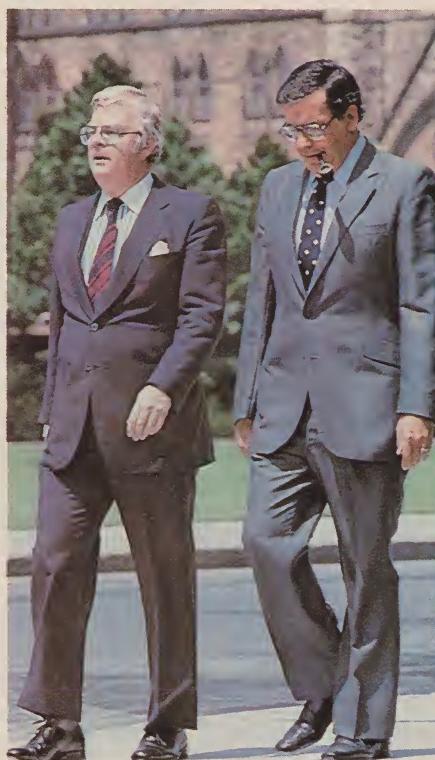
Crosbie, the friend says, has the appeal of a populist. "What John does is get down to the nub of things very quickly. He can get through to the average Joe. He's one of the few people I know in public life who can take a subject as complicated as interest rates,

bring it down to the average person's level of understanding, and draw fantastic support from any crowd."

Some people wonder if Crosbie's uncompromising bluntness, his wit, his individuality might be a double-edged sword. "John tangos while everyone else is waltzing," his friends like to say. One colleague notes that a politician who's also a comedian runs the risk of not being taken seriously. And a party organizer in Newfoundland, asked about Crosbie's leadership prospects, says he's "brilliant, but he's a lousy politician. He doesn't have the political instincts you need to become leader, not like Trudeau or Peckford or Clark."

Crosbie may avoid publicly discussing his own political prospects, but Trudeau's future is a subject he plunges into like a sunstruck man into a pool of water. "I have never seen a man enjoy absolute power as much as TRU-deau does," he says, leaning hard on the first syllable. "When he was in opposition, he was slumped over, deflated. He was like a limp rag doll. But today he's emperor again, Emperor Napoleon Trudeau. He'll cling to power with his fingernails, his toenails, his hangnails. They're going to have to pry him out, like we had to pry Smallwood out," Crosbie chuckles. "That would be great. Yes, that would certainly be enjoyable."

"John tangos while others waltz"



With Walter Baker on Parliament Hill

In the history of Newfoundland's intensely personal politics, no relationship has had more intrigue than that of John Crosbie and Joe Smallwood. They are inextricably intertwined, and mutual hatred is the glue that binds them. The loathing official-

ly began when Crosbie quit Smallwood's cabinet (the issue at hand was government backing of John Shaheen's oil refinery at Come By Chance), crossed the floor of the House to sit as an Independent Liberal, and then dared to run for leadership of the Liberal party at the fall, 1968, convention at which, Smallwood had announced, he would retire. The two men share a fantastic talent for abuse, and they quickly became one another's favorite targets. On his daily 15-minute *Conversation with the Premier* on VOCM radio, Smallwood would liken Crosbie to various species of vermin. Crosbie would call Smallwood a "puffball of spite," and the best insults of the day would end up as newspaper headlines the next morning.

During the leadership race, Crosbie called himself "a Liberal by conviction," but he never had been and never would be a Smallwood Liberal. Crosbie came from the bluest of St. John's' blue-chip families, where the children went to boarding school in Ontario or England and nearly everyone opposed Confederation. Crosbie's father, Ches, the rough-and-ready businessman who set the family companies rolling, had led the anti-Confederates in a drive for economic union with the United States: When 18-year-old John came home to join in the second referendum campaign, part of his job was to monitor a wiretap on telephone calls to the main-



## Cover Story

land, looking for evidence of collusion between Ottawa and the Confederates which the anti-Confederates could exploit to their advantage. Ches later found it good business to become a loyal Smallwood backer. Not so with John. But politics was in his veins and has been ever since he could remember. Like his grandfather, Sir John Crosbie—an earlier irreverent Finance minister who, according to a newspaper of his day, said, "The Pope and the archbishop can kiss my a....," when asked his position on Catholics—the young lawyer became Liberal member for St. John's West.

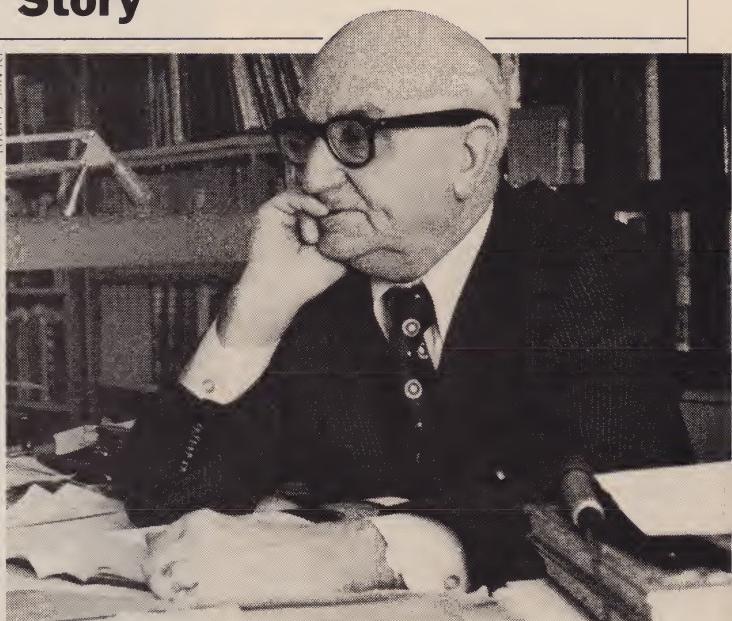
**H**e was only six months into a term as deputy mayor of St. John's when Smallwood appointed him minister of Municipal Affairs in 1966. Crosbie's Tory friends, including his wife, Jane, were horrified that he would serve under Smallwood, but it now seems inevitable that the two would find each other.

Crosbie's challenge to what he called "bullying and abuse of power" made him the overnight hero of a Dump Smallwood movement. The leadership fight was not just an internal Liberal party affair. Lawyers, business executives and housewives left the city to set up "Crowds for Crosbie" offices across the province. Crosbie lost

Mukluks for the budget that bombed

heavily, but his weeping, angry chanting supporters robbed Smallwood of his victory on live province-wide television.

The battle with Smallwood helped Crosbie in other ways. To survive Smallwood's attacks, Crosbie tapped a valuable reserve of wit. He had always been funny, dry, amusingly insulting, but no one laughed at his mumbled speeches. So he and Jane, Reg Good, manager of his earlier city hall campaign, and others got together with Howard Young, who taught the Dale Carnegie confidence-building course in town. One evening a week they'd meet and, over drinks, shout their way through ridiculous tub-thumping routines. It has since become one of the Crosbie legends—representing his pragmatism, his relentless drive, his up-by-the-bootstraps admiration for hard work—but all that hides the point of the speaking exercises, which was to help Crosbie



Smallwood: Crosbie called him a "puffball of spite"

mask a debilitating shyness.

If he sometimes seems more comfortable with his own wit than in the company of other people, Crosbie nonetheless bears his political responsibilities ungrudgingly. He's known as a hard-working constituency man, and the voters have never turned him down. In the first painful days of campaigning in the rural areas of the larger federal district, Crosbie could barely muster the nerve to get out of the car and speak to fishermen working on a wharf.



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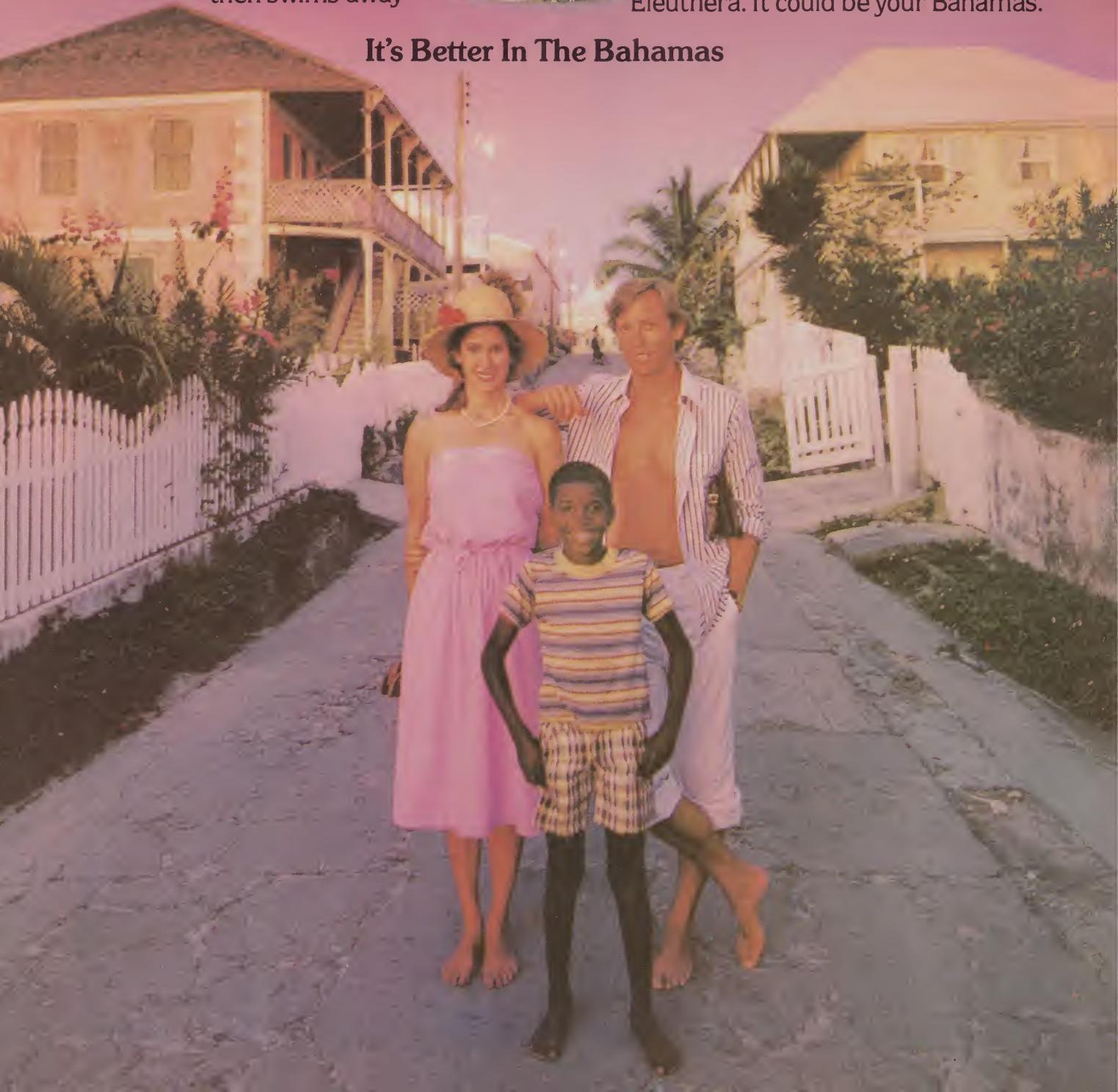


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## It's Better In The Bahamas



"I'm not a very gregarious person," he says. "These things get a little easier with time."

"When I started out in politics, I took it all very seriously," Crosbie says. He began as an earnest student of political science and law, but his on-the-job political education has been largely a process of disillusionment. "You could almost see the layers coming off," Faith Good, a St. John's friend, says. It was the same with his decision to join the Conservatives in 1971. "He agonized," Jane says, to which Crosbie answers, "Now it's no more than blowing your nose." The way Crosbie tells it, party labels are little more than flags of convenience: "The trouble with Liberalism is that it's got such a damn mystique about it, especially with the trendy cosmopolites. A Conservative sounds like a fat old broker with a stiff collar sitting in the club as his dividends pour in." "What he really believes," Ross Reid, a former Crosbie executive assistant, says, "is that the best politics is no politics, not if it gets in the way of good government."

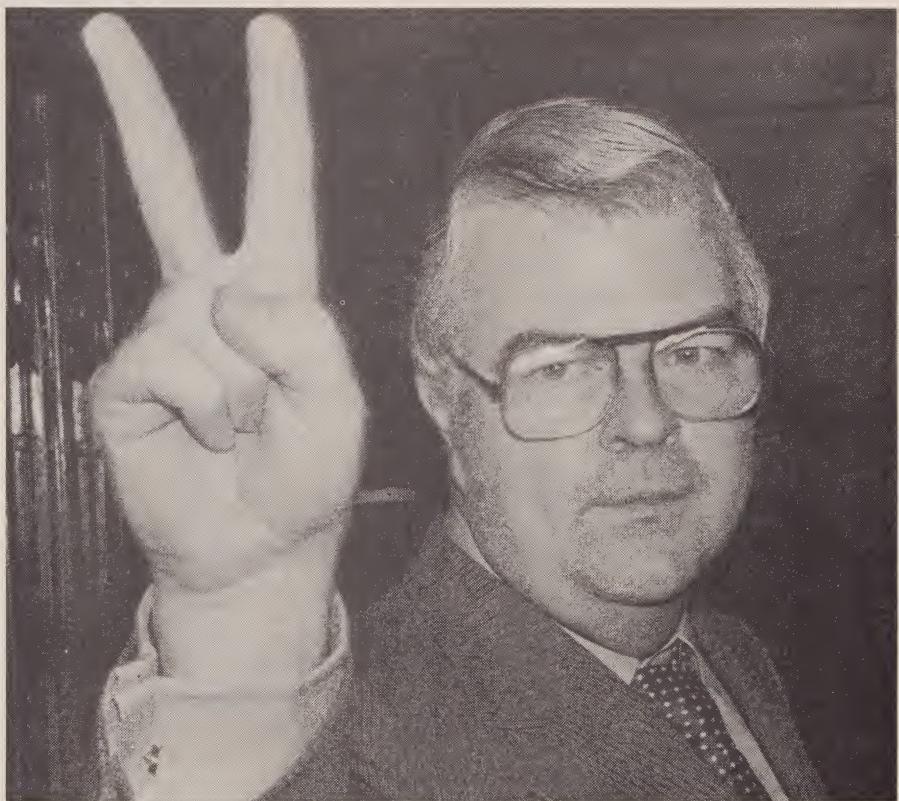
Crosbie's seriousness—the dedication hiding beneath his cynical wit—is what his home-town friends admire most. And an extraordinarily devoted bunch they are. They excuse his abrasiveness ("That's his way of being nice"), and speaking behind their hands, talk about his good-deed doing. ("He'd hate me for telling you this, but the man's jelly underneath it all.") Their biggest disappointment is that he never had the chance to be their premier. "He was a glowing star 12 years ago, but somehow he never caught fire with people like I think he should have," Jim Roberts, a long-time friend, says. "I am surprised."

Crosbie didn't get along with Frank Moores much better than he had with Joe Smallwood. But Moores knew Crosbie's talents and put him to work sorting out Smallwood's financial legacy. He was minister of Finance, president of the Treasury Board, minister of Economic Development and chairman of Labrador Linerboard Ltd. (the nationalized Javelin project) all at the same time. By 1975, with Moores in place for another four years, Crosbie began to show his restlessness. Both Conservatives and Liberals courted him to look to Ottawa in a byelection the following September. He stuck with the Tories but they were still in opposition the day Frank Moores announced his resignation. Crosbie was in a Toronto hospital undergoing tests on a potentially dangerous blockage in a major artery in his neck when a *Daily News* reporter called from St. John's to ask if he would run for the leadership. "I said no right away," he says, brushing

off any suggestion that his health was a factor in his decision. "I'd made my move." Disappointed perhaps, but not surprised, his friends back home did not try to draft him. "But you know," says Sonia Dawe Ryan, a business executive who worked with him in the Smallwood fight, "I watched the convention on television and when it was over, I suddenly felt very sad for Crosbie. Not to take anything away from Brian Peckford, but, I thought, Crosbie took him out of a small school in Springdale and now Brian's got the top job." (Peckford, a young teacher when Crosbie began his fight with Smallwood, had taken a six-month leave of absence to work full-time for the challenger's campaign.)

yourself amused." He's kept busy and maintained the high profile on which the politician's unrelenting ego thrives. Whether people like what he's saying or just like to hear his Newfie brogue, he's especially popular out west. "From his line of speechifying recently, he's been trying to make himself the spokesman for all the country's fringes," says national political writer Richard Gwyn. "He can make the claim, although it is a little unprovable, that things would be better if his budget had been approved." Crosbie has been making that claim vigorously, of course, and every time the Liberals slap another tax on oil prices, he can smile a little to himself.

Crosbie's brass shingle still hangs



"And the bastards still vote Liberal"

A palmist in Hong Kong once told Crosbie, "I see very great power coming to you." The palmist didn't say anything about how long Crosbie would hang on to it, but the ex-Finance minister seems to be surviving the Tories' fall from power remarkably well. In the February election that followed the fall of Clark's minority government, Crosbie's personal win in St. John's West increased by 2,000 votes. When the election was over, he and Jane went travelling, as they always have after political setbacks. This time, they went to China.

Getting knocked back into opposition so quickly is "terrible," he says now, "but you don't let yourself think about it too much because it would be too depressing. You just try to keep

on Duckworth Street, although he hasn't practised law since 1972. He turned 50 this year, an unpleasant reminder of his father's death at 57, his grandfather's at 56. But he's leading a more sober and medically supervised life than Crosbie's have traditionally led. Since the stroke warning that sent him to Toronto, he's been on an aspirin regimen and a low-cholesterol diet (but still can't resist an ice cream at roadside stops). He quit smoking New Year's Day five years ago, doesn't drink excessively and plays a graceless but unbeatable game of tennis at his country residence outside St. John's. "I'm convinced I'm going to live to be 100," he says. If he does, he'll undoubtedly be still dancing to his own music. X

# Crafts

## Nova Scotia's crafts: Handmade and heavenly

*Some art gallery curators think crafts don't rate as art. Profile '81 should change that*



Rejene Stowe's stained glass: Crafts can be contemporary

Halifax weaver Suzanne Swannie sketches and resketches each fabric design "until I know it's perfect." Bob Sweeney, a "full-time plus" Lunenburg County woodworker once handmade 13 intricate legs for a maple lowboy chest before four finally satisfied him. And Polly Greene, a Sherbrooke quilter, spent two years collecting fabrics suitable for an original 1840-design quilt she made.

Such painstaking attention to detail highlights Nova Scotia's first nationally touring craft exhibit, *Profile '81*, which opens this month in Halifax. The show will feature 115 pieces (including prize-winning works by Swannie, Sweeney and Greene, among the 19 prize categories) and represents what organizers boast is a first-class collection of "the best of current craft work in Nova Scotia."

Chris Tyler, a potter, calls the quality of the submissions "as high and probably higher" than elsewhere in Canada, perhaps because craftsmen have been at it longer here. He's administrative co-ordinator of the provincially funded Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen (NSDC), the organization which mounted *Profile '81*. It will run at Halifax's Art Gallery of Nova Scotia from Sept. 11 until Oct. 5, then begin its year-long tour. The NSDC is sharing the exhibit's \$55,000 cost with help from the National Museums of Canada, the Canada Council and private companies. The Art Gallery of Nova Scotia is also helping organize the tour, and the Nova Scotia Museum has contributed a 19th-century, 25-piece craft retrospective to accompany the contemporary crafts.

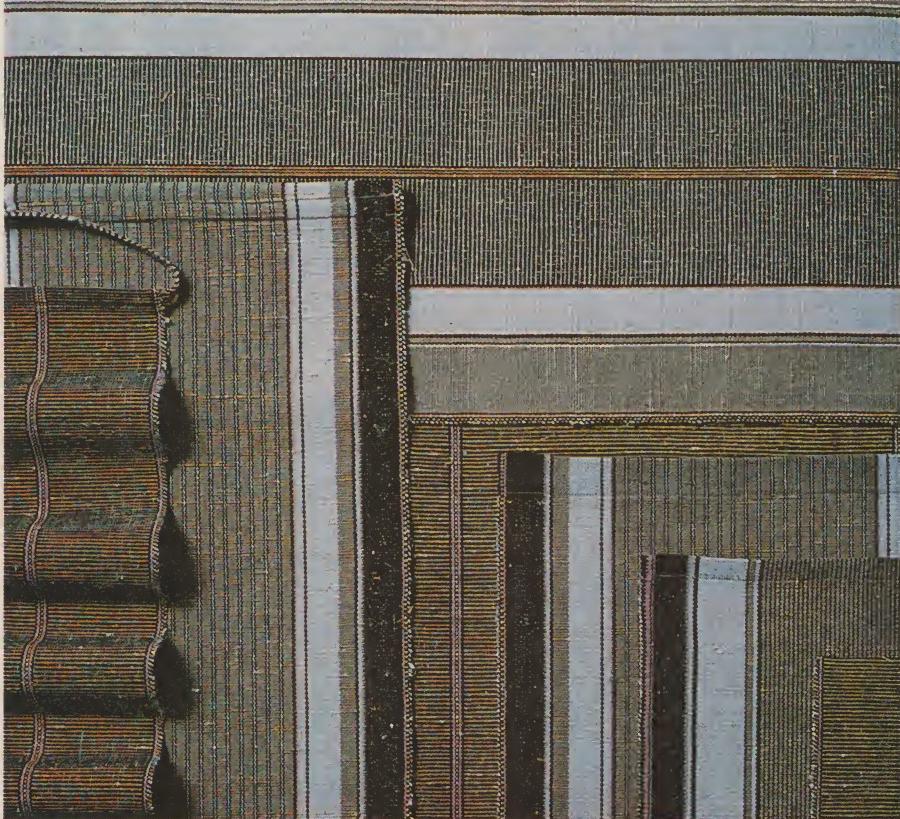
Travelling craft shows are rare. "There's a certain snobbishness on the part of some galleries towards craft shows," Tyler says, but insists it didn't deter NSDC's large volunteer contingent when it started planning *Profile* two years ago. "We felt we were ready," he says.

They were. The show features a striking contemporary German blue-grey stained glass window by Rejene Stowe of Pleasant Bay; a wrought-iron room divider by John Little of East Dover; a delightful teary-eyed clown by Faith Pennick Morgan of Pictou; and a stunning pearl-toned, silk crocheted evening jacket by Paula Scott of Chester. The quality, Tyler says, reflects the fact that the crafts field has evolved from a small group made up of Sixties back-to-the-landers who entered crafts unskilled, into a business with sales of at least \$10 million in

PHOTOS BY ANTHONY MONSARRAT



Faith Pennick Morgan's clown: Machines can't match the hand



Suzanne Swannie's household fabric: Prizewinners

Nova Scotia last year.

Like many crafts people, Swannie believes people have tired of the "use-once-and-throw-out" trend and gradually realized they "may be better off with less and good quality." Swannie herself chose a "discreetly low key" grey color for her Japanese-inspired household fabrics to find out if she could "make something with this stand out." *Profile* judges thought she did. They awarded the Danish-born Swannie top prize of \$1,000 as well as the weaving award for her plum-colored jacket. But Swannie, a weaver for 20 years, may be a heretic to other crafts people. She's convinced that items like her towelling could be machine-made without sacrificing quality.

"It is possible to over-romanticize the hand," Chris Tyler admits, but he adds that machines can't often match the sensitivity of the hand. Bob Sweeney knows

that. His half-scale pine blanket box, a reproduction of a full-scale 1825 piece, was "completely hand done using quite a few different techniques." Like many craftsmen, he insists "everything should be functional," and designed the chest as a sewing basket.

Dartmouth weaver Dawn MacNutt also enjoys the kind of detail work that allows "no short cuts." Her "Silver Trees," a free-standing, eight-inch piece in fine silver, required such precise workmanship, she says, she could sit for only short stretches while wrapping the silver wire for branches. Treating silver like wool—it's much less pliable—MacNutt wove the silver on a four-harness loom. She incorporates weaving in all her varied creations, and her earth-colored scarf of qiviut—wool from muskox underbelly—won a prize for the best use of yarn.

Tyler hopes the exhibition will help overcome what he admits is a crafts "image problem." He wants the public to recognize a craft exhibit as a "cultural event," like a painting exhibit. The public, he says, considers opera, ballet and art culturally significant. "Why not crafts?"

Why not indeed? — Roma Senn

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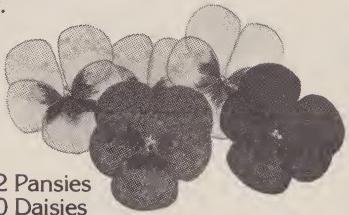


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# Energy

## The Ark sinks

*The P.E.I. government has put the Ark, once hailed as an important experiment in food and energy self-sufficiency, up for sale*

The Japanese compact with the New York licence plates stops in front of the padlocked and chained wooden gate. A young woman gets out of the car, peers at the sign: "The Ark Project. Exploring alternatives in energy and food production." "Hey," she says to her male companion. "I wonder what's going on?"

"It's been like that all summer," says Bob MacDonald, the Ark's caretaker and only remaining employee. Once hailed as Canada's model of food and energy self-sufficiency where "sun, wind, architecture and ecosystems operate in beautiful concert," the Ark closed its gate June 1 after federal funding dwindled to zero. The Charlottetown-based Institute of Man and Resources, which had managed the bioshelter experiment for three years, pulled out. Finally, late in July, the Prince Edward Island cabinet announced it was putting the project up for sale to the highest bidder.

By midsummer, the grass around the Ark's Spry Point, P.E.I., location was more than two feet high, and weeds had strangled what had once been a thriving herb garden. A \$25,000 greenhouse, where heat was to be stored in mud, remained only half completed. Inside, tanks that were once part of fish hatchery experiments were empty, and so were the Ark's plant flats. A solitary grapevine thrived, doing so well that it trailed right out of its greenhouse quarters into the living area and threatened to take over the dining room table.

"I don't do much here these days," MacDonald admits. "I'm supposed to do the maintenance, but there's not much maintenance to do." He spends much of his time turning visitors away. Despite its history of problems, the Ark still draws the curious from all parts of Canada and the U.S., even from abroad.

The U.S.-based New Alchemy Institute conceived the idea for the Ark, which was launched with much fanfare five years ago this September by both Prime Minister Trudeau and P.E.I. Premier Alex Campbell. The federal



Wanna buy a used Ark?

government provided a \$354,000 capital grant and promised \$300,000 more each year to operate it. The province donated the windswept, 180-acre site in the Island's desolate but scenic eastern region. But the Ark ran into rough waters from the start. The windmill that was supposed to generate its electricity never worked properly. Neither did the solar heating system. Local people resented the idea of American back-to-the-landers using Canadian tax dollars to run the place and also were skeptical something with such a fancy name as "bioshelter" could really solve the problem of ever-increasing oil prices. There were management and public relations problems. Hundreds of visitors came to marvel, but the 24 staff members were too busy to show them around.

In 1978, the Alchemists finally admitted failure and asked the Institute of Man and Resources, an ecological organization, to take over the project. The Institute named Ken McKay, a Cape Breton biologist with a background in aquaculture and agriculture, as director and the Ark began to place more emphasis on successful down-to-earth projects such as the use of compost instead of costly chemical fertilizer, and experiments in using a native insect, *Aphidoletes aphidimyza*, to control aphids. McKay hired tour guides and a press spokesman and encouraged staff members to give speeches and public demonstrations on their work.

Despite those successes, the Ark still had one major problem. Since 1978, federal funding had become erratic, providing only enough for three to six month periods. "We've never had a firm budget since I've been here," McKay says. "They'd give us a budget and then pull out \$50,000." And, when the Canada-P.E.I. Agreement on Renewable Energy Development, through which the Ark was funded, ran out at the end of 1980, the new tentative agreement contained no reference to the Ark. Funding shifted to a month-to-month basis.

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## Energy

and Resources pulled out. There were several reasons. Most of the Ark staff—12 full-time and 12 part-time—lived long distances away, but were reluctant to relocate because their jobs were not secure. The uncertain funding also meant the Ark couldn't plan long-term projects and four out of five senior researchers indicated they were leaving. How could they be replaced if there was no firm budget? It also turned out that the Ark was not properly designed for research: A linen closet, changed into a controlled rearing room for beneficial insects, proved unsuitable for conducting experiments, but there was no money for renovations. Another problem was the mild but constant friction between the Institute bosses and the Ark workers. One former Ark staffer calls it a tug-of-war of ideas between "the Velveeta-cheese-and-crackers crowd" at the Institute and "the lentils-and-whole-wheat-bread crowd" at Spry Point.

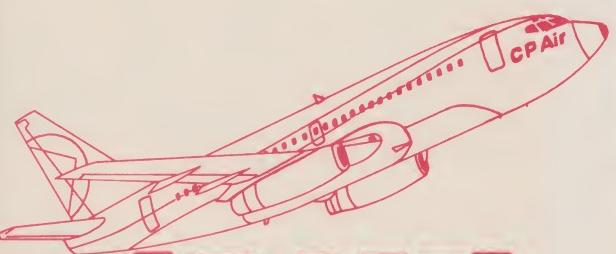
Even the Ark's rural setting was against it. The kilometre-long dirt road from the main highway was often clogged with snow in winter, and in spring, it was so muddy Bob MacDonald had to ferry the staff back and forth in the Ark "bus," an old manure spreader fitted with benches and pulled by a tractor. "We felt the [Ark's] work was very useful," says Andrew Wells, executive director of the Institute, "but given the nature of the Spry Point site, there was an inordinate amount of money going into peripheral things" like tourism, building maintenance and alterations. According to the initial agreement, P.E.I. was supposed to inherit the project when Ottawa lost interest. But the provincial cabinet, aware of the Ark's unpopularity with many Islanders and convinced that the whole mess could be blamed on the previous Liberal government, wanted no part of it. On July 30, Energy Minister Barry Clark announced that the land and buildings—estimated to be worth in the neighborhood of \$175,000—were for sale or lease.

Former director McKay, who now farms 100 acres near Winsloe, says he is disappointed but not surprised by the government's decision. He suggests the Ark could still be operated as an independent farm but he doubts any farmer could afford the price. "But I would hate to see it turned into a restaurant for tourists," he says sadly.

Whatever the Ark ultimately becomes, however, it's clear that what started as a noble little experiment in alternate lifestyles with a champagne launching five years ago has now sunk without a trace.

— Rob Dykstra

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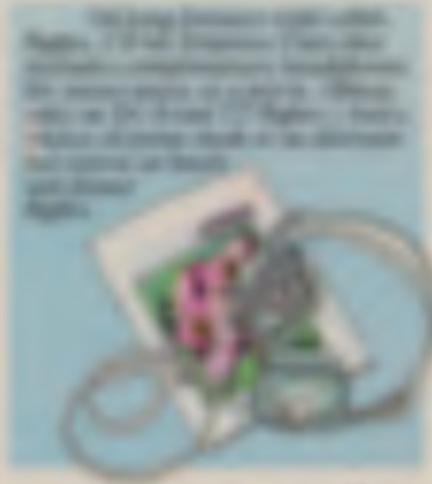
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on page 97



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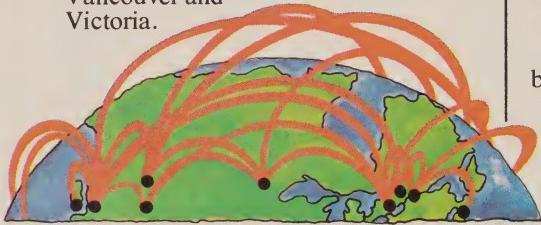
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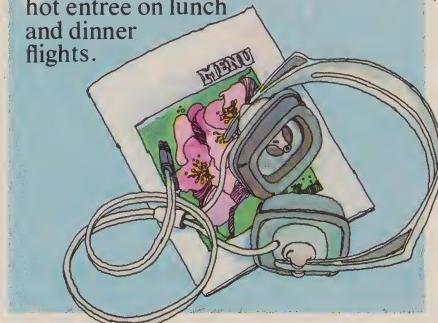


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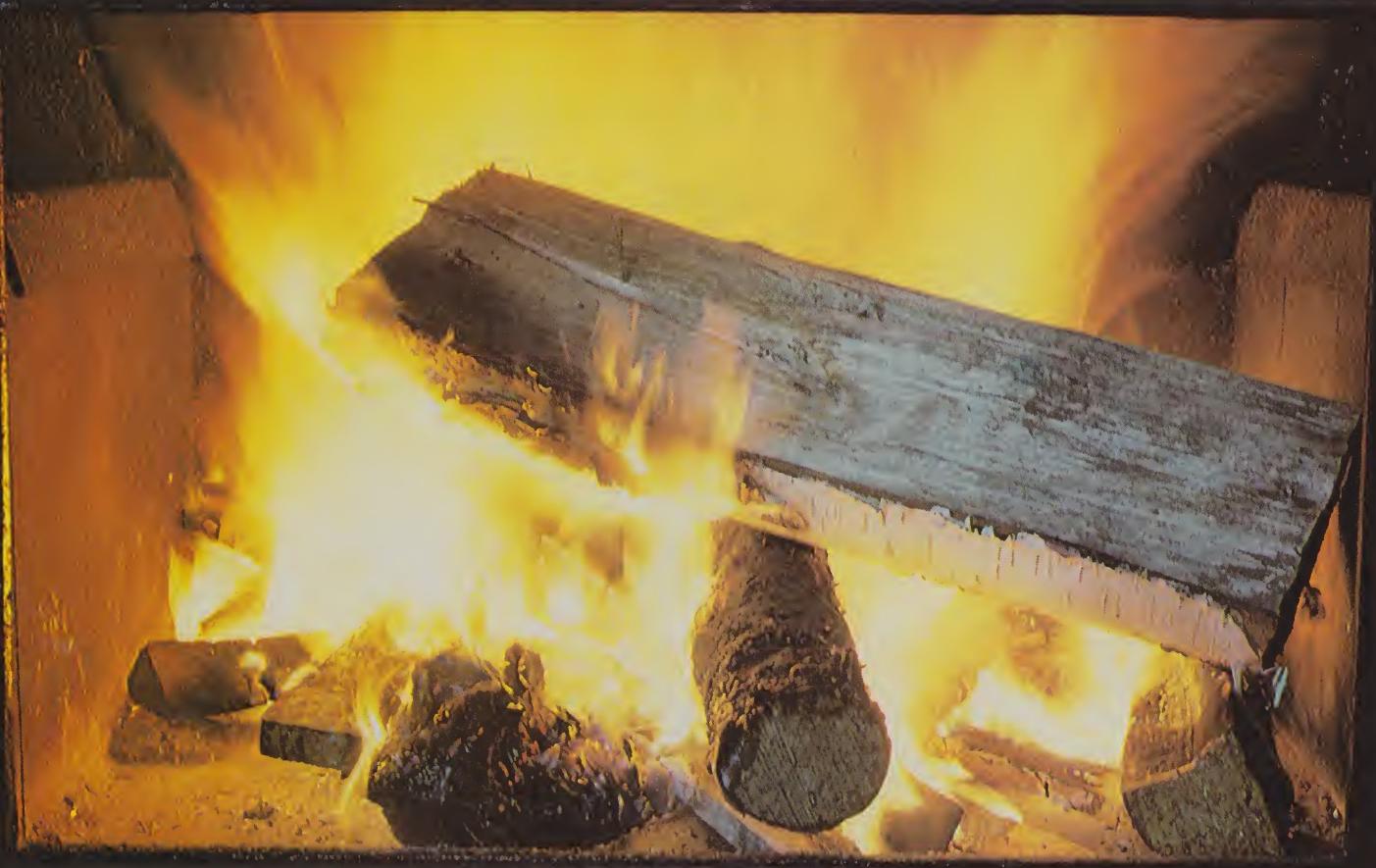
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The Christmas of 1976, the mercury dropped to minus-30 and wind keened over hard-packed drifts of snow. Inside the half-renovated log cabin, where my wife threw another chunk of elm into the wood stove, it was barely above freezing. We were babysitting two neighboring houses for homesteading friends. Twice daily I wound myself into sweater, scarf and coat for the trek next door to feed "Piggy," an ancient, immense wood furnace that consumed 20 tons of wood that winter to keep a rambling,

## Bringing back the wood stove

It started as a fad for back-to-the-landers. No more. Wood is now a mainstream fuel in 40,000 Atlantic homes  
By Chris Wood

former stage coach hotel warm. Back at the cabin, we thrust log after log into the maw of a modern space heater. In five days, we nearly set fire to the place once and were two-thirds frozen for at least half the time.

Heating with wood need not be the trying experience it was in that cabin. Wood has been used to keep cold at bay for as long as people have lived in this part of the globe, even when oil was cheap and plentiful. But for most of us in the early 1970s, heat was something that came from the radiator



## A revolution occurred in this home last week.

Suddenly central heating with wood made more sense. An exciting breakthrough in wood-heating efficiency and safety was made. And fuel costs were reduced as never before.

The Russell family had been dreaming of heating their entire home with wood. But until now, no wood-fired heating system had met their standards for safety, convenience and economy.

Then they heard of the Jetstream.\*

A central heating system that burns wood far more efficiently than any other system. They soon realized the Jetstream was more than just a new wood furnace. It was a real breakthrough in wood-burning technology. John Russell was convinced that the Jetstream concept of an incredibly efficient creosote-free method of burning wood was right for his home.

So the Russells installed a Jetstream. And the revolution began.

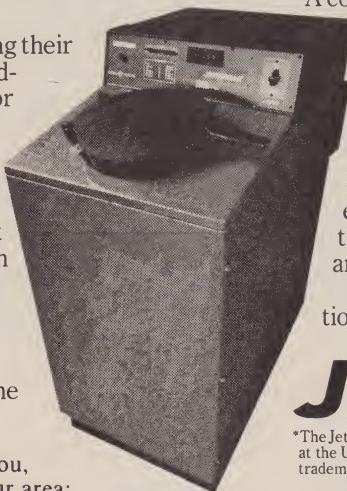
For the name of the Jetstream Dealer nearest you, please contact the Jetstream Distributor for your area:

They feel safe and secure with their Jetstream. Creosote build-up in their chimney is a thing of the past, because wood is burned completely and cleanly in the Jetstream.

A convenient feature of the Jetstream system is its heat storage. Heat is stored for their home for hours or days and used only when needed. The Jetstream even provides hot water, and it is an ideal complement to the solar system they are planning.

Their Jetstream helps them economically, too. They now use less wood to heat their entire home. And they've practically eliminated their dependence on oil. This year the Russells are actually looking forward to winter.

So why not start your own Jetstream revolution? You've got to see it to believe it!



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\*The Jetstream concept originates from the work of Professor Richard C. Hill at the University of Maine, Orono; patents pending. The Jetstream is a trademark of KERR CONTROLS LIMITED.



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It was people like my homesteading friends who started the wood heat renaissance. Wood was cheap, and available on the land. It gave a gratifyingly immediate, radiant heat. It was not complicated by pipes and ducts. It demanded labor but gave independence from the Seven Sisters of international oil. It was the ultimate "natural" alternative to nuclear electricity. But mostly, it was cheap. And it was price that in 1976 was about to boost wood heat into a new orbit of popularity. The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) had already begun to tighten its grip; a gallon of heating oil cost—heaven help us—50 cents! Wood could be had for \$30 a cord, or free if you had contacts with a woodlot.

Within two years, manufacturers could not keep up with the demand for wood stoves. Now, five years later, wood is no longer the preserve of the poor and the back-to-the-lander; it is a mainstream fuel. More than half the population of the Atlantic provinces burned some wood for heat last winter. More still will use it this fall.

The Ashley heater I fed every three hours for five cold days and nights in 1976 was the Cadillac of its day, yet it was little more than a camp heater with a cast-iron lid. Today, stoves are internally baffled, double-drafted, catalytically enhanced and available in a dizzying variety of colors, finishes and materials. The monstrous "Piggy" has been replaced by sleek new furnaces able to burn coal and gas as well as wood. Automatic stokers do the job of my twice-daily visits.

But the homesteaders' dream fuel has a darker side.

Wood has been linked to soaring fire statistics, pollution indoors and out and unprecedented strain on forest reserves. Perhaps worst of all, wood is no longer cheap. Supply and demand are working the same malevolent changes on the price of wood—now approximately \$100 a cord—as they did on the price of oil.

Ed Barrigan, a platoon inspector with the Dartmouth police force, bought his wood stove last fall, an "insert" unit that fits into a fireplace in the Barrigan's 2,000-square-foot split-level bungalow. Last winter, Ed burned \$200 worth of wood. The year before,

oil heat had cost \$1,100.

The Barrigans are among about 40,000 families in the Atlantic provinces who heat primarily with wood. This year, as many as 300,000 households will use some wood for heating.

The biggest reason is money. When Prince Edward Island's Institute of Man and Resources surveyed 330 households last year, nearly two-thirds burned wood, and 61% of them did so to save money. Others cited wood's



PHOTOS BY JACK CUSANO

"We've been heating solely with wood for four years now, wouldn't heat with oil if it was 10 cents a gallon." Wood heat has even provided a new career as a chimney sweep for the former Canadian National employee. His Black Magik Chimneys Inc. has become so busy, his wife, Margaret, has left her job as a librarian to take over the business office.

In the eight years since the Ouellettes bought their first wood stove, they've

tried almost every variety on the market—box stoves, imported European cast-iron heaters, modern sheet steel airtight, antique and modern wood cook stoves. "Today," Ouellette says, "I don't believe any one stove is better than another. It all depends on purpose."

Wood-heating appliances today are a far cry from those of even five years ago. Quite apart from variety in shape, size and quality, an entirely new generation of wood-heating equipment has appeared: The wood chip or wood pellet furnace. They are much like other wood furnaces in their fire-box arrangements but burn wood in the form of chips, sawdust or pellets instead of logs. Gravity-fed or mechanical stokers dribble a steady supply of fuel into the grate as needed. The continent's first large-scale demonstration of the systems is under way on Prince Edward Island. Boyd Munn, a Montague lobster fisherman, was one of 60 homeowners to install, with government help, a wood- or chip-burning furnace. "Perfect," is how Munn describes the installation. "In the rest of the house you'd never know it was wood. It's the same as oil; if you set it for 65°, when you get up it's 65°, not 45° or 75°."

Munn burns chipped wood from his own woodlot (a chipper provided under the program is now available from a rental store) and sawdust scavenged from local sawmills. But other demonstration units burn pellets, wood ground up and compressed into something like kibble dog food. The pellets used last winter came from Maine—and were still cheaper than oil—but an Island feed mill hopes to start making them this fall with the same machinery it uses now for making livestock feed.

Pellets and chips could solve a number of problems with wood use.

esthetic appeal, and the independence it provided from power blackouts or oil shortages. Others mentioned "the superior-quality heat of wood," a factor Ed Barrigan says he noticed as well. He says the strong radiant heat from his stove "changed the pattern of the family, almost like the days before TV. It brings everybody together [in the rumpus room] because it's warmer."

Marcel Ouellette of Sackville, N.S., has owned 10 wood stoves since 1973. "When you come in from the cold, there's some place you can go and bathe yourself in BTUs [the scientific measure of heat]," Ouellette says.

One is the labor of cutting, splitting, stacking and toting the stuff. At least two companies in the region—one in Nova Scotia, one in P.E.I.—hope to change that by offering regular delivery of wood pellets to basement fuel bins, much the way furnace oil is delivered.

Pellets and chips also could ease the demand on forest reserves. Atlantic forests are already under pressure from loggers, pulp and paper mills and the voracious budworm. Now that wood heat is becoming so popular, Carey Ryan of the Nova Scotia Department of Mines and Energy says, "the allowable annual cut in many parts of the province is being exceeded." Nova Scotia recently engaged a consultant to discover how much more fuelwood can safely be removed from the province's forests. In Newfoundland, where demand for wood is expected to reach 400,000 cords a year by 1985, economist Bob Vardy says: "I doubt if we could sustain a 400,000-cord harvest indefinitely. We're looking at a sustained supply for maybe seven years." By 1992, firewood may run short.

Available supplies aren't always within economic harvesting distance from population centres. Much of Newfoundland's remaining wood reserve is inland, far from the markets of the Avalon Peninsula.

Chips and pellets can be made from stunted or deformed trees that have little other value, and both improve the ratio of heating value to volume. By providing a market for scrub trees, chips and pellets could be "the best thing that ever happened to forest management," says Dr. Gordon Baskerville, assistant deputy minister of Natural Resources for forestry in New Brunswick.

Even Ottawa has begun to see potential in wood heat. The federal government would like to see the purchase of firewood become as simple and reliable as ordering a monthly furnace oil delivery. The Department of Energy, Mines and Resources expects to invest several million dollars in the next five years in provincial agencies

and private companies that want to get into the firewood-supply business.

The program could put an end to the last-minute scramble for cheap, dry firewood and may bring some regularity to a market plagued by abuses, where many wood buyers feel cheated when they purchase a "cord" of "dry" wood that turns out to be neither dry nor a full 128 cubic-foot cord. Measures to control price would be even more welcome to many wood burners who wonder how long the fuel will remain economical.

"It's a saving if you can buy wood at a good price," Ed Barrigan says. "But I'm getting a little scared now, because of the price. These people that own the

installations are unsafe. "A lot of people are interested in saving money," he says. "Safety comes second."

Edgar LeBlanc, a Moncton insurance investigator, lays some blame on confusing and incomplete installation directions provided by stove makers. Poorly trained installers and inexperienced wood burners are also to blame.

Less dramatic than chimney fires—but potentially as deadly—is pollution from wood burning. Last January, I drove down from the Gaspé hills into a wall of smog outside Edmundston, N.B. When I opened the car door the source was apparent: Wood smoke, trapped by the city's valley setting.

Environment officials in the Atlantic region have mostly ignored such problems. In Oregon, where valley towns are common, officials say wood burning now outranks industry as a source of air pollution. In two studies conducted for the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, wood burning was found to raise indoor pollution levels dramatically. Carcinogenic benzo-a-pyrene levels were 18 times higher in homes where a wood stove or fireplace was lit. Researcher Barbara Tombleson of the Oregon Department of Environmental Control warns that indoor pollution can be especially hazardous, because most people spend most of their day indoors during the winter wood-burning season. (In the emissions test of wood-burning appliances, Tombleson found "the Hampton Jet-stream [made in P.E.I.] produced the lowest...emissions of all the units tested.")

In some Atlantic cities, P.E.I.'s Institute of Man and Resources predicts, wood could become the number one heating fuel by mid-decade. As a fuel for commercial and institutional heating—hospitals, greenhouses, small factories, offices—it may be even more valuable. Properly managed, our forests can provide an inexhaustible supply of firewood. But safety and pollution problems must be solved before wood takes a permanent place in our energy system.



A modern, airtight version of the old kitchen range

wood realize the demand. I think in another two or three years the wood stove may be a thing of the past; with the price it's going to be too much trouble."

The problem of safety may prove even more difficult. Malcolm MacFarlane of Mutual Fire Insurance, the largest property insurer on Prince Edward Island, says, "In 1978, we had \$14,000 worth of wood stove fires. In 1979, \$38,000. And last year we had in excess of \$200,000 worth of wood stove-related fires."

Sweeping chimneys brings Marcel Ouellette into contact with hundreds of wood-heating installations. He estimates that 75% of all wood stove

# Buying it

In spite of the bafflegab of some wood stove vendors, you can learn which stove or furnace is best for you

A wood stove?" The sales clerk smiles brightly. "Sure. How about these, just in. They're catalytic."

Catalytic?

"...or in the central heating line, we have this basement wood gasifier. And all our airtights are baffled for secondary combustion, of course."

Secondary combustion? Gasifier? Welcome to the wood heat business of the 1980s. Technobabble and adspeak have invaded the world of the old camp heater and Ben Franklin's venerable parlor stove. And these days, a venture into wood heat means in initial investment of \$400 to \$7,000.

But don't let the footwork dazzle you. Under its newly acquired glitz and glitter, the wood stove is still a simple creature and easy enough to master.

You may spend close to \$1,000 before you lounge by the fire, so consider carefully what you want: A complete replacement for other heating fuels—or a little help with the oil bill.

Wood stoves won't heat a modern house comfortably unless it is either very small or very well insulated, and built very much on the open plan. There will always be chilly corners where radiant heat doesn't reach. To heat a house fully with wood to today's standard of comfort, your best bet is a furnace, either one that burns only wood or one with a second fuel as a backup. What a wood stove will do well is heat an area as you need it—that back den for instance, the one you can't use after November. With evening and weekend use, a stove can cut down your oil or hydro bill.

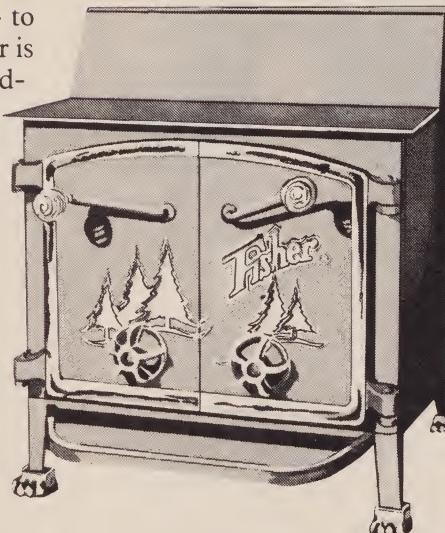
The difference between a \$400 wood stove and a \$1,200 one is in looks, material and workmanship. Not, for any practical purpose, in efficiency. Stoves vary in appearance from utilitarian steel boxes to baroque creations in porcelain or nickel. But all heat by radiation from their shell and control that heat by cutting off the air supply to the fire (hence the weight of the things, and the importance of their being almost perfectly airtight).

Several stove makers boast breakthroughs in efficiency from a phenomenon called "secondary combustion." This is supposed to be the burning of flammable gases in the smoke above the regular fire. According to tests by the University of Maine, secondary combustion seldom, if ever, happens.

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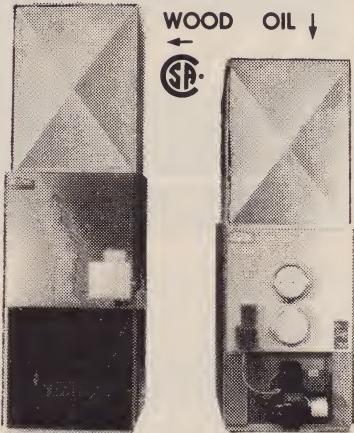
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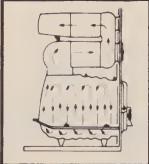
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If there is a secret to efficiency in wood stoves, it lies in buying the right size stove. Too large a stove will be run at half-throttle, wasting wood and coating the chimney with dangerously flammable creosote. A smaller stove will be used with a high fire, burning wood more completely and using more of its heat.

Many, though by no means all, stoves carry approvals from the Canadian Standards Association (CSA) or Underwriters' Laboratories of Canada (ULC). Approval means the stove won't melt, fall apart, burn you when you adjust the draft, or set fire to things a reasonable distance from the stove. It doesn't mean the stove can't kill you. Terry Bond of the Nova Scotia Centre for Energy Studies says careless use of stoves causes more fires than careless construction. "An unqualified wood burner can manage a disaster just as well with certified as uncertified equipment," he says.

If you have a regular fireplace, you can buy a stove designed to fit into the hearth and turn a net heat loss into a net heat gain. But opinions in the wood heat industry are divided over the safety of these "inserts." It is not always easy to clean chimneys after they've been installed, and until recently CSA and ULC refused to approve them. The cost of a free-standing stove or insert made from sheet steel will range from \$400 to more than \$1,000. Free-standing stoves of cast iron—more durable, often more elegant, and frequently more practically sized—can be had for as little as \$450 or as much as \$1,200. Exotic models in porcelain tile or soapstone can go even higher.

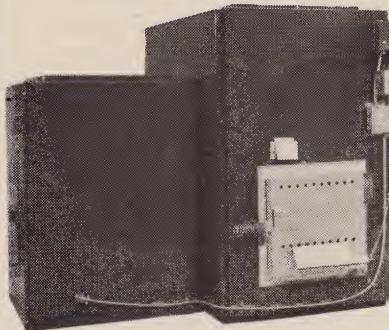
One new option really does make stoves more efficient, but at a price. It is a "catalytic combustor" developed by Corning Glass. A porcelain honeycomb is plated with palladium and fitted into the stove so smoke passes through the channels of the honeycomb.

Tests at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnical Institute and elsewhere have shown combustors improve a stove's efficiency by 15% and cut the creosote formed by low fires by as much as 90%. The combustors can also be put out of action by as little as one cigarette package tossed carelessly into the fire. At best, Corning admits, the catalyst lasts only two years, adds \$200 to the price of a new stove and costs \$120 to \$150 to replace. Neither CSA nor ULC has yet devised a safety standard for a catalyst-equipped stove, although CSA is working on one.

You can buy a furnace that burns only wood—remember, you'll have to feed it twice a day—or one that burns wood along with another fuel such as oil, electricity, coal or gas. With combination-fuel furnaces, the oil or elec-



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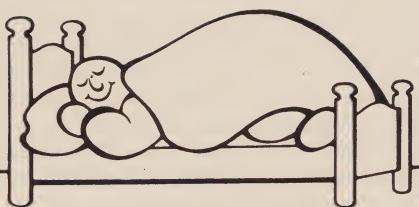
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tricity kicks in automatically when the wood burns low.

You can also get wood-burning "add-ons" that let you continue to use an existing furnace as backup to the wood fire. But a warning: While most new wood-burning furnaces are CSA- or ULC-approved, "add-ons" forfeit that approval the moment they're installed in tandem with an existing furnace.

For a simple wood-only hot-air furnace, expect to pay about \$900. The price for a fully installed hot-water system with a multi-fuel furnace can reach \$4,200.

And for a mere \$6,000 or so you can have the latest word in high-tech wood burning: A micro-processor-controlled, water-jacketed, refractory-lined box the size of a small deep freeze, designed by the University of Maine and made under licence in Prince Edward Island. You need to light only one fire a week—heat is stored—and you get virtually all the heat value from every log you burn.

Ottawa, wrung by its multi-billion dollar subsidy on petroleum, wants us to use less oil. If you now heat with oil, the Canadian Oil Substitution Program (COSP) will pay half the cost (up to \$800) of converting to wood or other fuel. Details are available from Conservation and Renewable Energy offices with toll-free phone numbers in each province. The same offices will send you a card you can mail to Montreal for an application form.

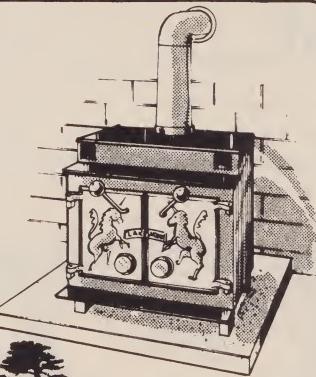
COSP grants can be applied (with some exceptions) to the purchase of any wood stove or furnace approved by CSA, ULC or the Warnock Hersey testing labs and bought after Oct. 28, 1980. Grants also cover the cost of reconditioning a chimney for use with a wood appliance.

Fireplace inserts are not eligible for COSP grants; Ottawa does not feel they contribute enough to heating to be worth the subsidy. But grants are available for many non-CSA/ULC-approved stoves bought between October, 1980, when COSP was announced, and May 25, 1981, when the civil service finished fiddling with the details.

Losses from fires traced to wood heating have more than doubled every year for the past three. Most were not the fault of the stove or furnace. They were the fault of people who ignored manufacturers' installation guides and put their appliances too close to walls or floors. Or of people who just got careless. Follow installation guides to the inch. Be cautious about things such as chimney cleaning. And start practising that smug look you'll be able to wear next time the power goes out.

— Chris Wood

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# Keeping it safe

Your wood stove needn't be a fire hazard—if you treat it with care and a little respect

By Rick Zwick

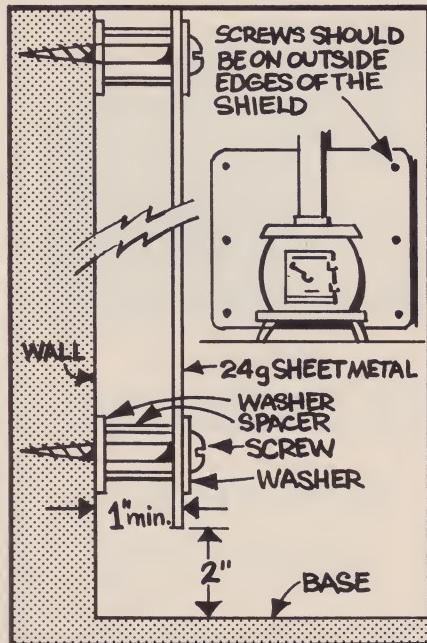
**M**y father had a wood stove for 20 years. It stood right up against the wall, and the stove-pipe went halfway across the room and through the wall into the chimney. We never cleaned the chimney. Like a lot of people who grew up with wood heat, we didn't treat the stove with any respect. Luckily, we got away with it. Many don't. Now that wood stoves

have become popular again, they've become the fastest-growing fire hazard around.

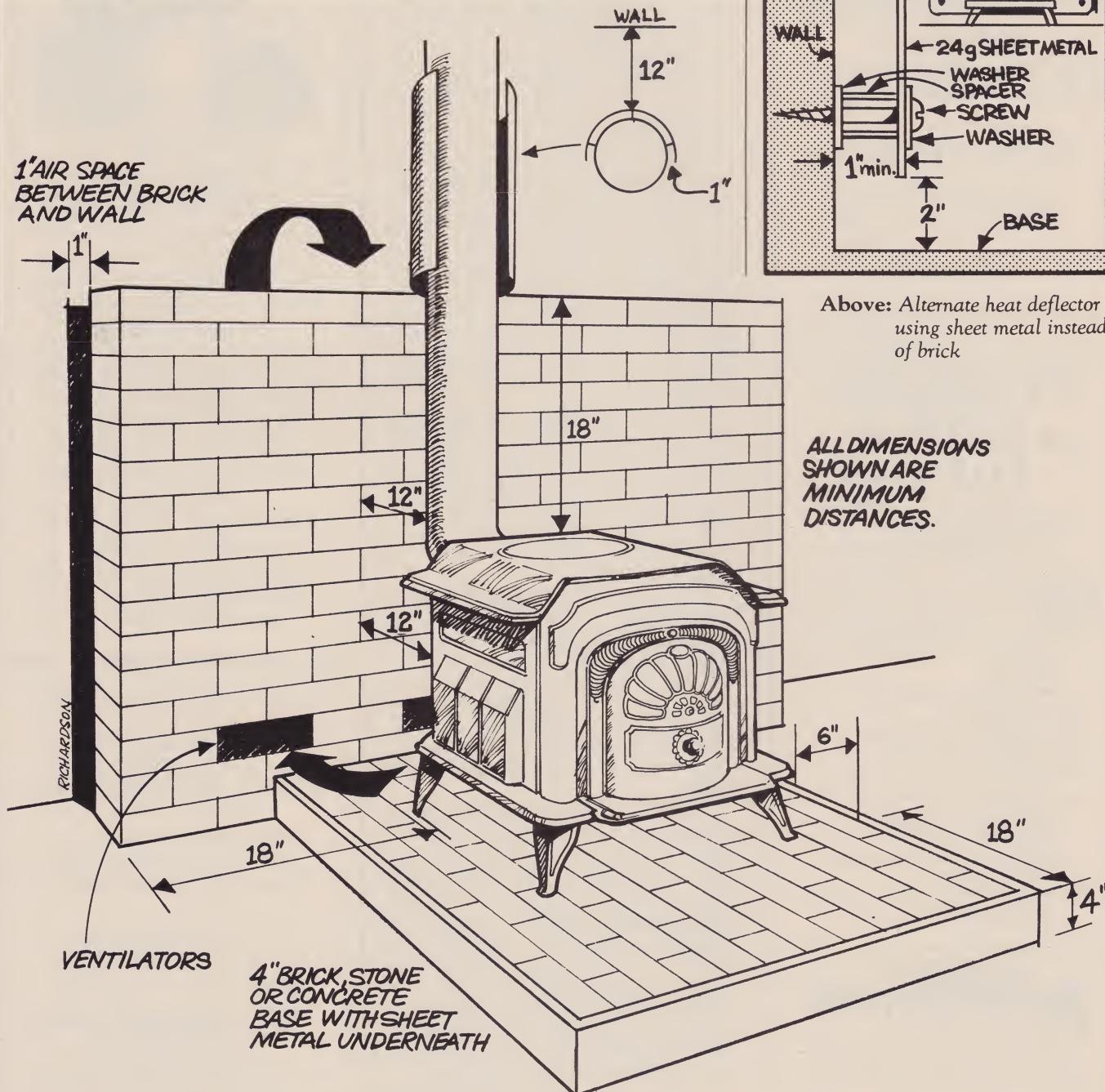
To heat safely with wood, start by installing the stove properly. Never attempt to install a stove unless you're armed with a pile of information, including minimum building code requirements. The biggest mistake people make is placing stoves too close to burnable walls. The standard, radiant,

hot-to-the-touch wood heater must be at least 36 inches from a burnable wall. However, if you use a heat barrier, made from a material such as metal, tile or brick, you can place the stove as close as 12 inches from the wall.

Metal is inexpensive and dissipates heat quickly; it should be installed at



Above: Alternate heat deflector using sheet metal instead of brick



least an inch from the wall, with non-combustible spacers between it and the wall. Leaving a space between the barrier and the wall means that air can flow freely, carrying off hot air and keeping the wall cool. The base for a tile shield is sheet metal supported with steel studs. The tile covering makes a lightweight barrier that is decorative and functional.

Brick is the most widely used barrier. It has little ability to stop heat transmission, so it must have an airspace between it and the burnable wall. Brick against a wall is unsafe; because brick transmits heat easily, it can cause wood to dry out and become a safety hazard. (Dried out wood can ignite at 250° F.)

The stovepipe is another potential hazard. It can get red-hot and fall off the stove if not bolted down. The stovepipe must be 18 inches from anything that can burn. On its journey to the chimney, it must never pass through a wall made of gypsum, panel or wood. To provide safe passage for a stovepipe through a wall, install it in a 12-inch section of insulated chimney, two inches from anything burnable.

Modern wood stoves, or airtight stoves, have a bad reputation because people think they cause soot and creosote buildup in the chimney. Not true. The operator of the stove causes the buildup when he expects the stove to burn one load of wood continuously for three days. Airtight stoves can slow and control the burning of wood, producing more efficient heat than older models. The problem is that the slower the fire burns, the more creosote it produces. To minimize creosote buildup, start by using only seasoned wood (it's lightweight and doesn't sizzle). Once the fire is going briskly, load the stove with wood. When the stove is putting out lots of heat, shut the drafts down to low, but not off. Next, shut the stovepipe damper half-off. (Most stoves should have a cast-iron damper for better control of the fire.)

Let the fire burn no longer than six to eight hours. At the end of this time, there should be a bed of coals on which you can load more wood and repeat the whole process. Two or three times a week, burn the stove hot to clean residue from the chimney. And remember that wood stoves burn wood. Some people think they burn anything—plastic, tin cans, shingles, kerosene. Many wood stoves can't even handle coal.

The chimney should be cleaned twice a year by a qualified chimney sweep—or you could attempt it yourself, using a brush big enough for the chimney. A fire in the chimney could destroy it. If the fire lasts too long or

gets too hot, it could warp the internal metal of a steel chimney or crack the liners of a brick one.

Don't install a wood stove yourself—or hire just anyone to do it—unless the building code manual is right in front of you. Most masons, carpenters, contractors and firemen don't know how to install wood stoves to building code specifications. To learn more about installing, operating and maintaining the wood stove, try reading some books on wood heat. *Wood Heat Safety* by Dr. Jay Shelton (Garden Way Publishing, Charlotte, Vt.) is the most comprehensive book on installation. *The Canadian Heating and Ventilation*

*Code*, published by the National Research Council in Ottawa, is the last word in Canada on installing solid-fuel appliances, although some parts of it are difficult to understand. *The Wood Book*, by the Nova Scotia Mines and Energy Department, is a fine volume on the whole subject of wood as fuel. If you can find one, take a course in wood energy. Finding out how to handle your I-don't-get-no-respect wood stove can save you money—and a lot of trouble.

Rick Zwick teaches a course in wood energy for the Dartmouth School Board.

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JACK CUSANO

# Running it

Wood stoves run on wood, right? And there are a few things you should know about buying wood

**T**here's no point in burning wood if it doesn't save you money. A cord of dry hardwood is roughly equivalent in heating value to 110 gallons of furnace oil. So if oil costs \$1.05½ per gallon—the price on my last oil bill—then the price of 110

gallons is \$115.50, and wood at anything less per cord, cut and split, is a saving. For electricity, the rule-of-thumb equivalent is 4,000 k.w.h. Electricity at, say, 3.5¢ per k.w.h. means that wood at anything less than \$140 a cord is a bargain.

Some varieties of wood produce more heat than others; that should be reflected in the price. A cord of softwood—pine, cedar, spruce—generally gives less heat than a cord of hardwood. The denser the hardwood, the greater the heat value: Oak offers more heat than maple, maple more than white birch.

But it is a myth that softwood produces more creosote—the tarry black stuff that builds up in chimneys and can cause flue fires—than does hardwood. The critical factors in creating creosote are the dryness of the wood and the briskness of the fire. The drier the wood and the higher the fire, the less creosote.

Wood bought now for this fall should already be dry (green wood should really be bought in March or April and stacked loosely to dry). But many vendors don't bother to store wood long enough to dry properly. It's worth knowing how to recognize the real stuff. Look at the ends of the cut pieces: They should be grey and weathered, with small radial cracks showing. Scratch off some bark. There should be little or no green showing. You shouldn't notice any smell of fresh-sawn wood. When two pieces are knocked together, they should make a clear "click" like bowling pins striking each other, rather than a dull thud.

You also want to be sure you get the full cord you pay for. A standard cord is four feet tall by four feet wide and eight feet long, or 128 cubic feet. Wood cut to an 18-inch "stove length" and piled four feet high isn't a cord if it's less than 20 feet long. If you have any doubts, visit your vendor's wood-yard, and take along a tape measure.

When the wood arrives, it may be loaded loosely in the back of a truck or trailer. Remember that a cord of dry hardwood weighs about two tons. Anyone delivering a "cord" of dry hardwood in the back of a half-ton pickup deserves to be greeted with skepticism and invited to pile the stuff up to be measured.

You should think twice before buying wood that isn't cut and split. It may be cheaper in four- or eight-foot lengths, but that woodpile will become your permanent weekend residence until the wood is sawn into stove lengths and split by hand. It's often worth paying a little extra—as long as the final price is less than for other fuels—for wood you won't have to touch until you burn it.

—Chris Wood



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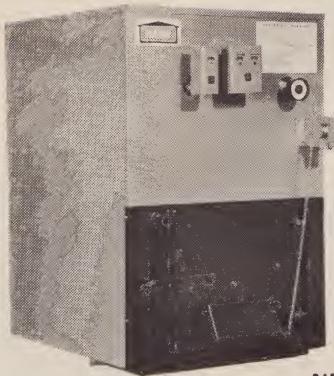
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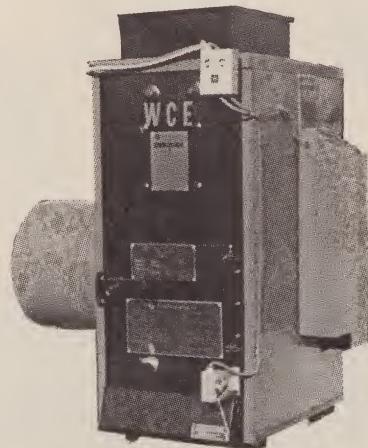
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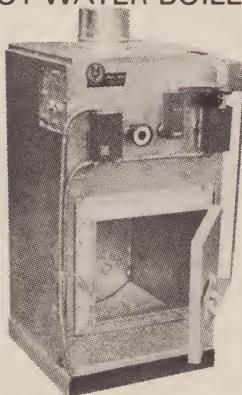
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## Education

# Johnny's grown up. Shouldn't he know his ABCs?

*The Atlantic provinces have more illiterate adults than any region in Canada. But, except for volunteer services, they aren't getting much help*

By Elizabeth Hanton

Martin is 62, a tall man with a powerful build and a soft voice. He's a whiz at fixing anything from an unwieldy can opener to a tricky carburetor. He's also a devoted husband, a conscientious father and a devout churchgoer. There's one puzzling thing, though, about this seem-

ingly capable man: He hasn't held a steady job in 25 years. The reason is that Martin is functionally illiterate.

One Canadian in five shares his problem. And the country's highest rate of illiteracy is in the Atlantic region. According to the National Association for Literacy Advance, in 1976 the illiteracy rate in Nova Scotia

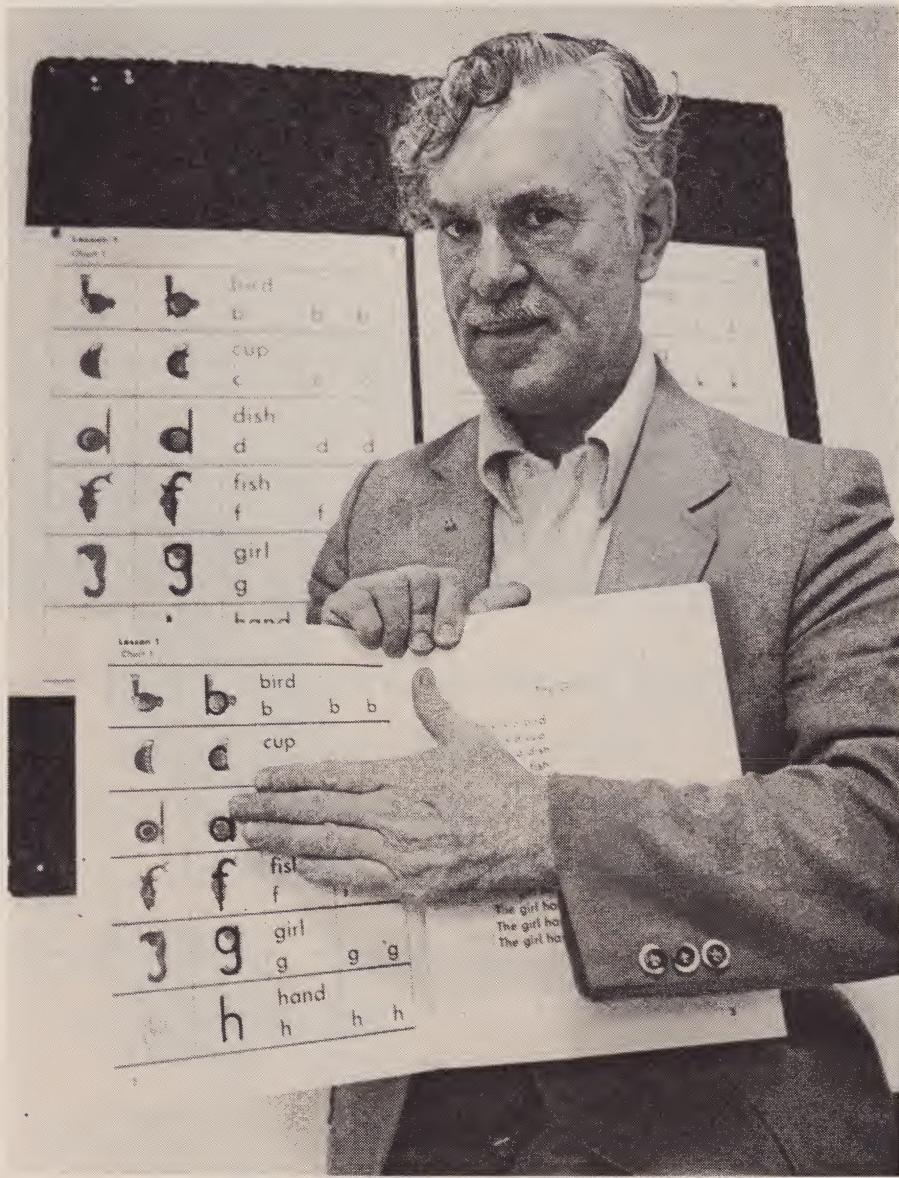
was 20.7%; in P.E.I., 32.6%; in New Brunswick, 36.7%; and in Newfoundland, 39.8%. (NALA defines a functionally illiterate adult as someone over the age of 15 who has left school permanently with an eighth grade education or less.)

A functionally illiterate adult can recognize the letters of the alphabet and a few simple words. He can probably sign his own name at the bottom of a tax return, but he can't read the form. He can't read a newspaper or a menu or a street sign. There is no typical illiterate adult. They can be unemployed laborers, successful businessmen or housewives.

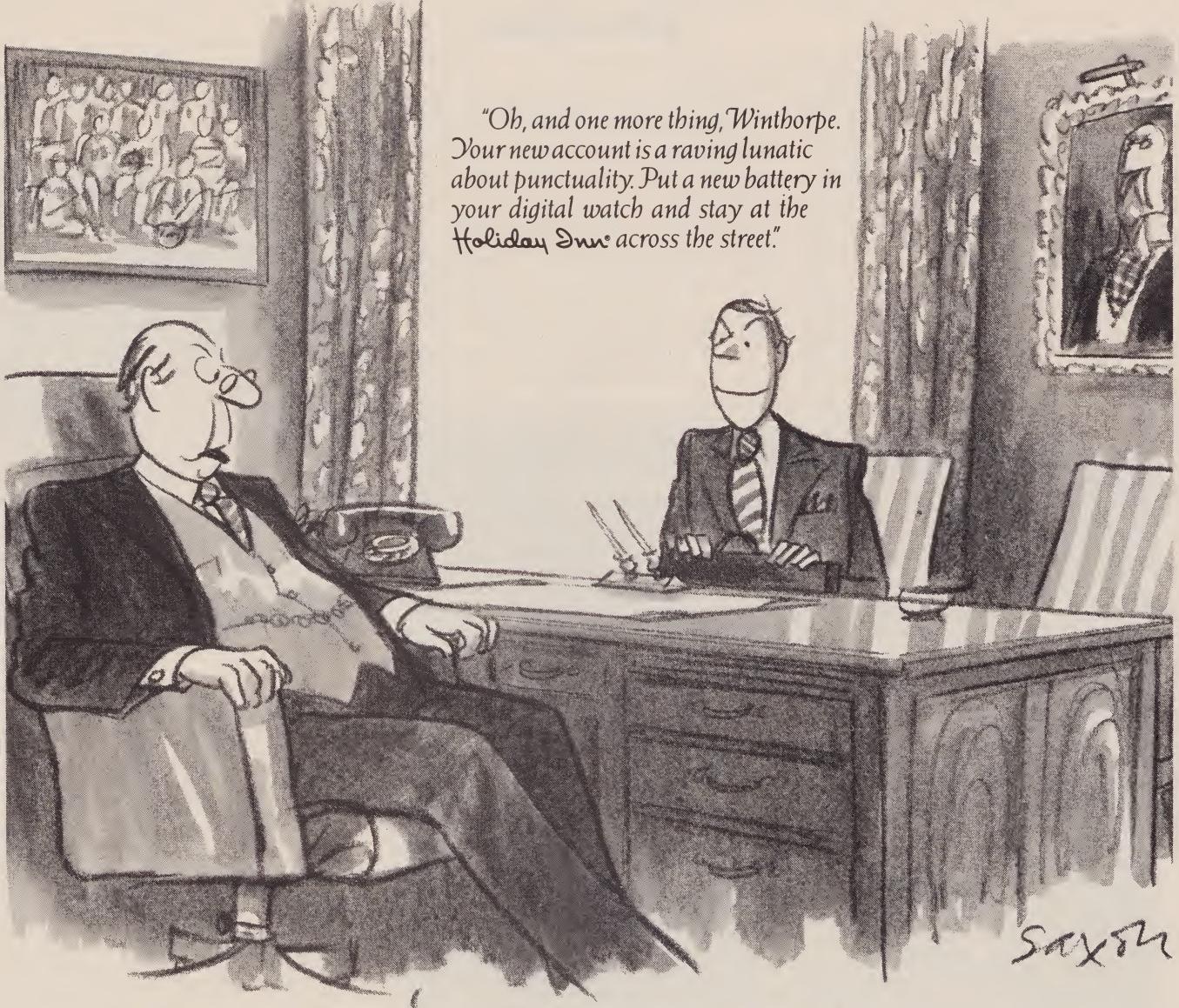
Literacy councils in the region, which train volunteers to tutor illiterate adults, say many of their students are 16 to 25 years old. Some have finished a few grades in high school but still can't read. Bill McGinnis of the Halifax County Literacy Council says some of the illiterate students have learning disabilities. Some are from families who moved around a lot, and the children's education was neglected. "Television has a lot to do with it," McGinnis says. "Children rely on television for news. Consequently, they're not going to printed sources that would show them the development of words, sentences and paragraphs."

Dr. Patricia Canning, director of early childhood education at Mount Saint Vincent University in Halifax, says the danger of television lies in the passivity involved. "It affects creativity. Studies have shown that if you remove the television, children's play shows more imagination. This has to affect reading. Surveys show that kids spend more hours a week watching television than they do in school. This doesn't leave time for reading as entertainment."

Marjorie Marshall, a tutor with the Halifax council, says the school system doesn't make enough effort to help students with reading problems. One of her pupils, a junior high school student, was still unable to read. "He was just a sweet little boy who didn't cause any trouble, so he just sat in the back row with his crayons and never learned a thing," she says. "That's the



Bill McGinnis uses Laubach method for teaching adults to read



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## Education

trouble with the school system as it stands. It's great if you fall neatly into that square they call average, but God help you if you happen to land outside."

Some illiterate adults, like Martin, never had the opportunity to learn to read. He grew up in a small outport on the south coast of Newfoundland and went to school for only 150 days. His father, a fisherman, died when Martin was very young, and his mother could find only a little work as a seamstress. At age seven, Martin left school for the first time and went to work bundling

dried fish.

"My mother would send me back to school when the fishing was over, if there wasn't anything else I could work at," he says. "The teacher would say, 'Well, Martin, you're nine now, so you should be at the fourth book.' But sure, I never did the first book—not so's I could read all of it. But she'd make me start in at the fourth book and I never got nowhere with it. God, I was some stunned in school."

For years, Martin worked as a laborer in the railway yards. Then he

had an accident on the job and couldn't manage heavy work anymore. The head of the company, not realizing Martin couldn't read, offered him a



Canning: TV's danger is passivity

job in the office. Martin had to turn it down. He found some casual work, but eventually, he ended up on long-term disability insurance.

Unlike Martin, Phyllis went to school for nine years. She grew up in Charlottetown, the child of parents who couldn't read. Phyllis quit school at 15, after finishing Grade 6. She had always had trouble reading, but after spending some time in each grade, she was invariably sent on to the next. "It's not that the teachers didn't care that I couldn't do the work," Phyllis says. "It was that there were so many of us in the class." Her husband didn't realize she could barely read until they'd been married a couple of years. "He was always after me to do something about it. But he could read and I figured that was enough for our family. Besides, what could I do? I couldn't go back to regular school and night school only taught secondary grade levels. I couldn't even read a Grade 4 textbook. I didn't want anyone to know that I couldn't read, so I just tried to bluff it."

It's not easy to hide the fact that you can't read. But it can be done. "All of us, all illiterate adults, we're all actors—and good ones," says Lee, who, at 34, reads at the same level as his eight-year-old daughter. "You say you forgot your glasses when someone asks you to read something, for instance. Or, if you're supposed to fill in a form, you tell them that you've hurt your hand."

It's hard to keep up the charade indefinitely. One illiterate woman found a job in a restaurant that had just opened. She couldn't write down

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orders so she had to rely on her memory. That worked well for a while. But as the restaurant attracted more customers, it became harder to keep the orders straight. She made more and more mistakes. Finally, she lost her job. One man, a truck driver, couldn't read street or building names. He'd pretend he was new in town and ask a lot of directions. "Then one day, I got out of the truck to ask somebody where I'd find this certain plumbing company and found out that I was looking straight at their sign." Many illiterate adults refuse to go for a driving test because they don't want to ask the examiner to read the written section to them. One man says that before he learned to read, he always ordered chicken in restaurants because it was the only thing that he was reasonably sure would be on the menu.

Government programs to help illiterate adults are limited. The Canada Employment Commission offers classes for adults, but the starting level—Grade 6—is too high for many illiterate people. And, because classes take place during the normal school day, many working adults are unable to attend.

The real progress in fighting illiteracy has been made by the volunteer movement that's grown up in North America in the past 30 years. Literacy councils, which train volunteers to tutor adults, exist in the three Maritime provinces. The councils are affiliated with Laubach Literacy International, a private organization based in Syracuse, N.Y. Laubach tutors begin by teaching the alphabet, using pictures to reinforce the idea of a particular letter. For example, S is taught by using a picture of a snake. Tutors can also take advantage of Laubach's New Reader's Press, which publishes books with simple vocabulary on topics that might interest adults.

Newfoundland, with the highest rate of illiteracy, doesn't have a literacy council. It does have Teachers-on-Wheels (TOW), which began as an Opportunities for Youth project in 1975. In 1977, federal funding ran out, and Teachers-on-Wheels went volunteer. Colleen Hanrahan, TOW president, says that, as a volunteer service, it's hard to provide the help that's needed. "There are problems with co-ordinating times and all that—someone lives in the east end and wants a teacher in the mornings and all our volunteers live in the west end and work during the day or whatever." Unlike the literacy councils, TOW is concentrated in the capital, St. John's, and Hanrahan is not happy about that. "We haven't been doing as well as should be in terms of expansion. We've decided that our role is to assist groups from other communities tha-

come to us for help. We simply haven't the resources for direct delivery of services."

Money is a problem for all the literacy groups. The provinces provide books and materials but often, that may not be enough. "It's a big help and we certainly couldn't afford to throw it away," says Cathy Wright, president of the Saint John, N.B., council. "But we've asked many times for a paid coordinator to look after all the councils in the province and to offer support to them. We were turned down."

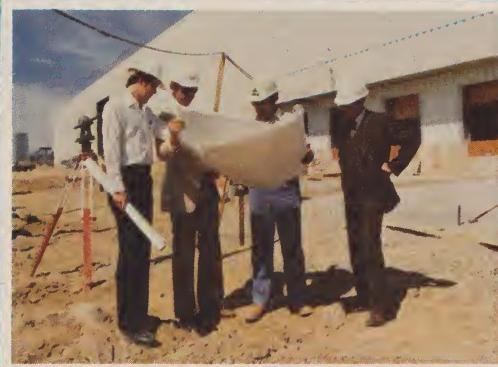
Bill McGinnis of the Halifax County Literacy Council says that governments place a low priority on

helping illiterate adults.

"I think the government has chosen to ignore this issue because they [illiterate adults] aren't vocal about their problem," he says. "People aren't anxious to admit they can't read, so it's easy to pretend they don't exist."

In spite of the problems, literacy councils are making progress slowly, person by person. Take Martin. For the past two years, he's been studying with a volunteer tutor; now, for the first time in his life, he can read a television schedule or a church bulletin. It may not sound like much. But, for a man who never made it through a first grade reader, it's a real victory. ☒

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# Folks

**I**t either rains or it's a drought, one or the other," says Cape Breton playwright **Peter Cumming** about his recent success in the Canada Festival playwriting competition. Commissioned by the Toronto Board of Education, Cumming's one-hour *Snow and Dreams* won over 77 entries from across the country. The concept of the Festival evolved as "an affirmation and a promotion of Canadian content in schools," says Festival co-ordinator Kathryn Brown. Cumming's play is aimed at students from grades seven through 10 and Ken Gass, of Toronto's Factory Lab Theatre, will direct the cast of 12 professional actors in Toronto, Oct. 15-17. A resident of Framboise, in eastern Cape Breton, 30-year-old Cumming won first prize from the Writers Federation of Nova Scotia for his unpublished adult short fiction manuscript, "Elizabeth's Signs." He's worked in theatre since 1970 and done substitute teaching in elementary school. He's been writing exclusively for just two years. Delighted with the success of *Snow and Dreams*, he terms it "a cartoon of Canada's immigration and emigration," and adds that "it's come out of all my other work as actor, director, educator and writer."

**M**ore people—400,000 of them—use the Aquarena in St. John's than any other swimming pool in Canada. The maintenance crew has to do most of its work between midnight and 6 a.m. because the rest of the time the building is full of people. Behind the Aquarena's success is 39-year-old manager **Bill Burke** who came to St. John's to oversee the building of the city's first 65-metre pool for the 1977 Canada Summer Games. "The big job for me after the games were over was turning a competitive pool into a community recreation centre," he says. "Most pools in the country are empty because people aren't allowed to have fun in them." Burke put in poolside deck chairs, hanging plants, even a tanning booth, and a removable volleyball net in the shallow end of the pool. Upstairs, there's a cafeteria and dance floor where hundreds of teen-agers gather for Saturday night parties. At Hawaiian Night parties, guests paddle around the pool in canoes and sip spiked punch under simulated moonlight. Burke is branching out as a full-time aquatic facility consultant, working from an old farm in Bridgewater, N.S., where he's just moved. "I want to change Canadian swimming pools," he says. "My idea is that the place

should be a fantasyland, not a dull, antiseptic environment. Can you imagine what Walt Disney would have done if he designed swimming pools?"

**K**atherine Josey, 12, of Charlottetown, started swimming when she was eight, and she doesn't plan to stop until she reaches the 1984

**Josey: The L.A. Olympics, or bust**

Olympics in Los Angeles. She has a good head start. This spring, she won a gold medal in the 100-metre freestyle event at the Operation Los Angeles swim meet in Montreal, where she competed against top swimmers in her age group from the Atlantic provinces, Quebec and Pennsylvania. In August, she'll represent the Island in about five different events at the Canada Summer Games in Thunder Bay, Ont. Her winning time in Montreal was one minute, 5.1 seconds; she wants to whittle that close to the one-minute mark for Thunder Bay. What's her game plan? "Practise," she says simply. Katherine swims six days a week and up to 2½ hours a day, and exercises vigorously at home. By the time the Olympics roll around, she figures, she'll have to do the 100 metres in 51 or 52 seconds. She gives herself a small chance of reaching that goal. Assistant coach Wayne Schleyer says she has an excellent chance of competing in the Olympics. "If she wants to work and put her mind to it, she can be there," he says. "She's a terrific competitor and an extremely talented swimmer."

**I**n New York, a private art collection boasts a delicate silver sculpture, a miniature tree woven from the finest sterling wire. Three thousand miles away, another silver tree sits in a consulate in California. These tiny works of art, both under a foot high, came from a cluttered backyard in Dartmouth. The artist, **Dawn MacNutt**, started weaving with silver by accident. "A goldsmith friend gave me some wire as a gift, and I thought, why not?" she says. Since then, she's created silver sculpture—which sells for about \$500—for people around the world. Last year, she was one of a select group of Nova Scotians invited to contribute to the Art Auction in Aid of Medical Research, held annually in



**DAVID NICHOLS**



**MacNutt: Creating tiny works of art**

Halifax. This year, she received a Canada Council grant to experiment with larger sculptures. (Her latest project is a life-size copper sculpture of a person.) And Haystack Mountain School, a Maine college specializing in arts and crafts, has just asked her to teach a course in design based on spinning. Twenty years ago, weaving was an "extra" MacNutt took to complete her course-load at Mount Allison University. In a way, it's still an extra: She works full-time as a family counsellor with the Association for Family Life. "This is a new career for me," she says. "I put in 40 hours a week now, and I'll probably be putting in 80 some weeks, but I'm still exploring. I'm not satisfied yet."

**T**he Atlantic Ocean. It's that cold, forbidding expanse of water that separates North America from Europe, right? Freelance film-maker **Brian Pollard**, 34, of Nine Mile Creek, P.E.I.,

doesn't see it that way. "Historically, the ocean has been seen as a phenomenal barrier," Pollard says. "We want to dispel the myth of the barrier and point out the similarities of the countries that border it." Pollard and Norwegian film-maker Jan Erik During are co-directors of a Canada-Norway film project that will try to show North Atlantic nations as a community linked by their common ocean rather than separated by it. The film, produced by Canada's National Film Board and its Norwegian equivalent, Norsk Film, will be aimed mainly at schoolchildren. It will consist of stock film from NFB and Norsk Film archives, still photos and animation and will be translated into the four Scandinavian languages plus Spanish, French, German and Dutch. Pollard, who has three other film credits to his name, including *The Islanders*, a folk history of P.E.I., flew to Norway earlier this year to confer with During. Pollard was amazed by similarities in geography alone. "The coastlines of Norway and Newfoundland are almost identical," he says.

BUCHHEIT/PHOTON



**Rowe:** He doesn't do it for the money

and trained with Canada's Olympic entry in 1980. Although Canada boycotted the Games, the Canadian crew did outrace 1979 world champion East Germany at an Amsterdam meet. Messer, who made straight As in his final semester as he earned a BA in psychobiology, is now considering Canadian medical school, but if U.K.'s Oxford beckons, he'll concentrate on sculls and not bones for the next two years. That would bring him to 1984 and another shot at the Olympics.

**F**or a long time in Newfoundland cash was as rare as the proverbial hen's tooth," says **Frank Rowe**, whose collection of Newfoundland currency and coins tells the history of the colonial economy. He doesn't keep an old dried salt cod fish around, but that was the colony's major means of exchange for more than three centuries: Fishermen paid for food, clothing and gear with their fish. Because the Newfoundland government didn't set up a general currency until the early 20th century (the British government squashed its first effort to issue notes in 1934), the development of local currency was left to the private sector. At first, Newfoundland firms printed their own notes; then a group of wealthy English businessmen opened a branch of the Bank of British North America in St. John's. But local merchants, unhappy with the service they were getting from their absentee bankers, opened the Union Bank in 1854. Within three years, the Union put the British North American out of business, and the local merchants were so proud of their success, they put their first manager's picture on their bills. Rowe, a retired meteorologist, has been studying the history of money in Newfoundland for

more than 30 years. His rare collection went to an international currency fair in Toronto earlier this summer and this month is at Ottawa's new Museum of Coins. Rowe doesn't like to talk about how much all his old money is worth now. "If I thought about it, I'd probably sell it," he says. Anyway, he didn't do it for the money.

**I**'m not glamorous at all," says 20-year-old **Sarah Maybee** of Kellys Creek, near Fredericton, *Glamour* magazine's only Canadian choice in its annual search for the top 10 college women in North America. It's based, not on looks, she says, "but on a solid record of academic achievement and/or community involvement." Maybee's used to being first in the field. In September, she'll leave to study orthopedics at Oxford University in England as the first woman to receive a Rhodes Scholarship from Mount Allison University. (Women have been eligible since 1976.) But, she says, "I don't spend any more time studying than I have to. There's more to life than studying." A sports enthusiast, Maybee represented New Brunswick on the Canada Games cross-country ski team in 1979. She's also helped sponsor boat people through a local church group and visited Dorchester Penitentiary to chat and play cards with inmates. *Glamour* picks up the tab for her New York visit where she'll enjoy the city's finest restaurants and cultural centres and meet the chief of orthopedics from Presbyterian Hospital in New York. To Maybee it's all been "a bit crazy and everyone has Hollywood-type names." She'll return to Canada for her MD after Oxford and advises other young people to "keep everything open and get involved in as broad a spectrum as possible."



CANDACE COCHRANE

**Messer:** Different strokes

**W**hen Andrew Messer began rowing at 16, he faced the huge challenge of pulling 225 pounds. "I was 20% fat," says six-foot-five Messer of Renforth, N.B., a Saint John suburb. Seven years later Messer, at 215 pounds, is 8% fat and a huge success. This spring he capped four outstanding years at Yale University in New Haven, Conn., as the stroker—the pacesetter—in Yale's first victory since 1962 over arch-rival Harvard in their annual four-mile, eight-man rowing race. Messer attended private Ridley College in St. Catharines, Ont., for two years, captained the undefeated Canadian schoolboy champion eights in 1977

## Kenzie's Cape Breton: Touching a chord

Four years ago, Kenzie MacNeil came home to Cape Breton and found a lot of talented people "just hanging around." He brought them together in a show that can still bring tears to a Cape Bretoner's eyes

**K**enzie MacNeil—Cape Breton singer, songwriter, propagandist, producer, impresario and actor—is still more than a year away from his 30th birthday. But for more than a decade, he's been a key figure in the cultural revival that fires Cape Breton's disproportionate population of musicians. And if box office projections for the latest incarnation of the phenomenally successful *Rise and Follies of Cape Breton Island* are any indication, he still reads the heart of Cape Bretoners perceptively.

MacNeil cringes at the suggestion that the *Follies*, a bittersweet musical revue evoking the joy and pain of life

under the orange plume of the steel plant, when memories of mounted troops charging down on striking steelworkers and their families were still fresh enough to be bitter.

At Xavier Junior College (now the College of Cape Breton) in the late Sixties, he began writing songs "for the hell of it." One of the first was a raucous salute called "The Cape Breton Blues," composed with a friend one intemperate evening at Sydney's Keltic Tavern. MacNeil went from the tavern to radio station CJCB, where another friend, Eric MacEwen, was the evening disc jockey. "We went in there blasted and forced him to record it," MacNeil recalls. "Eric was nervous as hell, but he recorded it, and he played it all summer."

About the same time, MacNeil wrote "The Johnstown Boogie," a whimsical ballad about a monster that rises from Bras d'Or Lake to frighten off a group of bureaucrats who'd been luring Cape Bretoners away with jobs down the road. The song and the singer caught the ear of Peter Gzowski, host of CBC Radio's *This Country in the Morning*, who began promoting MacNeil. The Gzowski connection led to appearances on every Canadian television variety show of the early Seventies: *The Tommy Hunter Show*, Elwood Glover's *Luncheon Date*, *The Ian Tyson Show*, *Ceilidh* and *The George Hamilton IV Show*. It also intensified pressure on MacNeil to sign a recording contract and become a full-time singer. He resisted. "I was presented with the carrot," he recalls, "and everything inside me said, 'Don't do it.'" The result was that MacNeil's songwriting began to dry up. He gave up performing and moved to Halifax, symbol of oppression in so many of his songs, to work in sound production at the Neptune Theatre and the CBC.

MacNeil: The best stuff is true

on Cape Breton, is his own creation. It's a group effort, a self-consciously starless production in which "you have your bit, your bit connects with all the others bits to create a whole that's bigger than all of you," as MacNeil puts it. Nevertheless, the whole thing couldn't have come together without him.

MacNeil's claim to the mixture of kind-hearted sentimentality and jaundiced political cynicism that sparks the *Follies* is an honest one. He is the youngest son of John Angus MacNeil, Iona-born fiddler, school principal, and longtime associate of Father Moses Coady, the famous evangelist of the co-operative movement. MacNeil grew up in Sydney's Whitney Pier district,

KEITH MACINNIS



but no one wanted to leave. Many were composers whose songs lamented this constant pressure to leave. So when MacNeil snared one of the last Local Initiative Program grants to organize a theatre group that would concentrate on locally written productions, the *Follies* was the natural result.

No one expected its spectacular success. Audiences jammed Sydney's Lyceum Theatre for performances that tweaked, prodded and tugged at Cape Breton heartstrings. The undisputed climax was MacNeil's stirring, sentimental anthem, "The Island," which still has audiences swaying and singing, choking back tears, night after night.

MacNeil credits the *Follies*' success to Cape Breton's unusual depth of musical talent (Max MacDonald and Leon Dubinsky of *Buddy and the Boys*, Matt Minglewood, Sam Moon, Rita MacNeil and Ronnie MacEachern have all contributed) and to a strong regard for real people. "The best stuff we've got has always been true stories, true characters, true situations," he says. Cast members do their research in old-age homes, at ceilidhs, and in long afternoons in obscure taverns around the industrial district.

This summer, the *Follies* moved to the much larger Savoy Theatre in Glace Bay for 24 shows, plus another 16 nights of a companion production called *Cape Breton's Greatest Hits*, also produced by MacNeil. If the anticipated 34,000 people show up, the combined run will dwarf any previous theatrical effort in Cape Breton.

In the fall, MacNeil moves back to Halifax, where he'll perform in Tom Gallant's *Step Dance* at the Neptune Theatre. After that, he and Max MacDonald plan to team up with *Follies* comedian Maynard Morrison in a musical comedy group—"serious music and serious comedy," as MacNeil puts it.

The thread that runs through all this work is MacNeil's overpowering sense of place and his pride in being a Cape Bretoner. "It's not a negative kind of nationalism that people share here," he says, "It's a kind of patriotism. Not like some sections of St. John's where 'I'm a Newfoundlander because I'm not a mainlander,' or southern Ontario where 'I'm a Canadian because I'm not an American.' But there's too much about this place to admire and appreciate to ignore that patriotic sentiment." MacNeil grins, cocks his head and thickens his voice in an exaggerated New Waterford accent. "It's a nice spot," he says.

— Parker Barss Donham

**Insight**

# Fall Travel Guide

**Bangor: Bargain bonanzas**

**St. John's' secret: Good eats**

**The Eastern Townships:  
Color autumn beautiful**

# New Brunswick

## Come see serenity

It's in northeastern New Brunswick and it goes by various names, but if it's peace and quiet you want, this is your fall destination

**H**ow do you find serenity? Drive up Route 11 in northeastern New Brunswick. Switch to Route 113 at Upper Pokemouche and drive to the car ferry at the end of 113. Board the ferry, and in less than 15 minutes, you'll have found serenity, on a island called Miscou. It's 10 miles long and five miles across at its widest point. The world has known about it for 450 years. But it remains unknown. And, more important, unspoiled.

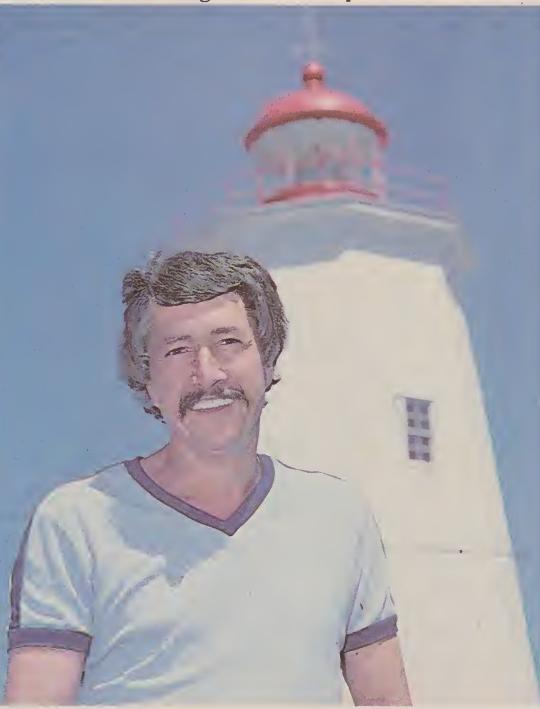
Lincoln Hachey wishes Miscou were better known. "People come here when they really want peace and quiet," he says. A lean, jeans-clad, mustachioed man of 44, Lincoln is to Miscou what Tattoo and Mr. Roarke are to TV's *Fantasy Island*. Lincoln supplies his guests with serenity the way Tattoo and Mr. Roarke supply theirs with fantasy.

Lincoln, a Miscou native, winters in Montreal. Then each spring, he alights with the migratory birds to operate Camping Miscou, the island's only tourist facility. He's been doing this for 12 years now (his wife joins him each summer), flying away in the fall to work in construction. He's made places for 60 campers and built five cabins. He's set aside three playgrounds for children and seeded the campgrounds with tame black rabbits for the children to chase. If you want to swim, Lincoln will show you where. If you want to go deepsea fishing, Lincoln can fix it up. Whatever it is you want, ask Lincoln. He knows where the inaction is.

Of course, Miscou is not just sandy beaches, salt lagoons, green fir trees and red peat moss. "The biggest lighthouse in the east is here," says Lincoln. Miscou is also home to 1,500 people. Although it lies at the far tip of the French-speaking Acadian peninsula, possibly half the islanders are English-speaking, mostly descendants of 19th-century Scots settlers. The people fish, keep gardens, pasture a few cows, hunt game birds in season. There's a general store, a pizza takeout, a night club and a lavish post office. But if you begin to yearn for more, you must go back to the tug-pushed ferry—it runs every hour—and cross the mile over to the mainland.

The "mainland" is Lamèque Island. (A causeway and lift-bridge link it to the real mainland at its western end.) This year the province is building a causeway between Lamèque Island at its eastern end and Miscou. The \$3-million causeway will extend out from either side, but a channel will be left in the middle for shipping. A larger cable ferry making more and shorter trips will replace the tug-pushed ferry. The causeway will help lessen Miscou islanders' isolation, which becomes total when the ice is just thick enough to block the ferry but not thick enough to drive over.

The village on Lamèque Island is



Hachey: He knows where the inaction is

also called Lamèque. Downtown, try to catch sight of a small, arrow-shaped, hand-painted sign that says ZOO. Follow it to Pointe-Alexandre Road and turn in when you spot the towering figure of a giraffe. The giraffe is inanimate, but the other 30 species there are very much alive.

You'll see llamas from South America, fallow deer from southern Europe, pygmy donkeys from Sicily, Java monkeys, every kind of peacock, several domestic species, and a remarkable 47-year-old junior high school teacher named Gildard Savoie. "I started the

zoo as a hobby eight years ago," he says. Every night after school he goes to feed his animals. During the summer he's there full-time, and he tries to keep the zoo open into the fall. If you're there and he's not, try again when school is out.

Once off Lamèque Island, you're in Shippagan, a bustling fish-processing centre. ("Shippagan" is the English spelling of the original Indian word; the French spelling is "Shippagan.") Go directly to the Marine Centre on the waterfront, behind the red-brick university building. This is a new \$5-million aquarium and museum built by the federal and provincial governments. It won't be officially open until next spring, but visitors are welcome now.

Chief scientist Richard Couture says there are 21 public aquarium exhibits plus twice that number in back for use in research or as replacements. Water is pumped in directly from the sea.

Every Gulf of St. Lawrence fish species is represented, as well as curiosities from sea cucumbers to starfish.

The Marine Centre is the responsibility of N.B.'s Historical Resources Administration. This isn't because the province thinks Gulf fish are going the way of the dinosaurs, but because of the importance attached to the fishermen's museum, which forms part of the centre. The museum relates the story of the Acadians and the sea. Since Acadians have been fishing Canadian waters longer than anyone else, there's much to relate.

For the peninsula's *pièce de résistance*, go back through Upper Pokemouche, and turn north on Route 11. Pass through Caraquet and there, down the road, you'll enter a time warp. Soon you'll be wandering among people clad in long-ago clothing, going about their daily tasks as if the modern world had never been. You might see men in fields with oxen, women churning butter, blacksmiths at their forges, spinners at their wheels. This is the Acadian Historical Village, now six years old, a 2,800-acre panorama of Acadian life from 1780 to 1880. Plan to linger a while. There are 47 buildings here, innumerable artifacts, unforgettable images. Among the visitors, you may even meet some of the people you went to Miscou to get away from. Curator Clarence LeBreton expects attendance to top last year's 144,000 before the doors close at the end of September.

— Jon Everett

## Prince Edward Island

# Country inns, simple pleasures

The young couple from rural Saskatchewan trooped into the Prince Edward Island inn with a load of live lobsters just purchased from a fisherman on the wharf.

"Got a pot large enough for these?"

"Sure, no problem, just bring them into the kitchen."

Fred Horne, innkeeper at the McLean House Inn in Souris, doesn't always allow his guests free run of the kitchen. But today, well, it's quiet, and it's not very often dryland folks get to eat lobsters this fresh.

"We try to accommodate our guests whenever possible," Horne says later, after a good half-dozen lobsters have been reduced to shell. "It's part of the informality."

Country inns are becoming more popular every year on the Island, and it's easy to understand why. The informality of the inn suits the Island's easygoing atmosphere, and one that serves meals is a great place to spend a get-away-from-it-all weekend.

The Island's 1981 accommodation guide lists seven inns, most of them distributed fairly evenly throughout the province. Most are located in elegant, turn-of-the-century houses with interesting histories that the owner-innkeeper will relate.

And you need never stay behind the closed door of your room. Most Island inns offer a parlor or a sunny verandah where you can get to know other guests.

"We have people that come here looking for a motel," says Fred Horne, 30, a quiet-spoken man who, with his wife, Mary Burke, bought the McLean House last year when it was known as the Lighthouse Inn. "It's not really good for the Holiday Inn type."

The McLean house, one of the last remaining grand, old houses in this fishing town in northeastern P.E.I., was built in the 1870s for Senator John McLean, a prominent politician and merchant who helped develop the area's fish-processing industry.

Compared with better-known tourist areas, such as Cavendish or North Rustico, Souris has few commercial-style tourist attractions. But that might be a plus for people seeking simple pleasures—long walks along deserted, sandy beaches, good sniffs of salty harbor air, slow drives along meandering backwoods roads.

"The traditional approach in tourism is to look for some sort of entertainment such as a golf course or a wax museum," Horne says. "We prefer to emphasize the natural assets of the area."

McLean House Inn, open all year, has 10 rooms with shared bathrooms for \$20 to \$25 a night for two. Ask for a room facing Colville Bay, where you can see the harbor activity, including the comings and goings of the Lucy Maud Montgomery, the ferry to the Magdalen Islands.

The Inn will serve a simple breakfast of fresh, local products in the sunroom. With its warm wood floors, stained



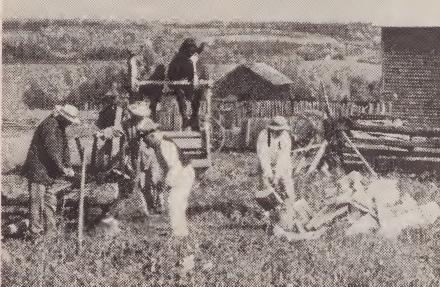
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## Prince Edward Island

glass windows and southern exposure, it's one of the choicest spots in the house. Evening meals are not available, but several restaurants are within walking distance.

In the tiny village of Port Hill, northeast of Summerside, you can find another former senator's residence that's been turned into an inn.

The Senator's House, former residence of the late Senator John Yeo, (1837-1924), is an imposing white structure that sits squarely in the middle of a vast, neatly trimmed lawn. When

we arrive, innkeeper Alban Gallant is busy feeding 10 hungry guests from Newfoundland and trying to sell a wood stove to a couple from down the road.

"Excuse me, it's not always this hectic," he says, showing the way to the parlor where it's quiet. The decor reflects Gallant's musical interests. There's an antique music stand complete with music score, all but covered by an asparagus fern that sits on the corner of the player piano. On a wall above the fireplace is another music

score, this one very old, with words in Latin, and on another wall there's a print of a clarinet. Gallant studied in the Netherlands for four years at The Hague Royal Conservatory of Music, was first prize winner at the 1966 CBC talent festival and has played clarinet with The Hague Philharmonic, the Toronto and Montreal symphonies and the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra.

What's he doing running an inn?

"Well, you can't always be a musician," he says. "Eventually your teeth fall out; you have to do other things."

Gallant runs the inn with the help of his 78-year-old mother, Mary Gallant, who, among other things, bakes fresh bread every day. He also has a rural mail run, teaches clarinet to school children and is a sometime goatherd, responsible for his two goats, Penelope and Matilda.

The inn, open year-round, has eight spacious rooms, three with private bath. Rates are \$24 for two in a room with private bath, \$12 for a single with shared bathroom. Breakfasts and dinners are available on request. The dining room is not licensed for wine, but guests can bring their own, and glasses will be supplied.

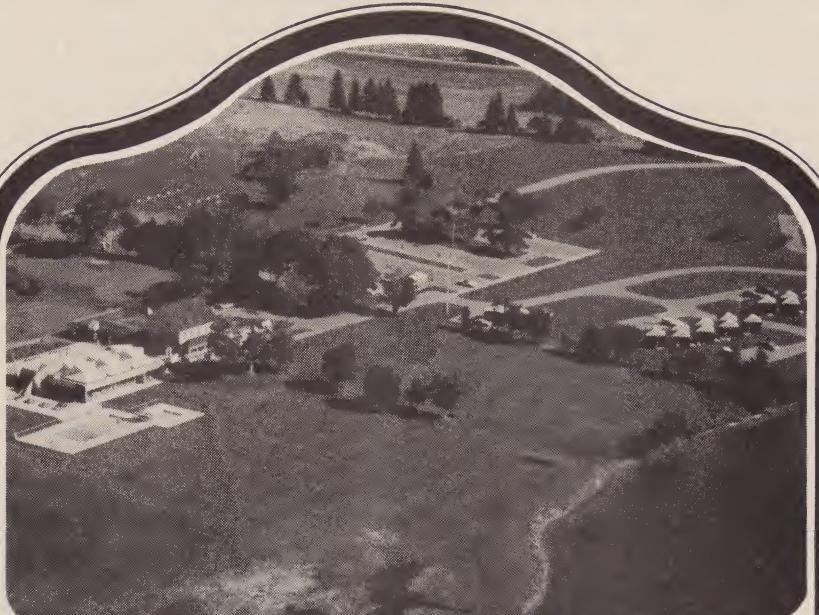
If you have a touch of the old salt in you, you might want to stay at the Victoria Village Inn, located in the middle of the cosy town of Victoria on Northumberland Strait. Innkeepers Larry Peck and Elena Lomasney can accommodate up to 10 guests in the four bright rooms of this former sea captain's house. It closes about mid-October.

One of the main attractions is the licensed dining room, which features the cooking of Myron Syms, a French-style chef who occasionally offers exotic dishes from all parts of the world—everything from Indonesian rijsttafel ("rice table") to Greek souvlaki.

The inn's affiliation with P.E.I. Sailing Excursions will allow you to combine your stay with a sailing trip on a schooner. Rates vary depending on the type of package preferred. Rooms rent for \$25 a night for a single, \$30 for a double, breakfast included. Bathrooms are shared.

Further information on Island inns can be found in *Accommodation and Camping, 1981*, available at any Island Tourist Information Centre or by writing Visitor Services, P.O. Box 940, Charlottetown, P.E.I. C1A 7M5. Those travelling in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia can make reservations by calling the toll-free number 1-800-565-7421 from mid-June until mid-September.

— Rob Dykstra



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# Psst. Wanna know a secret?

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**G**rowing up in Alice, Texas, gave Becky Quinton a taste for enchiladas and tacos she couldn't shake when she moved to St. John's. Last October she and her Newfoundland-born husband, Leith, opened their own Mexican restaurant in an old Duckworth Street rowhouse with a beeline view out the Narrows. Inside, Casa Grande could be a cosy café not far from the Mexican border—baskets of freshly made tostadas (corn chips), bowls of hot sauce, and pitchersful of sangria. Becky's chili is not the beans-and-hamburger stew more properly

their motives are purer.

"I dreamt about owning a wine cellar, with hundreds and hundreds of bottles of wine in it, and I realized the only way I could ever have it was with a restaurant," says Maiu Betlem. She and partner John Andru came to St. John's from Ottawa where they were both executives of national amateur sports associations. Now Betlem's got her wine cellar. The restaurant, 28 Cochrane, is in a grand old house at that address (just off Duckworth). It specializes in fresh seafood and comfortable atmosphere, with a combination of traditional and new recipes. "It's a real compliment when a Newfoundland says your cod tongues are really good," Betlem says. The wines are all from the provincial wine list. "Newfoundland has one of the better wine lists in Canada, and at considerably lower prices," Andru says. "We're very happy with it."

Michel Lindthaler and Ken Giffin (of Privateer's Warehouse and the Middle and Upper Decks in Halifax) recently brought their winning com-

bination (and new partner Michel Autexier) to St. John's: A pub with music downstairs, dining room upstairs. Traders' Lounge serves chowders, seafood and sausage from lunchtime to 7 p.m. Then the music starts. Upstairs, Explorers' Restaurant offers an elegant spread, from oysters and lobster to prime rib roast, Yorkshire pudding and flavored ices. Together the restaurant and lounge are known as The Fishing Admiral (203 Water Street) in honor of the English skippers who "ruled" Newfoundland's bays and coves until well into the 18th century.

Barbara Russell and John Pickavance, two Memorial University professors who opened 290 (at 290 Duck-

worth Street), were among the first to see the potential for new restaurants in St. John's. At first, they did everything themselves from building tables to cooking. Even without advertising, 290 was an instant hit. The menu, with a French flavor, changes daily, depending on what's fresh and available. Seafood is emphasized here as well (no visitor will ever again complain he can't get good fish in Newfoundland restaurants), but save room for Russell's chocolate mousse, fresh fruit tarts and other irresistible desserts. Try the buffet lunch (12-2) on the third floor of this Victorian home: Hearty dishes like *tourtier* and beef-and-Guinness stew, crêpes, soups and unusual salads, all you want for \$5.

On George Street (one block above Duckworth), a young Newfoundland foursome has turned an old warehouse into one of the swankier spots in town. SideStreet sports a tangy blue-and-raspberry decor, potted palms and a decidedly big-city air, but the food—basically Italian—is just plain good. All the pasta is made on the premises (home-made spaghetti is to dried what fresh bread is to the pre-sliced stuff), and some of the salads are meals in themselves. With 13 different pastas and nine veal dishes to choose from, some people still ask for steak (also on the menu). Co-owner Diana Baird says she and her partners all like Italian food. "At the time we started preparing to open, there was no place else serving it." Now they have some competition from the Old Spaghetti Factory, a chain outlet recently opened on Duckworth. You can buy SideStreet's pastas, breads and pastries to take home.

Speakeasy, a spacious room in the Murray Premises waterfront renovation project, is a wine bar that turned into a restaurant. Co-owners Kitty Drake and Penny Hansen modelled it on European cafés: A place to have a glass or share a bottle of wine, with a little something to eat. They stock 27 kinds of wine (from \$2.50 to \$4 a glass), but the little something to eat grew by popular demand into a larger menu of soups, salads, pâtés, quiches and desserts (including Drake's famous cheesecake), displayed in a glass case at the end of the bar. "Everybody went through a health food fad," Drake laughs. "Now we're into rich, gourmet, cardiac-producing food."

Such a way to go.

— Amy Zierler



Betlem and Andru: Seafood's specialty

called chili con carne, but a spicy beef dish. Even visiting oilmen say her recipes produce some of the best Mexican food they've had—north of Texas.

The oilmen aren't alone. Lots of people are discovering St. John's newest secret: Good eats. In the past year, half a dozen fine restaurants have been launched as eager restaurateurs renovate rooming houses, warehouses, old shops—the more brick-and-beam charm the better—and put new smells on downtown streets. Many people believe St. John's restaurants are increasing in direct proportion to the number of upbeat announcements by the oil companies about offshore oil. But most restaurateurs claim that

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# Baddeck: Cape Breton charm

In 1968, at a kite festival in southern California, a group of enterprising amateurs succeeded in launching the largest kite ever flown, breaking a record that had stood for 61 years. The previous record holder, as any visitor to Baddeck can tell you, was none other than Alexander Graham Bell, who turned this quiet village into an unlikely centre for scientific research at the turn of the century. Bell's invention of the telephone in 1875, at the age of 27, gave him the financial security to spend the rest of his life pursuing an extraordinary range of scientific curiosities—much of this work carried out at his summer retreat in Baddeck. He was a renaissance man who made lasting contributions in the fields of communications, medicine, genetics, aeronautics, marine navigation, animal husbandry, and the education of the deaf.

The Alexander Graham Bell Museum celebrates all these achievements with exhibits that range from samples of Bell's sculpture-like kites to a full-scale reproduction of the amazing, torpedo-shaped HD-4, a hydrofoil that set a water speed record of 70.86 miles per hour on Baddeck Bay in 1919.

The museum doesn't overlook the telephone, but it does make it clear that its invention was an almost serendipitous byproduct of Bell's lifelong passion for teaching deaf children, and he was quick to leave it behind for other interests. Bell was "not a professional inventor like Edison," museum notes point out, "but a very independent amateur, experimenting for the pure joy of knowing....[He] was always more interested in possibilities than in realities and tended to lose interest when experiments reached the stage of commercial application."

My favorite exhibit is a wall of hinged panels bearing photographs of Bell, his family and associates at work and play around Baddeck. The pictures not only evoke a sense of Bell's avuncular warmth and curiosity, but also offer a rare glimpse of life on the Bras d'Or at the turn of the century. (Museum hours are 9 to 5 year-round, except 9 to 9 from July through September.)

The quality that drew the Bells to Baddeck in 1885 remains its best feature nearly a century later. Bell's wife, Mabel, wrote that the village was "possessed of a gentle, restful beauty, and I think we would be content to stay here many

weeks just enjoying the lights and shades on all the hills and isles and lakes." The terrain around Baddeck forms the foothills of the Cape Breton Highlands—less spectacular, perhaps, but no less lovely, as hillsides give way gently to the fiord called Bras d'Or. Connoisseurs agree that autumn is the premier season: Foliage peaks around Thanksgiving, at a time when summer's crowds have departed and crisp fall winds have banished the black fly.

The best way to enjoy this countryside is to get lost. Leave Baddeck by car, and as each intersection forces a choice between two roads, select the less travelled alternative. Within two or three turns, you'll find yourself on an ancient country lane that, more than

are the hamlets just inland from Baddeck Village: Baddeck Bridge, Forks Baddeck, and Upper Baddeck River. There are no wrong turns here.

The Baddeck and Middle rivers offer excellent trout fishing until the season closes September 30. There are a few salmon in these rivers, but the Margaree (closes August 31) and the North River (September 30) are more favored. Hunting, for which a firearms safety certificate is required, begins October 1 for ruffed grouse and most migratory birds, November 1 for deer, and November 15 for rabbits. Precise information about licences, bag limits and other restrictions can be obtained by writing the Department of Lands and Forests, P.O. Box 698, Halifax (for deer, rabbit, ruffed grouse, and trout), and from the Canadian Wildlife Service, P.O. Box 1590, Sackville, N.S. (for migratory birds).

Whether because of the Bells' long association with Baddeck or because it is the centre for yachting on the Bras d'Or lakes, the village has the air of a community accustomed to dealing with the carriage trade—more Cape Cod than Cape Breton. Residents of remote parts of Victoria County often complain that Baddeck is a smug, highfalutin' place.

A century of catering to wealthy tourists has produced four motel-restaurant combinations of note, all within a five-mile walk of the village centre. The Silver Dart, Gisele's, and the Inverary Inn are all open until late October, and the Telegraph House is open year-round.

Of these, Gisele's has the highest culinary aspirations. Friends tell me that, depending on the chef's mood, Gisele's cuisine places it among Cape Breton's best restaurants. On Gisele's à la carte menu, you pay every time you sneeze, including \$1.95 for an extra vegetable. A full course meal for two ranges from \$30 to \$55, drinks and tip extra.

For anyone feeding a whole family through several days of vacation, Baddeck's best restaurants, like those in any resort, tend to be pricey. An economical alternative is the Tartan Village at North Gut St. Ann's, about 24 km north on the Cabot Trail, where good quality if unassuming family fare is priced reasonably. It's open until mid-October.

— Parker Barss Donham



*The Bell Museum: The pure joy of knowing likely, doesn't appear on the Cape Breton Development Corporation's map of the island. (Cynics note that following this route will quickly put you into Liberal territory, since the Tories are currently in power provincially, and their patronage artists have been hard at work in the friendlier realms of Victoria County.)*

When concern for the underpinnings of your car grows acute—these byways are not the most shining achievement of the Nova Scotia Department of Transportation—you may want to get out and walk or simply picnic by the roadside. You'll find yourself in countryside so beautiful that, whatever else you do in Cape Breton, this will be the highpoint of your vacation.

Washabuck, Middle River, North River, New Campbellton and Boularderie all offer opportunities for this kind of exploration within a half-hour's drive of Baddeck. But perhaps the best

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## Oktoberfest

# A little October oompah

Kitchener-Waterloo's Oktoberfest is one of North America's best parties: A week of dancing, drinking and dining. Oh, what dining!

You'd have to say that Quebec offers Canada's best food. Its cooks can hit heights of culinary excellence that are truly glorious. But for day-to-day great eating, for consistent care in the preparation of every meal in every home, every day, for sheer concentration of food power, the top award ought to go to Waterloo County, the black, rolling countryside in central Ontario that has Kitchener-Waterloo as its hub. You want delicious? Go to Waterloo County.

And the very best time to tuck into all its endless goodies is during the Kitchener-Waterloo Oktoberfest which runs from Oct. 9 to Oct. 17. The food, mostly German, tastes best when you eat it with tankards of foaming beer (draft Löwenbräu and draft Henninger are both available) and the Oktoberfest celebration is, not to put too fine a point on it, one hell of a bash. Its organizers call it one of the best parties in North America and they're probably right: In its first year, 1969, Oktoberfest attracted 23,000 people; this year, the figure may hit half a million.

The celebration is based on the famous Oktoberfest in Munich, and the great attraction is the halls that are filled with singing and oompah music and beer—lots and lots of beer—and all that incredibly good, hearty eating.

You can get the fine food all year round in Kitchener-Waterloo—the pungent sauerkrauts and sausages and the sweet, sticky wonders such as shoofly pie or streuselkuchen, a dreamy sort of apple cake covered in crumbs made of sugar and butter, but the very best of everything comes out at Oktoberfest when home cooks turn out the marvels for the festhalles. The food is excellent without exception but most festhalles have a special way of doing this or that which stands out. The Transylvanian Club's festhalle offers cabbage rolls that are outstanding, with just the right lacing of garlic and tomato; the Schwaben Club does a magnificent goulash, and the Concordia Club is particularly accomplished at the intricate timing required to serve hundreds of diners with schnitzels that are still good and hot. And everywhere you turn, there are superb sausages; Knackwurst, weisswurst, bratwurst (the bold Oktoberfest sausage that sells by the ton). "We have beautiful sausage makers here in Kitchener-Waterloo," says Bert Jarsch, who runs the Market Cellar restaurant in Kitchener. "Better than in Germany. Our ingredients here are less expensive and there is a great deal of competition."

The twin cities of Kitchener-Waterloo (combined population, 178,500) are an easy hour's drive from the western edge of Toronto, along Highway 401, and many food lovers from Toronto regularly head down to Kitchener Farmers Market on Saturday mornings, not only to take home its great specialties, but to do a little serious snacking. There are incredible varieties of doughnuts and fritters, turned out by family teams who rise at 1 a.m. and 2 a.m. and work all-out all night to get things ready, super-fresh, for the morning market. There are stalls where skilful women work with rows of electric pans to make crêpes you fill with



© MIKE DOBEL / MASTERFILE

There's singing and music and beer...lots of beer sour cream and jam, or maybe home-made marmalade that has a beautiful slightly bitter after taste—and maybe you also add a dab of an ingenious mix of cottage cheese and chopped almonds.

There are dozens of stalls that offer home-made wonders, from marvellous cakes and pies to creamy fudges to jars of superb mustards and endless varieties of pickles and preserves.

But there's much more to Waterloo County than its knockout foods. There's a gentle beauty to the countryside, and the large Mennonite population gives you a restful sense of stepping back in time. Their neat, white meeting houses are here and there along the secondary highways, and you keep coming across the Mennonite farmers, clipping along in their horse-drawn buggies. They wear black everything, including black hats, and the buggies are black, and there's an odd, spooky feeling about them that is intriguing rather than scary.

The town of Elmira, a dozen miles from K-W, is a charming Mennonite centre that's worth a visit. It has a number of stores that offer handmade items including fine (and reasonably priced) down-filled quilts. There are other towns and villages you should see. At a place called Doon, there's the Doon Pioneer Village, where, among other things, you can see a Conestoga wagon. Conestoga wagons brought settlers up from Pennsylvania.

The town of Elora is worth a look, chiefly because of its beauty. It's an old mill town, split by a deep gorge, and it's now a collection of charming homes, interesting shops, and a couple of worthwhile eating spots, notably the Café Flore. If you're trailing a child or two, do your best to get to the African Lion Safari at Rockton. It's 500 acres of parkland filled with an assortment of African animals. Car windows must be up and they won't let you in with a convertible. A word of caution: Do not visit the Safari park after a heavy night of sloshing beer at Oktoberfest; having squads of chattering monkeys crawling over your car while you're suffering the pains of a hangover is one of the worst experiences this world has to offer.

Which is not to suggest that Oktoberfest is a big drunk; it's not. It's a good party, well run, with truly memorable food. If you like to eat and drink and sing, then eat and drink and sing a little more, Oktoberfest is for you.

— Dick Brown

# Vacation Canada



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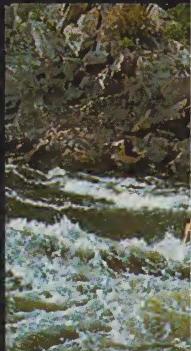
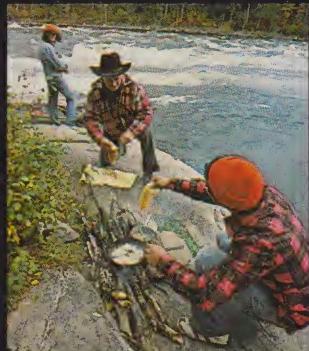
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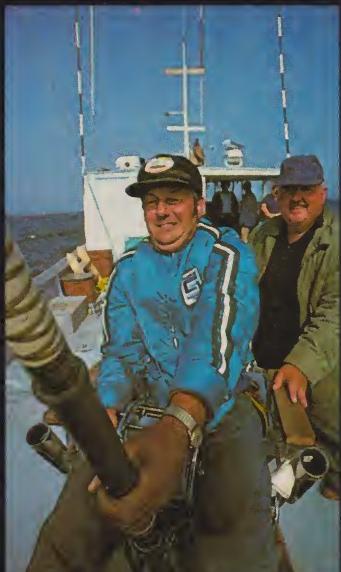
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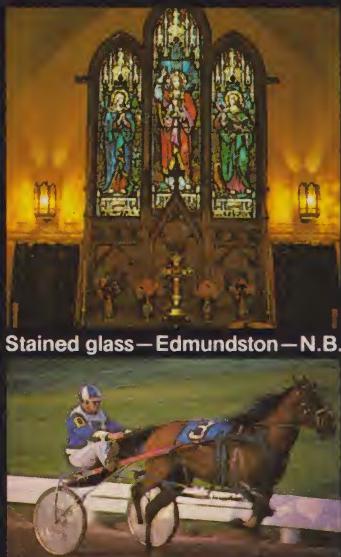
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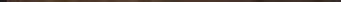
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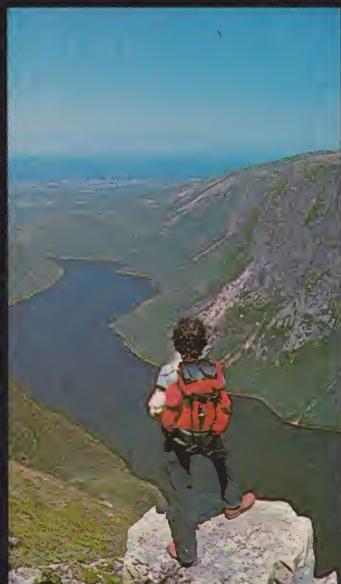
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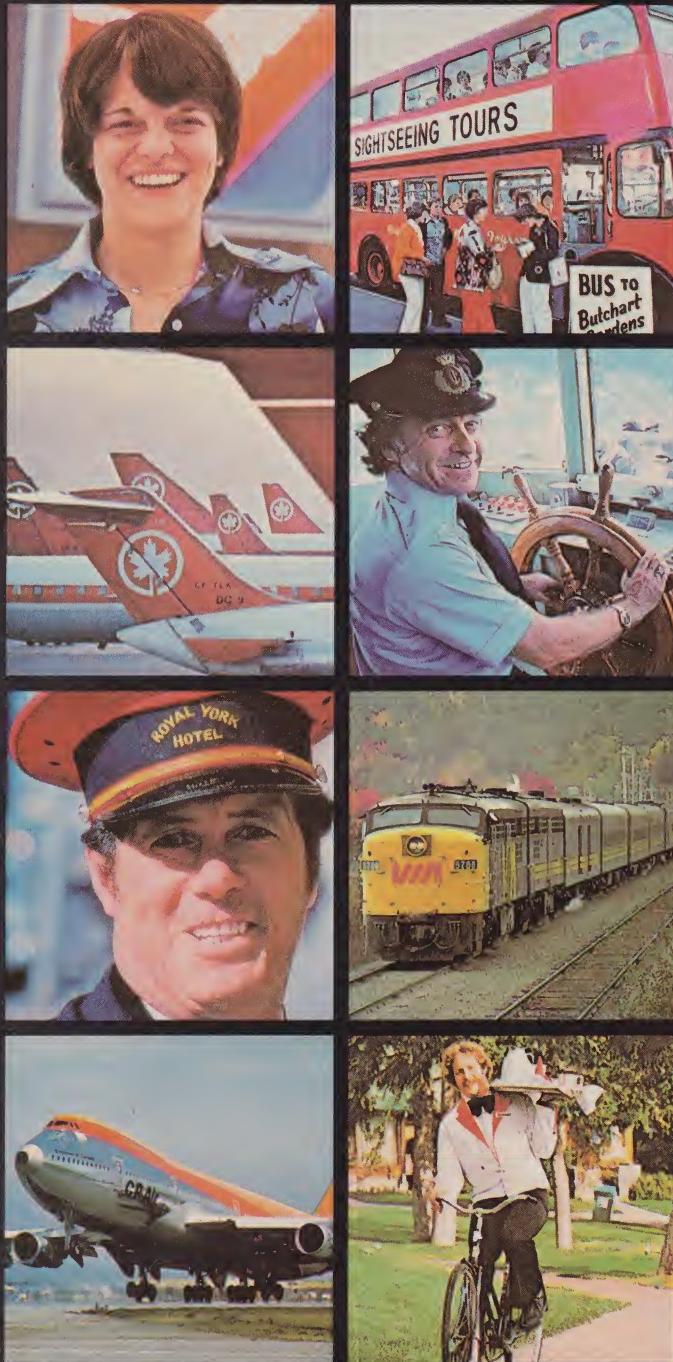
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# CANADA



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It makes a lot of sense to start booking for your late summer or fall vacation now. Especially if you want to take advantage of the economical advance booking charters.

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Canada

Fall Travel

## Quebec

# A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and...

The Eastern Townships in autumn. Is there a better place to get away from it all?

**T**he hills are alive with autumn in Quebec's Eastern Townships: Like great waves of fire, they roll all the way to the horizon. But it's serene here—despite the annual color-burst of the hardwoods. Sheep laze in the sun. Doves coo on telephone lines. Here a covered bridge, there a sleepy village, everywhere a church steeple. And a *Bière Froide* sign. Farmers in town for supplies talk crops and milk prices over a nice cold Pepsi in back of a grocery store. On rue Principale and in the post office, everybody knows everybody else. Montreal and its hustle seem much more than 96 km away.

This is a good place to drive down a gravel side road and say hello to a Holstein. Or chill a bottle in a babbling brook. No skyscrapers, no mountains that will strain your neck, no big deal the Eastern Townships. Nothing at all like Niagara. But nice. We've got a pickle festival in the fall here at Richmond. Pickle queen, pickle princesses, dills and relish all over the place.

You will also enjoy the cheese factories at St-Georges-de-Windsor. Both are small and friendly with tables and chairs set up next to the stainless steel cheese vats for you to enjoy the cheddar right on the spot. In St-Georges when they say the cheese is fresh, the cheese is fresh. Like buying a haddock right off the boat. And should you wish to hit the cheese vats armed with bread, crackers and a bottle of wine purchased down at the village grocery store, well that's just fine, too.

You may also wish to bring along some hand language and your high school French. Though the Eastern Townships were settled by United Empire Loyalists in the late 1700s, 85% of the 350,000 residents speak French today. Many also speak English but you can't count on it. Nor should you let it keep you away. The natives are friendly here—in either language. And anyway, language is what makes Quebec just a little different and so much fun.

But first you have to get there. For our purposes, the Townships stretch south and east of Montreal. The city of Granby with its famous zoo is at the

western limits; Thetford Mines, the moon-like centre of the asbestos mining industry, is on our eastern flank and the states of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine are our next-door neighbors to the south. Location is a bonus on an Eastern Townships' holiday: We're surrounded by other great places. Montreal and Quebec City are both just pleasant drives away.

And then there's the world's largest undefended border to the south. Personally, I wouldn't dream of coming to the Townships without dipping down for a little Budweiser and California Cabernet Sauvignon. And if you have the time, drive all the way down to the very beautiful village of Woodstock, Vt. It's in the mountains down near White River Junction, and for my money the butcher shop and general store alone are worth the extra time. You'll enjoy the little art galleries and antique shops, too.

But the motherland beckons and our next stop is Sherbrooke, biggest city in the Eastern Townships, with a population of about 100,000. We won't be staying in town very long; fall is our most beautiful season around here and city streets are not the place to enjoy it. Still, you shouldn't miss the Boutique des Métiers d'Arts on Dufferin Street. Many of Quebec's finest artisans live and work in the Eastern Townships and the Boutique is where they retail their wares. The finest weaving, the most beautiful pottery, wooden toys for kids of all ages. No Made in Taiwan mounties here.

And then it's over to nearby Lennoxville for another one-stop visit. Lennoxville is the English-speaking hub of the Townships and we are going to park right in front of MacLeod's Antiques on Queen Street, the main drag that winds through town. In a region rich in antique barns and flea markets, MacLeod's is the champ. If you don't find that butter churn you've been looking for in one room, move to the next. When there are no more rooms to browse, move to the next floor. And then, when you run out of floors, ask for another building.

But man does not live by dry sinks



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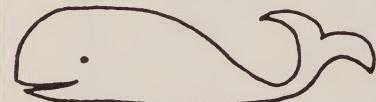
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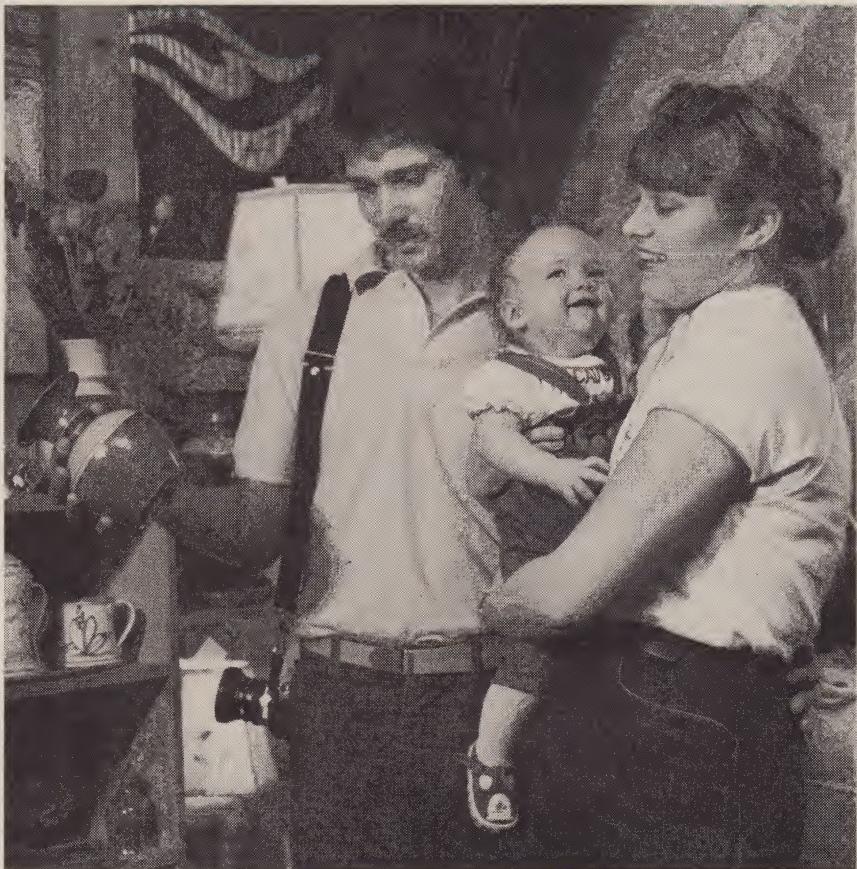


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## Quebec

and spinning wheels alone: It's time to hit the road again for North Hatley, more fall color and a spot of lunch. North Hatley's on the banks of Lake Massawippi and, if you can spare the time, rent a boat and spend a few hours enjoying the sight of the surrounding hills from a nice quiet spot out in the middle of the lake.

You will also want to check out Dame Jacqueline's place and the Hatley Inn. The inn, set in the trees just up the road, would be an ideal spot to have dinner and spend the night. And after your *digestif* out on the lawn, you might enjoy hiking down to lakeside to watch the sun set and the boats go by.

We now have a choice. We can head south for Notre-Dame-de-Bois and the astronomy station atop Mount Megantic. That would give us a look at the biggest telescope in eastern North America and also give us a chance to try out the magnetic hill at Chartierville down near the New Hampshire border. Or we can drive over to Mount Orford near Magog, ride the chairlift for a great view of the countryside, hike the cross-country ski trails and enjoy secluded picnic spots in the park forest. (Two places you should remember in the Magog-Orford area: Motel 67 on Chemin Milletta and the Cherbourg Inn on the Cherry River Road. Both are recommended for lodging and the high quality of their cuisine.)

Orford is on the way to St-Benoit-du-Lac, my very favorite spot in the Townships. Sixty men live at St-Benoit. No women. That's because the men are all monks. But go anyway because these men and their great stone abbey on the banks of Lake Memphremagog are as classy a combination as you are going to find—anywhere. The beautiful setting, the cloisters, the great Gregorian chant in the chapel and the dignity of the monks themselves will make this a stop you won't soon forget.

You should also trust me on the subject of Benedictine cheese and applesauce. They're made and sold by the monks in their little gift shop and you should not leave this magnificent place without some of both.

As a matter of fact, why not arrive at the abbey equipped with wine, glasses, bread, corkscrew and can opener? You then buy a little of the monk's Ermite, a super blue cheese, some Mont-Saint-Benoit, their lovely gruyere, and a can or two of their applesauce. Enjoy your picnic in their little park right outside the big wooden abbey doors. With a little planning, you should be able to make it last until vespers.

— James Quig



PHOTOS BY JACK CISANO

## Bangor's a bargain basement

It may not be Maine's prettiest town, but it's certainly the most popular for Atlantic Canadians. That's because of the low prices at its many factory outlet stores. But if you want beauty, you can find that too: Just take any highway in any direction out of town

**By Colleen Thompson**

In September, you usually can count on sunlit days to meander through picture-perfect towns with white churches and feathery trees. In October, the fall foliage is at its best, and in November, Christmas shoppers descend on the factory outlet stores for bargains in everything from shoes to salad bowls. And from the first snowfall, skiers head for the mountains, perhaps combining a ski weekend in a cosy inn with a tour of barns filled with fine antiques and intriguing junk.

There's no one best month to visit Maine, but the most popular seasons, for Atlantic Canadians, are fall and winter. And one of the most popular spots is Bangor, in the east-central part of the state. Atlantic Canadians have been flocking to Bangor for years to stock up on cottons, household items, factory outlet bargains and anything else customs officials will allow across the border. You'd be hard-pressed to call Bangor the prettiest town in the area, but anyone who's looked behind its commercial facade has found a gracious and lovely city. Incorporated as a town in 1791, Bangor has a population of 33,000 and is, like its ancient namesake in County Down, Ireland, a port of entry from the sea. In its heyday, when Bangor was known as the lumber capital of the world, its harbor bristled with the masts of as many as 700 vessels.

Today, stately old houses built by former shipbuilding and lumbering families line the residential streets.

Another reminder of bygone days is a 31-foot statue of the legendary giant, Paul Bunyan. There's also a food historical museum to visit and a park with a 45-foot cascade that's dramatically lighted at night.

But one of Bangor's chief attractions for Canadians is its bargain prices. Bangor and its neighboring community of Brewer (just across the bridge) have two Dexter shoe outlets, a Bass shoe outlet and an Emple Knitting Mill outlet. In these shops, you'll find spectacular bargains. Dexter, for instance, has 35 locations in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. It began its factory outlet operation 12 years ago and stores now range all the way to the South. They offer a selection of 500 styles for men and women, and the discount ranges from 15% to 50%. In some cases, you can pick up a pair of factory rejects for as little as \$5. In the fall, winter boots are an excellent bargain.

"Golf shoes are the popular item with Canadians," Dexter's regional director, Bob McCluskey, says. "We had three busloads of Canadian tourists in here at once yesterday, and on a Saturday or Sunday, it's about 50-50 Canadian-U.S. customers."

Directly across from Dexter's Brewer store and beside Stacey's Motel (of Jamboree fame), the Emple Knitting Mills outlet store displays sweaters that bear labels such as Jantzen, Sears, Pebble Beach of California. The mills even make the famed Playboy shirts, but you buy them here without the bunny. Prices run about 50% less than retail,

and some of the double-knit, all-wool ski sweaters, sometimes tagged at \$70 in Canada, sell here for \$30 U.S.

The southern Maine seacoast town of Wells calls itself the Factory Outlet Capital of New England—and with good reason. Eight factory outlet stores grace this beachfront community: Dexter, Bass and Dunham shoes, Quoddy moccasins, Hathaway shirts, Garland sweaters, Jaymore clothing and Formfit lingerie. Down the coast in Kittery, you'll find a Dansk outlet with savings



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But Bangor, for most visitors, is still the favorite spot for bargains. If you stay away from places like the new Hilton at the airport, you can live well for a moderate daily sum. The new Bangor Inn, across from the Bangor Shopping Center (largest enclosed mall in Maine), charges only \$28 for a deluxe room and serves free breakfast coffee and doughnuts in the lobby. Old favorites for consistently good food are the Pilot's Grill, near the airport (Hammond exit), where lobster and steak head the homestyle menu, and Miller's, on Main Street, where the \$6 salad bar

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Antigonish and environs present a beautiful spectacle of colour in the autumn. To the west, a drive on the

Trans-Canada through Marshy Hope and past Browns Mountain will present an image of seasonal change unsurpassed anywhere in Canada.

To the north, on the Cape George loop, you see fishing boats returning from their daily rounds. And there is always the wide-angle beauty of water meshing with landform. On a clear day you can see both Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island while taking this route.

Autumn of course offers exciting birdwatching on the shores and in the sanctuaries, and fresh- and saltwater fishing and hunting: deer, bear, moose, duck and grouse. And all about, the clear days and pleasant nights are made interesting by the busy round of harvesting — and by the increasing tempo of cultural life emanating from our university.

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---

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## Maine

lines a whole room and includes Chinese chicken wings, spareribs, shrimp, pasta and desserts with unlimited seconds. Benjamin's, on Franklin Street, serves a special teriyaki steak with huge portions of king crab leg for only \$10.

Almost any road out of Bangor leads to antiques. But for value and quantity, it's hard to beat the southwest route through Skowhegan, Wilton, Farmington, Rumford and all the way to Burlington, Vt. Small inland towns nestle among alpine-like hills, and barns full of antiques and junk entice the

addict or amateur collector at almost every curve of the road. Some shops close in the late fall; others advertise "open all year by chance or appointment." That means it's possible to combine a ski weekend with antique-hunting near places such as Bethel, where skiing at nearby Sunday River and Mt. Abram often starts as early as Hallowe'en.

From the handsome homes that line Bethel streets there are dramatic views of the White Mountains. One of these lovely buildings, the colonial

Bethel Inn, sits amid the trees and lawns of the 200-year-old town common. Although the inn's a favorite of older people, many young folks are now making it their winter skiing headquarters. Formal, but friendly, is how one skier described the relaxed atmosphere. Dinner is served by candlelight on china especially made for the inn. Typical entrées include seafood Newburg, tender scallops and pot roast. Dressing for dinner is approved.

This year, Bethel Inn is offering special ski weekends. They include two nights' lodging, two dinners and two breakfasts. You're less than 10 minutes from the 16 downhill slopes and trails (vertical 1,630 ft), including a three-mile downhill racing trail. The inn's own ski touring centre has rentals, instructions and 15 miles of groomed cross-country trails. Rates start at \$55 per person (double occupancy) for the full weekend. (For more details write to the inn, Bethel, Maine 04217, or telephone (207) 824-2175.)

Leave Bangor in a southerly direction on Rte. 1A and you'll find yourself in the Maine of calendars, movies and seascapes.

Some, like photogenic Camden (background for Hollywood's *Peyton Place*), have appeared in films. Camden's upper lanes are lined with attractive old homes. Quaint shops and restaurants lead to a harbor where people fish and sail in scenic splendor. A tiered waterfall (the result of the Camden River passing beneath the main street), cascades into the harbor. The Public Landing is home port for some of the windjammers that sail the Maine coast (week-long cruises can be arranged in the summer). Along the main streets, you'll pass shops with names such as the Smiling Cow and the Walrus and the Carpenter. If you book early enough, you might find a room above the Owl and Turtle Bookmotel. This small inn above a bookstore has only three rooms, all overlooking the harbor, and serves afternoon tea with scones and cream.

Driving into Camden along an avenue of imposing homes, you'll pass the impressive Whitehall Inn. Don't be intimidated by the fact that it looks so expensive. Rates with breakfast and dinner are only about \$27.50 per person. But do keep in mind that it closes on Columbus Day (Oct. 12). Visitors like to hike Mount Battie, and in winter they flock to the Snow Bowl for six miles of ski trails, nine slopes and a 900-foot vertical drop, plus the popular Sunday brunch at the lodge. Dinner at Whitehall requires jackets and ties for men. Cocktails and lemonade are served

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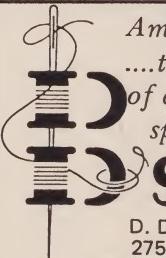
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## Maine

on the long verandah, and musical evenings featuring staff members, folk-singers or students of the Harp Summer Music School are a long-standing tradition.

I almost didn't find Castine, although it's only 30 miles from Bangor. There was no sign to mark the turnoff from Rte. 166. Later, I was told that residents take the sign down occasionally. The idea is not to keep out visitors who truly appreciate the small harbor-town life, but to discourage whistle-through traffic: The kind of people

who speed through the village trying to "do" every seaside community in a day.

Castine must be savored. Situated at the tip of a narrow peninsula that juts into Penobscot Bay, it has shady streets leading up the hill from a peaceful harbor to an old fort. Castine's present tranquillity hides a strife-ridden past: For almost 200 years, the town was in dispute between the French and the English, then the English and the Americans. No one is certain when the hilltop Fort George was built, but the

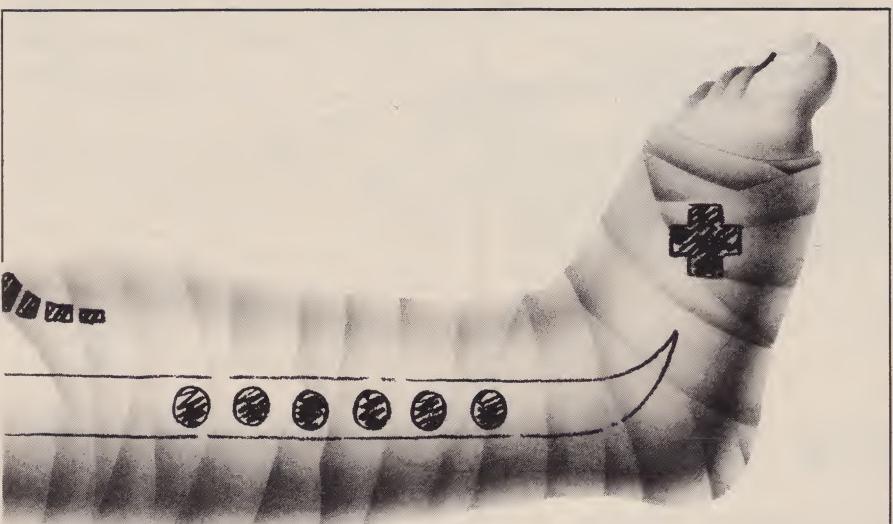
town is rich in historic lore. In summer, residents erect more than 100 signs depicting sites of historic events—where the Indians attacked, where a murderer was hanged.

In Castine's small waterfront business core, almost every enterprise is run by a woman. There's Jean de Raat, whose noted clothing designs in Dutch wax batiks and Dutch Java prints originate in her Water Witch studio and shop; Audri Tuverson, owner of All Manner of Things, specializing in used, found, inspired and unexpected objects; Judy Gay, artist and owner of the Leighton Gallery, where you'll find works of other local artists; Lelia Day, who runs the Greenery and the Yellow Brick House (flowers and antiques); and Charlotte Treworgy who, in partnership with her husband, runs Treworgy's, a treasure house of gifts, acquisitions and sailing supplies. Nurse Sarah Hudson, who races around on a motorized bike, heads a crew of women who run the ambulance service. There's a woman surveyor and a post mistress. And there's Natalie Saunders, proprietor of the Pentagoet Inn (pronounced penta-go-et).

Built in 1894, the Pentagoet exudes hospitality. The relaxed Natalie is mainly responsible. My first look inside made me think she was rearranging the furniture: There seemed to be chairs and books in every conceivable spot. It soon became apparent that this was order—Natalie's method of insuring relaxation. And it works.

Dinner at the Pentagoet is superb. So are the hot breakfast muffins. And if you attend the Sunday champagne brunch on the verandah, you'll probably meet everyone in town. Chef Paul Brouillard is a young man who owns a 29-room manor, and who cooks exceptionally well, especially for a chef with no formal training. Our five-course meal included steamed mussels on garlic linguini, glazed fruited duck and elegant small touches, such as watermelon ice between courses. The Pentagoet is open all year; rates are moderate—double room, \$36; dinner, \$15; Sunday brunch, \$4.50 to \$6.50. (For more information, telephone (207) 326-8616.)

Castine closes down early in the evening, and you'll find yourself yawning long before your usual bedtime. As you lie in bed, listen for the sound of a distant drum carried on the sea breeze. Some say it's only the waves. Others swear it's the ghost of a little drummer boy, captured by the English in one of their long-ago battles, imprisoned and forgotten in a lonely dungeon cell. ♦



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# Montreal



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## Montreal, mais oui

It's a wonderfully easy city to enjoy. All you need is a full wallet and sensible shoes

By James Quig

**T**his is me leading you into temptation: A how-to guide on spending a bundle in Montreal.

But first a little confession: My favorite Montreal store is Waldman's. It's on Roy Street in the heart of the ethnic shopping district. And Waldman's sells fish. If it swims, it's here. For me the octopus bin alone will forever be a place of fascination. I wanted you to know.

My wife's favorite Montreal store is Marshall's, right downtown on St. Catherine Street. Marshall's sells cloth by the yard and I say the place will put you to sleep. But she says it's a veritable paradise for people who sew their own. "You should see the tartans." (I did look in once but all I saw was 17 people feeling bolt after bolt after bolt.)

But you haven't come all this way to see fish and feel fabric. Let us now get sinful.

Like all of life's best stuff, dropping a bundle with wild abandon in Montreal is as easy as falling into bed. All you need is money and good shoes. Montreal, unlike the many great cities that have given in to urban sprawl, is very centralized. Our very best spending zones are within walking distance of your downtown hotel. (You should also be aware that we drive crazy up here: Park your car and look both ways

before crossing.)

For the discriminating shopper, Montreal divides nicely into three main parts.

The first is the Sherbrooke-Crescent-Mountain strip. Three short strips, really, and all of them chic enough for you to consider a preparatory pit stop in the Grand Prix Bar of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Then go for a nice stroll along Sherbrooke Street. You will find all of life's little necessities here: Mink coats at Walkden's, wristwatches at Lucas that cost almost as much as a bungalow, Chinese cashmere at Brisson & Brisson, which bills itself as the most exclusive men's shop in North America.

Mountain and Crescent streets offer a walk on the wilder—but still very chic—side. Sidewalk cafés abound here; the art galleries are a little more contemporary but no less fun. There are good expensive restaurants (Les Halles for French cuisine, the Troika, should you feel an urge for Russian songs, vodka and caviar) and loads of attractive boutiques full of everything from a nice purse to a big can of hoof conditioner.

The hoof aids are at the Blueberry Saddle and Harness shop on Crescent Street. I purchased a long black whip there several years ago—and then took the subway back to the office. I'll never

do that again. "It's for my horse," I finally had to tell one woman.

As most Canadians must know by now, Montrealers enjoy bragging about their indoor-underground city. Their world without weather—amen—that is linked by tunnel and Métro (that's our subway) and is filled with fine stores, bars, restaurants, cinemas and good clean fun. They include the shopping promenades of Place Ville Marie, Place Bonaventure, Place Victoria and much more.

The subway links all of these to the major downtown department stores, but ride it just a little deeper into the east end and you can surface at Complexe Desjardins.

In the cobblestone streets of Old Montreal, you shop mostly for atmosphere. This is where you will find our oldest buildings, the street musicians and painters, good sidewalk cafés, museums such as the Château de Ramezay and great old churches such as Notre Dame. But Old Montreal is also a great place to buy things. Bonsecours Antiques, one of my favorites, is down here on St-Claude Street—just a few doors down from Le Fadou, my very favorite Montreal restaurant. Old Montreal is also a good place to buy Quebec art, crafts and home furnishings. It is also one of the homes of Casavant.

Perhaps you've heard of Casavant because they've been building the world's finest pipe organs since 1879. You may or may not be ready for one of their musical beauties but you will want to see some of the great furniture they make: Armoires, buffets, grandfather clocks, magnificent stuff in an equally magnificent setting down at 206 St-Paul Street in the heart of Old Montreal. Don't miss this one.

A few more personal favorites would include Sam the Record Man on St. Catherine just east of The Bay and A&A Records on St. Catherine just east of Guy. They compete. Isn't that nice? You will also want to hit the Montreal Hebrew Delicatessen—better known as Schwartz's—at 3895 St. Lawrence Boulevard for the best smoked meat sandwiches and dill pickles in Greater Montreal. Make that Canada. There really is no contest on this one. If you like nice knives, see the Chipchase people at 1667 St. Catherine Street—and then walk down to the Harley-Davidson store on St. Catherine just west of Fort. The chrome alone is worth the trip.

There's more, of course, but this should get you started. Have a nice time and remember, all major credit cards accepted. ♦

# Toronto

It used to be Hogtown but today Toronto is a fun, sophisticated city, a fine place to get away from all that Atlantic peace and quiet

By Stephen Kimber

**T**oronto. There was a time when Maritimers would spit out the word like so much sand in the mouth. Toronto, after all, was where far too many Maritime mothers' sons had been forced to go to work in sweatshop factories because Ottawa politicians, snivelling handmaidens for the Toronto Chamber of Commerce, always liked central Canada better. What made the place even more insufferable for Maritime tourists was the fact that Toronto, for all its puffed up self-importance, was a thoroughly dull, Puritan place to visit.

Today, Toronto is far less hateful and menacing, if only because most of those who go down the road these days hurry past its obviously goldless streets on their way to Calgary. And, although Toronto still has an over-supply of boorish boosters who boast that their town is North America's most livable and likable big city, the heck of it is that they are finally right.

Toronto is comfy cosmopolitan:

few more delightfully decadent spots in the country for people-watching or window-shopping.

After the stifling exclusivity of Yorkville, the mile-and-a-quarter walk down Yonge Street to the Eaton Centre is a bracing breath of fresh air. Yonge Street likes to think of itself as an eclectic mix of Fifth Avenue and Times Square. And it is. It is the birthplace of both the Eaton's and Simpson's department store chains as well as the home of topless bars, massage parlors and porno shops. Because of the unusual mix, Yonge Street is daring without being dangerous.

Eaton's has been an integral part of Yonge Street since 1869 when a young Irishman named Timothy Eaton opened his modest drygoods store with the promise of "goods satisfactory or money refunded." In 1905 he staged his first Santa Claus parade along the street from Union Station to his department store. Today the parade (Nov. 1 this year) is seen coast-to-coast on television. And Timothy's store—since

LUIS VILLALTA/IMAGE BANK



The Eaton Centre: Shopper's heaven

## Toronto the Good gets better

Safe enough to be enjoyed after dark but now daring enough to be worth enjoying. Maritimers like their big cities big but not too big, and wild but not too wild.

Play tourist hopscotch from Yorkville's trendier-than-thou boutiques to the Eaton Centre's almost-as-trendy-as-Yorkville shops, with culinary pit-stops and a people-watching stroll through the heart of what one writer has called the "irrepressibly gay and slightly floozy" Yonge Street strip.

In the Sixties, Yorkville was a countercultural cornucopia that was almost exclusively the preserve of folksingers and street people. Today's "street people" are far more likely to be devotees of what might be called *nouveau narcissist chic*: The kind of people who live in Hazelton Lanes, an exclusive Yorkville development where a condominium apartment can set you back \$500,000; who buy designer labels off the rack at neighborhood dress shops like Creeds or Laura Ashley; and who order sinful little snacks like Swiss mints from the local candy store, Au Chocolat, which has them air-expressed to Toronto from Zurich every week. There's not a lot that most of us can afford to buy in Yorkville, but there are

moved a few blocks south—remains the anchor for the Yonge Street strip. Its new Eaton Centre, Canada's largest downtown shopping centre, is a shopper's heaven: A nine-level Eaton's and 250 other stores, boutiques and kiosks, spread over four levels and enclosed by a towering glassed-in roof.

The Eaton Centre is almost too much to take in in a single visit. Better to break up your inspection tour with a few tasty side trips to nearby Chinatown and the Kensington Market.

They're not the city's largest ethnic group, but Toronto's 60,000 Chinese are easily its most visible. They've marked off a mile-long stretch of Dundas Street West between Bay and Spadina and called it their own. Here, you'll find bustling open-air market stalls full of Chinese vegetables; mouth-watering butcher's window displays of glazed duck and suckling pigs; dozens of crowded little shops offering bargain-priced silks, Chinese slippers and jackets as well as woks and Chinese kitsch. Then there are the restaurants. Some like Paul's Deep Sea Shanty on Spadina specialize in spicy Szechuan cooking, which has become extremely popular recently with North American Chinese-food aficionados, but which is

still rarely offered in Atlantic Canada's Chinese restaurants. Other restaurants like Kow Loon on Spadina serve only Dim Sum, a tasty Chinese-style brunch.

Kensington Market, just west of Chinatown, is Toronto's original open-air market and squawking chickens still compete for attention with the hawkers who offer, of course, the best price in town. Kensington Market is worth at least an hour's noisy stroll, not counting various refreshing pauses for multinational snacking along the way.

Eating, come to think of it, might really be the best reason of all to visit Toronto. From the Crest Grill on Spadina—"the best short order cooking this side of Lake Ontario," as one reviewer put it—to Fenton's on Gloucester—an elegant little eatery where the salt is from the sea and the sugar is demerara—Toronto's "transition from Hogtown," as another writer suggested, "is most apparent on the dining scene." It would be presumptuous for an occasional visitor to recommend a restaurant, so your best bet is to pick up a copy of *Toronto Life*, which offers reliable, up-to-date reviews of the city's restaurants. These days, in fact, Hogtown may be a more apt description of its visitors than of Toronto. ♦

# Calendar

## NEWFOUNDLAND

- Sept. 2 — Harness Racing, St. John's Trotting Park, Goulds  
 Sept. 5-7 — Avalon Horse Show, St. John's  
 Sept. 5-7 — Nfld. Open Tennis Championships, Green Belt Club, St. John's  
 Sept. 5-7 — Labor Day Golf Invitational, Blomidon Golf Club, Corner Brook  
 Sept. 19 — Beancrock Sailing Race, Holyrood  
 Sept. 20 — Annual Snowbird Gymnastics Show, A.P. Lowe School, Labrador City  
 Sept. 20 — Mass Health Fun Runs, Labrador City  
 Sept. 24-Oct. 3 — Trinity Conception Fair: Beauty contest, entertainment, crafts, S.W. Memorial Stadium, Harbour Grace  
 Sept. 25, 26 — Annual Agricultural Fair: Display and sale of local vegetables and crafts, Piccadilly

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

- Sept. 4-6 — Le Festival Acadien, Abram's Village  
 Sept. 5 — Maritime Championship Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge  
 Sept. 10-Oct. 4 — Couleurs d'Acadie: Art Exhibit, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown  
 Sept. 10-Oct. 4 — Jack Butler: Recent Work, Confederation Centre  
 Sept. 11-13 — Rodeo East '81: Top North American rodeo cowboys, Kennedy Coliseum, Charlottetown  
 Sept. 12, 13 — Harvest Moon Open-Golf Tournament, Brudenell  
 Sept. 12-Oct. 25 — Elitekey: An exhibit of Micmac material culture, Confederation Centre  
 Sept. 13 — P.E.I. Roadrunners Marathon, Cavendish to Charlottetown  
 Oct. 8-Nov. 1 — The Cow Book: Art exhibition, Confederation Centre

## NOVA SCOTIA

- Sept. 6 — The Blessing of the Crops, Minudie  
 Sept. 7-12 — N.S. Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion, Lunenburg  
 Sept. 11-Oct. 19 — Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen Profile '81: An exhibit of fine, juried craftwork, Art

- Gallery of N.S., Halifax  
 Sept. 19-26 — The Joseph Howe Festival: Whaler Races, Regatta, Town Criers Championship, Halifax  
 Sept. 19-27 — Harvestfest, Truro  
 Sept. 22-27 — Sackville Days  
 Sept. 25-Oct. 12 — Annapolis Valley Fall Harvest Festival  
 Oct. 2, 3 — Oktoberfest, Mahone Bay  
 Oct. 3 — Fall Market Festival, Cole Harbour  
 Oct. 8-12 — Atlantic Winter Fair, Windsor  
 Oct. 12 — Harvest Festival Sale, Ross Farm  
 Oct. 12 — Thanksgiving Turkey

- Supper, New Ross  
 Oct. 15-17 — Antique Show and Sale, Halifax  
 Oct. 24 — Annual Christmas Craft Market, Barrington Passage

## NEW BRUNSWICK

- Sept. 2-6 — Recreation Festival, Bertrand  
 Sept. 2-7 — Por-Ti-Pic Festival, St. Leonard  
 Sept. 5, 6 — Handcraft Festival, Mactaquac  
 Sept. 12-15 — The Hadassah Open

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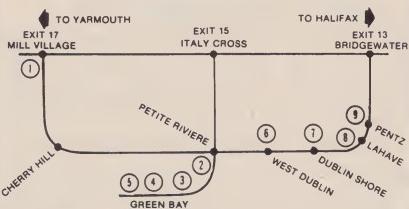
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## Calendar

- Exhibit, N.B. Museum, Saint John  
Sept. 17-19 — Queens Co. Fair, Gagetown  
Sept. 18-20 — Rodeo East '81, The Coliseum, Moncton  
Sept. 25, 26 — Charlie Pride: Country Singer, Aitken Centre, Fredericton  
Oct. 2-11 — Oyster Festival, Maisonnette  
Oct. 9-11 — Friendship Festival, Rivière-du-Portage

## QUEBEC

- Aug. 27-Sept. 7 — Expo Québec, Exhibition Park, Quebec City  
Sept. — Orchestre symphonique de Montréal, Sept. 15, 16, 22, 23, Place des Arts, Montreal  
Sept. 4-6 — Grand Prix "Molson," Trois-Rivières  
Sept. 5-Oct. 3 — "Un pays dont la devise est je m'oublie," Théâtre de l'Atelier, Sherbrooke  
Sept. 10-12 — "La belle au bois dormant," Ballet National du Canada, Place des Arts, Montreal  
Sept. 12 — Ti-Gus et Ti-Mousse, fantaisistes, Grand Théâtre, Quebec City  
Sept. 17 — "Québec 1984," Grand Théâtre, Quebec City  
Sept. 19-27 — Festival cultural d'automne, Val-David  
Sept. 22-26 — Fête du vin, Anjou  
Sept. 24-Oct. 24 — "La Mouette," de Tchékhov, Théâtre du Rideau Vert, Montreal  
Sept. 25-27 — Festival des couleurs, Magog  
Sept. 25-27 — Grand Prix du Canada, Ile Notre-Dame, Montreal  
Oct. — "Madame Butterfly," Oct. 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, Place des Arts, Montreal  
Oct. — Orchestre symphonique de Montréal, Oct. 13, 14, 19, 20, 27, 28, Place des Arts, Montreal  
Oct. 2-11 — Festival gastronomique de Granby, Granby  
Oct. 2-12 — Yvon Deschamps, monologiste, Grand Théâtre, Quebec City

- Oct. 3-5 — "J'ramasse mes p'tits pis j'pars en tournée," comédie musicale, Grand Théâtre, Quebec City  
Oct. 3-12 — Festival d'automne, Rimouski  
Oct. 15 — "Boing, Boing," Grand Théâtre, Quebec City  
Oct. 24-Nov. 1 — Festival de l'original (moose festival) including course in moose calling, Val-d'Or  
Oct. 28-31 — Ginette Reno, chanteuse, Grand Théâtre, Quebec City



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Sept. 4-6 — Tomato Fest, Port Rowan

Sept. 4-7 — Canadian International Air Show, Canadian National Exhibition Waterfront, Toronto

Sept. 4-7 — Steam Era: Steam and antique show, Milton

Sept. 5-6 — Romanian Cultural Festival, Bingeman Park, Kitchener

Sept. 10-19 — Festival of Festivals (films), Toronto

Sept. 12 — Binder Twine Festival: Antiques, arts and crafts, entertainment, Kleinburg

Sept. 13 — Ojibway Keeshigun: Indian dancing, music, displays and demonstrations of traditional crafts, Thunder Bay

Sept. 15-Oct. 15 — Muskoka Cavalcade of Color: Fairs, parades, dances in Bracebridge, Gravenhurst and Huntsville

Sept. 16-19 — Tobacco Harvest Festival: Entertainment, tobacco tying contest, special events, Delhi

Sept. 18-27 — Niagara Grape and Wine Festival, including tours of vineyards and wineries, St. Catharines

Sept. 20 — Pioneer Applefest, Century Village Museum, Peterborough

Sept. 26 — Apple Butter and Cheese Festival, including cider-mill tours, quilt auction, Wellesley

Sept. 26 — Honey Festival, with demonstration of honey extraction, the Arena, Beeton

Sept. 26 — Soccer Bowl '81, Exhibition Stadium, Toronto

Sept. 26-27 — Pennsylvania Deutsch Days: German food and apple butter boiling, Doon Pioneer Village, Kitchener

Sept. 26-Oct. 15 — Algoma Fall Festival: Performances by Les Ballets Jazz de Montréal, Peter Appleyard, National Tap Dance Co., Sault Ste. Marie

Sept. 29-Oct. 3 — International Plowing Match and Farm Machinery Show, Barrie

Oct. 16-18 — Harvest Festival: Costume judging, arts and crafts show, relay race, Niagara Falls

Oct. 11 — Thanksgiving Harvest Festival, including demonstrations of oat threshing and cider making, Century Village Museum, Peterborough

Oct. 29-Nov. 1 — Skate Canada '81, Civic Centre, Ottawa

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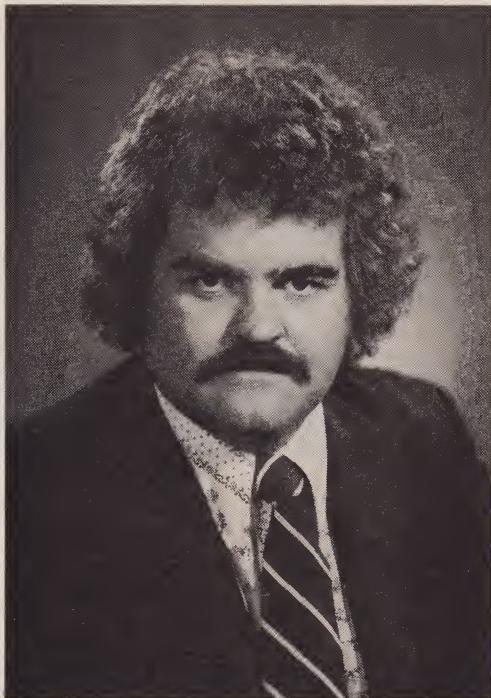
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## Harry Bruce's column

# Wanna have a rotten vacation? Have we got a deal for you

*Our winters are truly awful; just the thing to attract the Masochist Market. There's money in them thar fools*

**A** U.S. outfit that packages tours for Those Who've Been Everywhere has been known to dump affluent tourists on the Magdalen Islands in March. Now the Gulf of St. Lawrence may not strike you as a haven of tropical pleasure for the winter-weary, but these were the kind of people who think nothing of blowing several thousand dollars to look at big tortoises in the Galapagos Islands, and what they were happy to buy in the Magdalens was simply a chance to see all those cute little seals flop around on the ice. Dreamers predicted these annual invasions of rich nature-lovers would become so important to the Magdalens' economy that the locals would quit braining the seals for cash, and everyone would live happily ever after. Oh well.

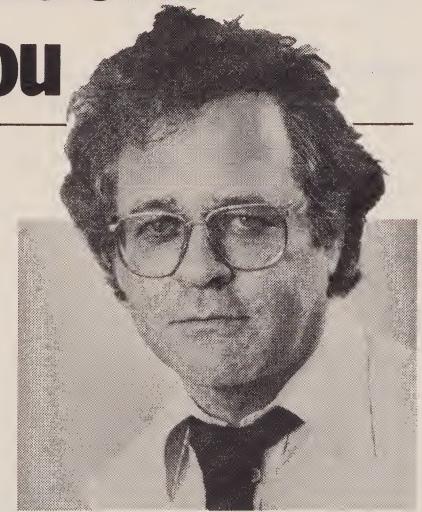
The seal-watching expeditions did get a few tourists into this part of the world during our off-season (which, together with our cold-shoulder seasons, lasts roughly 10 months), and if some of them went home with frostbite, so what? They wanted a fresh experience, didn't they? They'd never have gone to the Magdalens in the first place if they weren't sick to death of the cliches of Paris and London, the pollution-eroded glories of Athens, the corruption of Nice, the hot, fleshy escapades at tedious hedonists' clubs in the Caribbean. The Magdalens offered Nature in the Raw, harsh reality in a largely artificial world, the certainty of being uncomfortable, the thrilling possibility of falling off the ice and into the ocean.

The Atlantic provinces in winter are every bit as miserable as the Magdalens. By any reasonable standards of unpleasantness they can hold their heads high in the company of Greenland, Spitsbergen, the Bering Strait or Cape Horn. The trouble is our hide-bound tourism officials and, indeed, our entire "hospitality industry" have woefully failed to celebrate the true awfulness of our winters (though they do an excellent job of disguising the true awfulness of some of our summers). Granted, we have managed to

lure busloads of frail American pensioners on Autumn Foliage Tours that set their elderly teeth chattering earlier in the season than ever before in their lives. But that's not enough.

The phenomenon our tourism flacks have somehow missed is the rise of the Masochist Market. Yet it could be the salvation of our entire tourist industry. It consists of people who shell out thousands upon thousands of dollars to fly to Africa, hire a guide, creep up on a rhinoceros, stand just upwind of the monster and pray God the wind doesn't switch. It consists of the amateur mountain climbers who every year commit something very close to mass suicide in the Alps, and those who save and scrimp just so they can jump on a raft and terrify themselves by bouncing down a roaring, foaming river. Any day now, some packager will come up with War Zone Tours. Well-heeled thrill seekers will pay top dollar to put on battle fatigues and join a gang of mercenaries in the rat-ridden, guerrilla-infested jungle of their choice. A seven-day tour of Protestant pubs in Belfast might also appeal to the booming Masochist Market.

I suspect it includes those who go to horrible places just to one-up their friends. *Yes, my dear, we had a simply lovely Yuletide in Siberia.* It'll cost you \$695 to join a 13-day tour entitled "Russian Winter in Siberia," and I'm not kidding about this one. You get to spend New Year's up there in the jolly, old, salt-mine country, to visit the invitingly named town of Bratsk, and enchanting Irkutsk. God knows how many million heretics, dissidents, convicts, assorted varieties of backsliders and other poor doomed sods got free passage to Irkutsk over the past few centuries. You, of course, will have to pay for your Siberian outing but, unlike them, you'll have a return ticket. Even so, I wouldn't burble on too much about your admiration for Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Just relax, and since the Soviets are crazy about Robert Burns, be sure to sing "Auld Lang Syne." And have a happy holi-



day, y'hear?

But why let Siberia grab off this juicy trade? What can it offer that a Moncton blizzard can't? If it's a dash of prison ambience that masochistic tourists want, their tour could include a two-hour visit to the exercise yard at Dorchester Pen. A February bus ride on Cape Breton's Meat Cove Road offers all tourists with the slightest fear of height a never-to-be-forgotten vacation experience. (Remembering it, they'll wake up screaming for the rest of their lives.) Newfoundland fishermen could take visitors offshore in open boats to gaze at the craggy, storm-lashed, bare beauty of famous bird rocks that the birds have fled. The opportunities for Authentic Experience are boundless: Icebound ferries, snowbound trains, fogbound planes, runny noses, and exile on an Island province whose entire population is in the throes of an indigenous annual malady known as cabin fever.

Since our "hospitality industry" is too dull to make imaginative pitches to the Masochist Market, I appeal to readers. As part of a new program called Atlantic Canada Minus, I hereby declare the Great *Atlantic Insight* Mid-winter Horrible Holiday Contest. Just send your suggestions for a truly awful winter vacation in Atlantic Canada to me, care of this magazine. If entries are grim enough, we'll publish them. Though winners will not get free trips anywhere, and especially not to Florida or the Caribbean, they'll have the satisfaction of knowing they've done their bit to achieve what was once thought impossible: The founding of a year-round tourist industry in Atlantic Canada. Siberia indeed! ☐

# Beautiful bakeapples

**T**here are three things you should know about bakeapples. First, a bakeapple is a berry, native to Newfoundland, Labrador and northern Europe (where it's called a cloudberry). Second, picking bakeapples is hard work. They grow in bogs and each low plant produces just one white blossom, then in mid-August, a single juicy, amber-colored berry. You need rubber boots and strong legs to pick them, and they're too tart to enjoy on the spot. Third, they're worth the trouble. Children sell them in jam jars for outrageous prices from the roadsides, and people buy them because, mixed with sugar or sweetened cream, bakeapples have a taste that defies description. They freeze well, store for months in scalded bottles (don't add sugar until ready to serve), and they make excellent jam.

The Scandinavians make a popular liqueur called Lakka from their cloudberries. Canada imports it, and Shirley Letto of L'Anse-au-Clair (on the Labrador side of the Strait of Belle Isle) is determined to see a bakeapple industry started in her area. "I know for sure you can make a good shine out of it," she says. Besides heading the Labrador Straits Tourist Association, Letto runs the Northern Light Inn in L'Anse-au-Clair, and during the Second Annual Bakeapple Festival (Aug. 14-16 at nearby Pointe Amour) she'll

be serving her bakeapple cocktail—bakeapple juice and vodka. "It's especially good if it's spiked up with iceberg ice cubes," she says. "They sparkle and pop when they hit the drink."

The first festival was such a big hit that dozens of families from L'Anse-au-Clair to Red Bay have agreed to open their homes to visitors this month when the regular accommodations run out. There'll be music, dancing, craft shows, baking contests and berry-picking excursions. And lots to eat.

Here are some bakeapple recipes including bakeapple cream puffs, which won Grace Normore of L'Anse-Amour first prize in last year's baking contest.



## Grace Normore's Prize-winning Bakeapple Cream Puffs

1/2 cup butter  
1 cup water  
1 cup flour  
1/4 tsp. salt  
4 eggs

In saucepan, combine butter and water, bring to a boil. Remove saucepan from heat and add salt and flour *all at once*. Stir briskly with a wooden spoon till the mixture leaves the side of the pan and forms a ball around the spoon. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition until mix-

tart, salt, and beat until mixture stands in soft peaks. Add sugar gradually, beating until meringue is glossy. Spread meringue on a well-greased pie plate, in form of pie shell. Put in preheated 400° F. oven and turn off the heat. Leave in oven for 2 hours and don't open the door. When done wrap in wax paper. Should keep for days. When ready to serve, put ice cream in bottom of shell and bakeapples on top.

## Fluffy Rice Pudding

3/4 cup long-grain rice  
1/4 cup sugar  
4 cups milk  
1/4 cup powdered milk  
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla  
1/4 tsp. almond extract  
1/2 cup whipping cream

In heavy 2-quart saucepan combine uncooked rice and sugar. Stir in the 4 cups milk. Bring mixture to boil. Reduce heat, cover and cook 25 to 30 minutes or until rice is tender, stirring occasionally. Stir in the 1/4 cup of powdered milk, vanilla and almond extract. Cool to room temperature. Whip cream to soft peaks and fold into rice mixture. Cover and chill thoroughly. To serve, spoon rice pudding into sherbet dishes, drizzle some bakeapple sauce (recipe follows) over each serving. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

## Bakeapple Sauce

10 oz. bakeapples (frozen or fresh)  
1 tbsp. cornstarch  
1/4 cup sugar

In saucepan, crush bakeapples and stir in cornstarch and sugar. Cook and stir till mixture is thickened and bubbly. Cook 1 minute more. Cool sauce to room temperature.

## Bakeapple Parfait

Put 1 tsp. bakeapples in bottom of parfait dish. Add ice cream, another tsp. bakeapples, more ice cream, another tsp. bakeapples. On top, pour 1 tbsp. of Lakka.

## Bakeapple Berry Aockie

1 cup bakeapples  
1/4 cup sugar  
4 cups water

Mash bakeapples and add sugar. Stir in 4 cups of water. Strain through cheesecloth. Serve chilled. Makes 4 glasses.



# Nérée DeGrâce: Sweet success at 61

*Acadian singer Edith Butler compares the effect of this Shippegan, N.B., native's paintings with being struck by lightning. It's only taken the country 30 years to discover them*

**N**érée DeGrâce pushes aside the supermarket poster advertising this week's special on eggs, nimbly side-steps the punching bag hanging from the ceiling and strides enthusiastically into his studio, Ti-Mousse, the family mutt, at his heels.

The posters and other commercial art contracts are what kept DeGrâce solvent through the lean years; the times when "there were literally dozens of us who called ourselves artists all living in one-room apartments" in Quebec City's bohemian Latin quarter. It was an era when then premier Maurice Duplessis routinely denounced "artists, poets and other intellectuals" on his way to election victories.

Commercial work seemed safer and more lucrative to an Acadian who witnessed the worst of the Depression growing up in Shippegan, N.B. Painting became a hobby relegated to a nondescript basement room behind the "boutique" housing DeGrâce's expanding commercial design business; the punching bag was a concession to a salaried nephew who practises judo chops while the paint dries on the supermarket posters.

The paintings might have stayed in the back room or on the walls of some family split-level in the Quebec City suburb of Limoilou had it not been for a whim which led DeGrâce to send photographs of 30 of his paintings to fellow Acadian Edith Butler in Montreal. Today, DeGrâce stands as living proof that life can begin at 61.

Butler liked what she saw—"When I opened the envelope and looked at the pictures, it was like being struck by lightning"—and started calling her friends in Montreal's artistic milieu. She purchased 20 DeGrâce paintings and made downpayments on 50 others she intends to resell. They'll be exhibited in three Quebec cities throughout the summer while DeGrâce completes his latest project, sketches to accompany a book on Acadian legends.

Just a few months ago, DeGrâce achieved the kind of recognition only a few, select Canadian artists will ever know; the Post Office asked him to design a special stamp commemorating the 100th anniversary of the first Convention of the Acadians in Memramcook, N.B. DeGrâce will re-create his painting of the village of Shippegan until it is about five times the size of the stamp. The Post Office will complete the reproduction process.



DeGrâce: At one time, commercial work seemed safer than painting

PHOTOS BY JACQUES MADEAU

Beginning Aug. 14, 28 million of the 17-cent stamps—about a week's supply—will be available in post offices across Canada. A day later, Memramcook will honor DeGrâce's accomplishment with special ceremonies.

Using traditional oils and canvas, DeGrâce first sketches childhood memories in pencil, then uses the drawings to create an emotional, vibrant Acadia where the characters seem perfectly at ease in their settings. "His paintings are different; full of life and yet traditional in the sense that they're done straight from the heart," Post Office official Margaret Kirlin says. "A great feeling comes through in

everything he does. The people in his paintings are happy, joyful."

For Butler, who left her own Acadian village of Paquetville, N.B., seven years ago to pursue her career as a musician and composer in Montreal, the paintings are a reminder of home and a celebration of Acadia. DeGrâce paints in what Butler terms "Acadian colors"—bold and vivid with emphasis on primary colors. They remind her of the colors used on the sides of homes bordering the Baie des Chaleurs. She also sees DeGrâce's characters as a combination of warmth and timidity, typical of most Acadians. "Looking at a DeGrâce painting, you almost feel

like a tourist visiting the village. It's a world of its own and you are the outsider." Safe within a village whose inhabitants share a common language and set of cultural values, the characters appear naturally timid when faced with the prospect of dealing with an outsider.

Butler doesn't think DeGrâce has been influenced by any one school of painting although his commemorative stamp might remind some of Chagall's "Me and My Village." If there is one distinguishing characteristic to a DeGrâce painting, she says, it is in the eyes, which appear to be painted forehead high on DeGrâce's characters. "I told him once that I thought his eyes were too high and he said that he tried to lower them once, but that it just didn't work; the eyes kept going back up there on their own," Butler says. "And you know, it's true. I drew some eyes on a separate piece of paper and as an experiment, tried to place them on one of his paintings where I thought the eyes should be. It didn't work. It ruined the whole expression. The eyes are in the right place."

DeGrâce himself looks and acts a little like the characters in his paintings; timid but friendly, innocent without being naive and above all, unpretentious—a little like that friendly fellow behind the counter at the corner store. His fascination with form began at about the age of eight when his parents gave him a microscope as a gift. Spending long hours in the family barn, DeGrâce sketched horses, cows, chickens and other animals. "Sometimes, when I got lucky, a chicken I would sketch would lose its feathers, so I could sketch it again and make comparisons," DeGrâce recalls.

His preoccupation with drawing earned him the nickname "Fluet," a somewhat derogatory term describing anyone not cut out for strenuous physical work. The Depression forced DeGrâce to leave his village, at 19, and the Second World War found him conscripted away from a clerk's job in the Gaspé city of Matane and stationed in Quebec City. He studied art at night.

DeGrâce's recent success comes 30 years after he founded his commercial art business. His children, adults now, have left home. Few of his paintings have titles. Only 18 months ago, he was giving some of them away to friends.

Success is sweet, but also tinged with a whiff of incredibility which, perhaps, makes DeGrâce reluctant to talk about it. When I tell him I hear he's doing well these days he looks at me innocently. "Really?" he says. "Where did you hear that?"

— Lew Harris



"His paintings are different....A great feeling comes through in everything he does"

# Special Report



Howes Lake Dump: An open drain places like Howes Lake, into air we breathe and water we drink.

Until the Howes Lake dump was closed in 1979, it was an open drain for thousands of tons of hazardous waste. "We'd take anything they brought out," recalls a city worker who manned the dump for several years. "If somebody brought chemicals, we might dig a hole and bury it a couple of feet deep." Metal-plating companies dumped liquid cyanide, as much as 1,000 gallons a year. Utility companies scrapped electrical components containing carcinogenic oils. Paper and plastics firms delivered truckloads of spent solvent and cleaning fluid.

When the site was closed, sand was drawn over the garbage like carpet over an unswept floor. The dangers were forgotten. But today, a steady stream of bright orange liquid still trickles from the side of the dump and runs down a public road toward an elementary school. The city doesn't know what the liquid is. It's never analysed the contents.

## The wastes

EPS, which devoted two years to measuring the amount of hazardous waste turned out by industries in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, came up with a staggering total of 138,000 tons a year, enough to fill a freight train of hopper cars 15 miles long. According to EPS, Maritime industry annually produces a semi-trailer truckload of PCB (poly-

## The toxic time bomb

*There are more than 300 local dumps scattered throughout the Atlantic region, but no one knows exactly what's in them. We'd better find out*

By Chris Wood

Fifty years ago, Howes Lake was a swimming hole for North End Saint John residents, a place to go on a sweltering summer afternoon with a basket lunch and a straw hat pulled low over the eyes. Today, no one dares swim there. Howes Lake has become one of the deadliest pieces of real estate in Atlantic Canada.

Howes Lake Dump, Saint John's municipal landfill site for more than 20 years, stands on a hilltop near the city's Rockwood Park. On the distant horizon, there's a spectacular view of blue hills across the Kennebascasis River. In the valley below, townhouses mark the suburb of Millidgeville, popular with young families. Howes Lake is quiet, as befits a sort of graveyard. Bare sand covers two decades' accumulated rubbish, discouraging wildlife. No bird sounds a territorial claim. Except for a fetid taint to the slight breeze, Howes Lake might seem peaceful. But the faint stench lingers, a reminder of the hazardous wastes of every description that are buried here.

There are dozens of dumps like Howes Lake in Atlantic Canada. Nova Scotia is dotted with them. Public

dumps in Newfoundland maintain Howes Lake's open-door policy, allowing the dumping of all kinds of noxious garbage. Even "unspoiled" Prince Edward Island has its toxic mercaptan pesticide, casually abandoned in an insecure landfill.

Until three years ago, when industrial wastes in the Love Canal forced several hundred families from their homes in Niagara Falls, N.Y., few Atlantic Canadians felt it mattered much how industry got rid of its wastes. While industry elsewhere was increasingly forced to funnel waste into special sites designed—albeit not always well—to contain them, industry here simply drove to the nearest dump.

There may never be a "Love Canal East." The amount of hazardous waste produced here is smaller, and often much less deadly. But industry in the four provinces still pours out tens of thousands of tons a year of corrosive acids, heavy metals, waste solvents, pesticides and paint sludge.

Most is discarded thoughtlessly and unsafely, according to a recent report by the federal Environmental Protection Service (EPS). Some, the report predicts, will soon begin to seep out of

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chlorinated biphenyl) which has been linked to birth defects and cancer; enough waste pesticides—containing some of the most toxic substances known to man—to fill three more semis; and enough heavy-metal-laced sludge to occupy 17 cars on that long train of waste. Worse, two-thirds of these wastes are disposed of unsafely.

Consolidated Bathurst Inc., of Bathurst, N.B., poured more than 17 tons of varsol, a common solvent containing carcinogenic benzene, down a local sewer. The same company let more than 1,000 tons of hydrochloric and sulphuric acid contaminated with mercury go the same route.

Hawker-Siddeley pours several hundred gallons a year of toluene and related compounds, which have been linked to kidney, liver and brain damage, into its private backyard landfill at Trenton, N.S.

Trichloroethane, believed to induce cancer, evaporates near Kentville, N.S., from an open-air holding pond filled with a quarter of a million gallons of the liquid.

Metal-plating companies dump cyanide, a potent poison, by the thousands of gallons in ordinary civic landfills in both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The list of toxic garbage already discovered by EPS is mind-boggling: Biphenyls (cause cancer and painful skin rashes); mercury (blamed for birth defects, blindness, seizures and other ailments), aromatic hydrocarbons (a family of solvents tied to dizziness, fatigue, paralysis, anemia, leukemia and headaches), chlorinated organic pesticides (can induce tremors, convulsions, weakness and cancer), xylol (burning sensations in the hands and feet, followed by gangrene), mercaptan (has a vile-smelling odor, causes nausea, headaches, drowsiness, vomiting).

Researchers admit that their inventory is based only on what a sample of companies volunteered to reveal. The real amount may be twice as great. Newfoundland and the EPS recently completed a similar inventory, which will show smaller quantities of wastes in Newfoundland, but the same low standard of care in

their disposal. It took *Atlantic Insight* only two phone calls to discover that one St. John's paint manufacturing firm regularly ships paint sludge contaminated with heavy metals, which can affect the nervous and reproductive systems, to the city dump.

#### The dumps

Clampdowns on hazardous waste dumping in Ontario and the United States have created a breed of "midnight dumpers" (truckers who haul toxic garbage to back roads for illicit, and potentially disastrous, disposal). But there are virtually no restrictions on what can be thrown into Atlantic Canada's 300 small local dumps. "You don't need to be a midnight dumper [here]," says Colin Duerden, EPS acting-chief of contaminants control and hazardous wastes in the Atlantic region. "Why bother, when it's so easy to be a broad daylight dumper?" Two-thirds of the region's dangerous waste, he says, winds up in the same dumps and landfills as ordinary household garbage. "Any industry can take anything there, any time of the day or

night," adds environmental inspector Joe Richard. "There's no gate, no supervision."

At Saint John's new municipal landfill at Spruce Lake, a gatekeeper is supposed to screen what enters, but even closed vans bearing unidentified contents are routinely waved by. "The rat population has been wiped out because of what's going in there," Duerden says. "Even the rats can't survive it."

The Saint John landfill is typical of what's wrong at Atlantic Canadian dump sites an even more frightening way: It leaks. Soiled groundwater—leachate—is flowing out of the three-year-old landfill at what officials call an "alarming" rate. It's the same story at other dumps in the region.

At Scoudouc, N.B., *Atlantic Insight* discovered several dozen full drums of paint sludge (labelled "warning...contains toxic solvents") dribbling multi-colored contents into a ditch that drains into the Scoudouc River, 1,500 feet away. At Amherst, fiercely carcinogenic and almost indestructible

PCBs have reached a brook downhill from a dump closed several years ago. (Downstream the brook joins the Nappan River to flow past the home of Roger Bacon, a former Environment minister.) And, at Nine Mile River, a private dump north of Halifax—"They have something they can't put anywhere else, I take it," says the owner—leachate has contaminated an underground lake which is the water source for local wells.

The public can only guess at the extent of the contamination. The Nova Scotia Environment Department may know, but it isn't saying. In striking contrast to the region's other environment agencies, the Nova Scotia department makes silence a matter of policy. The province's Environmental Protection Act set the tone in 1973 by establishing an advisory Environmental Control Council, then forbidding release of its reports and recommendations. The department refuses to release a 1979 study of Nine Mile River, claiming the report is still only a draft.

But Al Carroll, the



Duerden with drums of toxic wastes: Easy to be a "daylight dumper"

## Special Report

department's chief of operations, confirms Nine Mile River is not the only dump leaking in Nova Scotia: "There have been others...at least three or four I can think of. There may be more." Carroll refused to name the other leaking dumps.

### The dangers

With so much indiscriminate dumping, is anyone's health already in danger? "We don't know," answers David Silliphant, director of the New Brunswick Pollution Control Branch. Few dumps are monitored for leakage

(in Saint John, Spruce Lake is; Howes Lake is not), and no municipality regularly tests water for common industrial wastes like toluene or varsol. A suspicious homeowner wouldn't learn much from his own water test either. The N.S. Department of Agriculture laboratory at Truro does water tests, but Peter Casey, director of public health engineering, concedes: "They don't test for pesticides or herbicides [and] probably wouldn't turn up benzene or varsol."

Like most other health officials,

Casey assumes water supplies have been contaminated somewhere in the region, but detection is so ineffective they have no way of knowing where it is happening.

To understand just how serious the consequences of such indiscriminate dumping might be, it's necessary to look beyond the region, to places like Niagara Falls, N.Y. There, Lynn Tolli and her family lived in a home where the air was tainted with benzene and toluene (both common in Atlantic Canada). Before they moved into the contaminated house, the family was healthy. Afterward, Lynn and one son developed epileptic seizures. Another son and her husband suffered asthmatic attacks. A pet dog and cat died of no obvious cause. Were a family in Moncton or Sydney to suffer the same chain of tragic events, it would probably be considered coincidence.

### The watchdogs

In theory, anyone who dumps anything in Atlantic Canada must meet rigorous standards of environmental care. While many companies do consult the proper officials, the officials often defer to what they believe is the companies' superior knowledge. "CIL... Fraser...these guys are worldwide companies," New Brunswick's David Silliphant says. "They know what to do with these things better than the control agencies." But in May, a New Brunswick judge found CIL "grossly negligent," and guilty of dumping mercury in the Restigouche River. (The case was thrown out, however, because New Brunswick has a 24-month statute of limitations on pollution charges.)

While officials rely on good corporate citizenship, most companies give waste disposal a low priority. "It's at that nitty-gritty level of production," admits Halifax shipyard spokesman John Landry, "that I'm not exactly sure what happens to it." Not one of a dozen other companies contacted in preparing this report felt waste disposal was a problem.

Their attitude is unlikely to be jolted by legal action. No charge has ever been laid under either New Brunswick's or Nova Scotia's anti-pollution laws (the CIL case was federal because it involved polluted water in the region). Fines for polluters range between \$2,000 to \$5,000 a day for a first offence, a level so ineffective in British Columbia that penalties there recently were raised to \$100,000 a day.

A few weeks ago, David Roy, an Environment New Brunswick inspector, took a sample of liquid from the bright orange spring that bubbles

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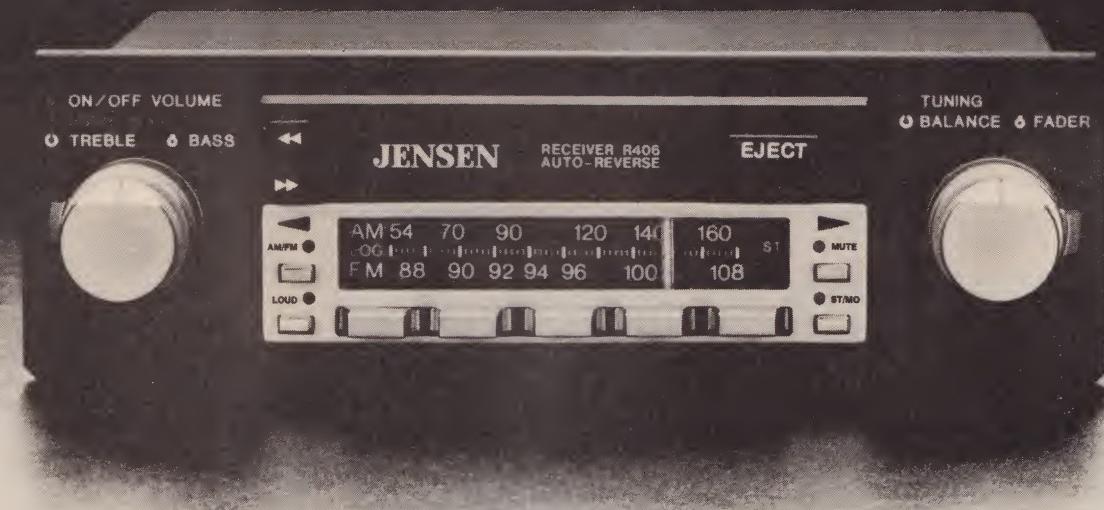
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out of the site of the old Howes Lake dump. The test, prompted by questions during research for this report, was the first since the dump was closed three years ago.

#### The options

Environment officials like Duerden of EPS insist industrial wastes can be dealt with safely. For starters, industry could generate less of them, they suggest, by choosing formulas that avoid the more virulent byproducts. There are encouraging signs industry is responding. "I think the quantities are decreasing," says Al Stackhouse, manager of Giroux Enterprises, one of the region's largest disposal firms. "People are more conscious of what they're using."

Many wastes, including oils and solvents, can be cleaned and reused. Giroux treats a third of a million gallons of waste oil annually for reuse as a fuel. Still others can be rendered safe at the factory. EPS believes 82% of today's wastes could be neutralized by the same industries that produce them.

Another option—popular with officials—is the Canadian Waste Materials Exchange. The exchange, operated by the Ontario Research Foundation, lists industrial wastes in the hope that one company's rubbish will become another's raw material. Spent caustic, advertised by an oil refinery, may be bought by a pulp mill. The exchange has the advantage of turning problem wastes into useful goods, but it has been slow to catch on. But whatever else is done, says Duerden, "there is a solid core of wastes which cannot be adequately treated." For these wastes, perhaps 10,000 tons a year, there is no safe place for disposal anywhere in Atlantic Canada. The region must either ship them out or build a facility to accommodate them.

"It won't be a dump," Duerden is quick to add. "It's a hazardous wastes treatment, storage and disposal facility." A "TSDF" in the Maritimes would need to cover several hundred acres and include laboratories, a storage warehouse, and perhaps a high-temperature incinerator. Outside, plastic and clay-lined ponds would hold neutralized liquids while a landfill would take care of solid industrial rubbish and sludges.

The facility would cost \$15 million, and industry would be expected to chip in. Duerden hopes the provinces will decide this year to start work. A site selection study, having rejected CFB Gagetown because of military "resistance," is already pushing for a site in the porous loam of Cumberland County.

It is not a popular idea. At least two Nova Scotia cabinet ministers,

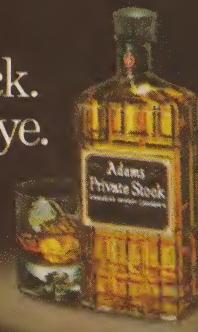
Agriculture Minister Roger Bacon and Lands and Forests Minister George Henley reject it. Environment officials in Fredericton and Halifax have reserved support, hoping more detailed waste inventories under way will prove it is not needed. Local residents worry that Cumberland County, which generates less than 2% of the region's waste, will become a dumping ground for all of it. The fear isn't groundless. Brian Power, Newfoundland director of industrial environmental engineering, has indicated his province would send wastes to a Maritime TSDF rather than develop its own.

"On the day it opened, it probably

would be a safe dump," says Paul Kyle, a Tidnish Cross Roads storekeeper and leader of CRUD (Citizens Reject Unhealthful Development), an anti-dump group (*Atlantic Insight*, Nova Scotia, July). "But this isn't the first dump. You have to look ahead, judging by other examples. The newest one we know of is in Ontario. The central part is six years old. It's already broken down."

No one will ever welcome a hazardous wastes site into his backyard. What we already have in Atlantic Canada though, may be even worse: Hazardous wastes being dumped in virtually every backyard. ☒

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# The Law

## A jury of whose peers?

*The white man's laws may rule Labrador but do they offer justice for native people?*

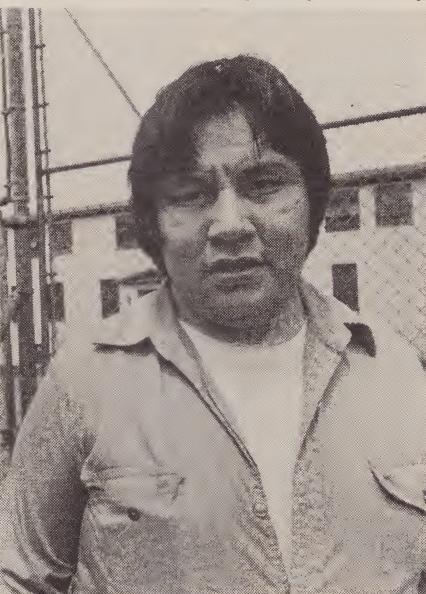
**T**wenty-four-year-old Cajetan Rich is one of the Mushau Innu, the Barren People. He comes from Davis Inlet, one of the places on the Labrador coast where the Naskapi Indians settled after the Hudson's Bay Company came north. All Rich has to remind him of home these days is the screech of sea gulls overhead at the penitentiary in St. John's. A former band council chief in Davis Inlet, he has been in prison since February when an all-white jury found him guilty of manslaughter in the death of his lifelong companion, Marcel Nui. A long winter evening, a large stock of home brew, a fight, a heavy piece of wood: Nui died of head injuries the next day.

In sentencing the Indian leader, Newfoundland Supreme Court Justice John Mahoney described the case as "special, because it involves someone whose background and environment are different from most of the people who appear before me." To Rich he said, "I have no doubt you had no intention of killing Marcel Nui," and instead of the usual minimum five years for manslaughter, the judge gave Rich 22 months.

But in other ways, Rich's trial was typical, and it has renewed questions about the administration of justice for Labrador's Indian and Inuit people. Typically, his trial was held in Goose Bay, a predominantly non-native town 272 km south of Davis Inlet and the Newfoundland Supreme Court's northernmost circuit stop. Witnesses had to fly down from Davis Inlet for the trial. Only provincial court, which hears petty offences, travels to the coast. Typically, as well, no native people sat on the jury. Newfoundland's Juries Act says the 12 people for each jury must be selected from within a 25-km radius of the courthouse, and the closest native community to Goose Bay is Sheshatshit, 50 km away. Justice Minister Gerald Ottenheimer says the provincial government plans to locate a permanent district court judge in Goose Bay and to amend the Juries Act to include Sheshatshit in the jury selection boundary. But critics say these measures won't begin to attack the alienation of native people from

the province's criminal justice system.

"Native people in Labrador make up a disproportionately high number of offenders, yet they rarely see a jury trial, and rarely participate in one," says Veryan Haysom, former executive director of Labrador Legal Services. In the 1970s, Indians and Inuit made up 50% of all Labradorians sent to prison, although they constitute only 12% of the total Labrador population. Haysom believes holding trials like Rich's in the communities where the crime occurred would serve an important educational purpose. "The criminal trial is a contemporary morality



**Rich: In prison for manslaughter**

play," he says. Without this dramatic demonstration, "the native communities of Labrador will never really understand the value of criminal law, nor ... develop the necessary individual and community internal controls that are ultimately the true guarantees of law and order," Haysom says.

"Many of the Indian and Inuit people see our laws as something imposed on them, and unless they are given the chance to participate more actively on juries, they will always feel this way," says Isaac Mercer. A St. John's-based lawyer, Mercer worked as defence counsel on the Labrador coast for 10 years. He says his experience with native people convinced him that, under the present system, they aren't getting a fair deal. "The concept of trial by a jury of our peers has been a tenet of the English common

law system ever since it was first instituted," he says. "Most Canadians take this right for granted, yet native people in northern Labrador are deprived of this right."

Newfoundland should learn from the example set in the Northwest Territories, Mercer says. There, native people have been able to serve on juries since 1955. In small communities, the jury is made up of six people instead of 12, and if impartial jurors can't be found in the accused's home community, people from surrounding areas are called to serve. For years, Mercer has been crusading for similar changes in northern Labrador and has a thick file of correspondence showing support for his efforts. "I've been told by the politicians that it would be too costly and inconvenient to have the Supreme Court circuit travel north of Goose Bay," he says, "but since when should inconvenience interfere with the administration of justice?"

Other "inconveniences," such as the difficulty of finding impartial jurors and competent interpreters, can be overcome if the will to improve the system is strong enough, Mercer says.

Cajetan Rich agrees jury trials in communities like Davis Inlet would be beneficial. "A lot of people would come out to see the trial, and learn from the mistakes people like me have made," he says. "Maybe someone drunk would come into the trial and make a noise and then the judge would see what our problem is." During Rich's trial, Mahoney saw that the major problem behind the high crime rate in Labrador's native communities is alcohol, and he told the court there would be no problem with native people and the law if there were no alcohol problem. "The drinking," Haysom says, "is a sign of the social and cultural despair in native society." That's what makes the case of Rich and Nui especially hard in Davis Inlet: As bright, young leaders, they were their community's hope for the future.

Rich, who gave up drinking while he was awaiting trial in Goose Bay, says he wants his prison experience to be a positive one. He's studying for his Grade 11, and he'll serve out the rest of his sentence in the minimum security prison at Salmonier, where he hopes to do some fishing and gardening. Rich doesn't feel he can go back to Davis Inlet as soon as he gets out. He'll spend some time in Sheshatshit with his wife and their two children. After that, he hopes to return to Davis Inlet and, if his people will have him, he would like to lead them again. — Marie Wadden

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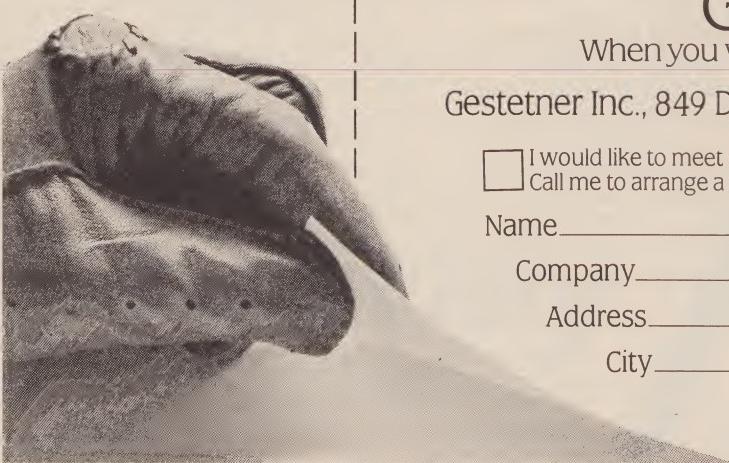
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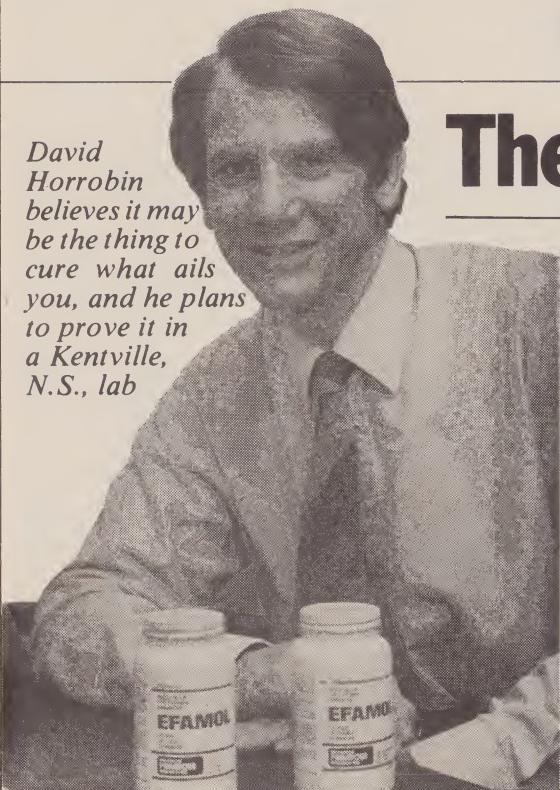
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David Horrobin believes it may be the thing to cure what ails you, and he plans to prove it in a Kentville, N.S., lab

## Medicine

# The promise of primrose

HAROLD ROSENBERG

for commercial Efamol, now marketed in 14 countries, Nova Scotia primrose will supply the lab. Agricultural stations in Kentville and Amherst are cultivating six varieties of the plant, which thrives in the Maritimes. The availability of such a hardy strain, coupled with the region's "good supply of technical people" and government aid were what convinced Horrobin and his three-year-old, Montreal-based firm to locate in Nova Scotia.

Horrobin, a British-trained physician and neurophysiologist, emigrated to Canada five years ago to conduct research and teach medicine at the Université de Montréal. His reputation as a radical grew when he suggested a possible link between the drug Valium and breast cancer. He was fired from his job at a Montreal research institute as a result, but Health and Welfare Canada is now studying the link.

His interest in Efamol developed from his research into the biochemical aspects of mental illness. Horrobin noted a decreased level of a body chemical during the illness, and searched for a substance to increase it. He hit on evening primrose, once used by North American Indians for stomach problems and whooping cough. When he couldn't get funding from Canadian research agencies for his "far too radical" proposals, he went on alone. "If I was going to be doing the research I wanted," he says, "I knew I'd have to make the money myself." He funds the research through the sale of the drug.

Efamol sells as a non-prescription drug in pharmacies and health food stores in central and western Canada for the treatment of a deficiency in essential fatty acid (EFA), a kind of lubricating oil for body cells. The body doesn't manufacture fatty acids, but depends on foods or supplements to provide them, in much the same way as vitamins. Fatty acids are vital to health, and EFA-deficient animals "essentially fall apart," Horrobin says. Efamol, he claims, is a super-rich source and, except for human milk, it's the only dietary source that converts EFA to gamma-linolenic acid (GLA)

for body use.

It's difficult to find anyone to comment on Horrobin's claims because the drug is new and there's little in the medical literature about it yet. So far, Efamol is only federally approved as a dietary aid and not for the treatment of any specific disease. While some pharmacists believe that Efamol is, at worst, a harmless fad, nutritionists are more critical.

A healthy person who maintains a well-balanced diet and reads food labels doesn't need supplements like Efamol, says Elizabeth Lambie, a Dalhousie University nutrition professor. Her advice: "Buy your vitamins in the grocery store not the pharmacy." Counts Horrobin: "Nutritionists are out of touch with reality." It's "not practical," he says, for people to always eat right.

Horrobin's theory that a combination of nutrition and traditional medical approaches can help correct the flaws in body chemistry isn't new. Ten years ago, Dr. Donald Lombard, a Northampton, Mass., psychiatrist, prescribed nutritional supplements for some of his patients. But he soon returned to conventional treatments because "I never felt sure with the results." A couple of years ago, however, when a few of his depressed patients taking medication had relapses, he scoured medical journals looking for answers. In the process, he discovered Horrobin and his hypothesis. After over a year of testing, Lombard says the results of a combination of Efamol and small amounts of regular drugs have been "very rewarding" in treating depression.

The suggestion that Efamol may help such a variety of health problems makes some authorities dubious. To ease those fears, Horrobin insists that he, too, wants Efamol's clinical trials to meet "the highest possible standards" because "we certainly don't want to be a laetrile." Trial results should filter in by next year and contribute to the work in Kentville. He's confident the studies will put Canada on the medical research map, maybe even ahead of the American and British research giants. "There's no reason," he says, "why Canadians shouldn't do it better."

— Roma Senn

**D**r. David Horrobin is not the darling of the Canadian medical establishment. He doesn't care. If Efamol, the drug he's pioneered, is half as good as he believes it is, it could revolutionize medicine. Efamol, a nutritional supplement extracted from the seed oil of the evening primrose, is supposed to help cure everything from acne to arthritis—even hangovers. Health professionals are skeptical: They've seen too many useless products developed to capitalize on the nutrition fad. But Horrobin is convinced research at his new lab in Kentville, N.S., will support his claims.

The Nova Scotia government agrees, at least enough to help fund the project. Industrial Estates Ltd., the provincial Crown corporation, has offered a low-rent facility in the Kentville Industrial Mall, and the National Research Council, a federal Crown corporation, may provide a \$30,000 research grant for the \$400,000 venture.

Efamol Research Inc. will employ a staff of five—expected to increase to 20 within a year—to investigate Horrobin's theories: That Efamol will help the treatment of heart and arthritic disease, alcoholism and hyperactivity. Their studies will complement trials under way in 30 hospitals (mostly in Britain and Scandinavia), and experiments by the likes of Dr. Linus Pauling, two-time Nobel Prize winner and vitamin C advocate, and Dr. Ewan Cameron, a prominent Scottish surgeon. Although a British pharmaceutical firm produces the primrose

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# Expatriates



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(checking and repairing miners' lamps) at the coal mine in Grande Cache, Alta., and the family prospered with the town.

When the Royals moved in, Grande Cache, 1,500 m up a narrow twisting highway and 370 km west of Edmonton, consisted of a mine, a McIntyre Mines trailer camp and a sea of mud. Today, the town is an alpine suburbia: New homes, station wagons, a community swimming pool. Neil Royal coaches ball, sits on the Legion executive; he's a solid citizen of a town of 5,000. One thing hasn't changed,

PHOTOS BY TOM WALKER



Royal: The Cape Breton Godfather



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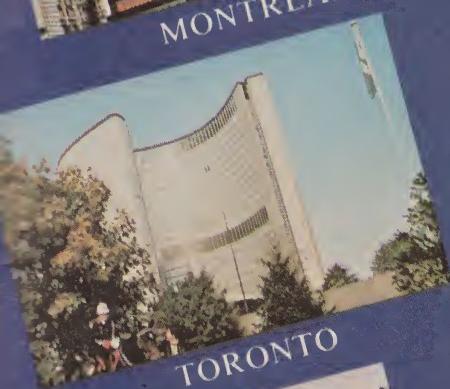
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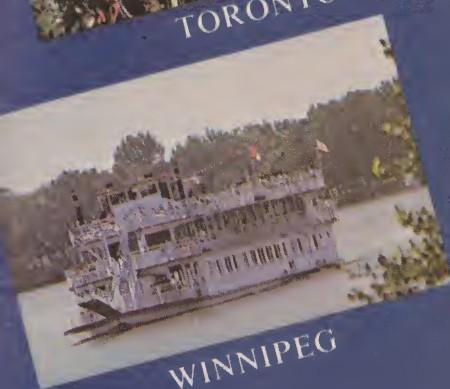
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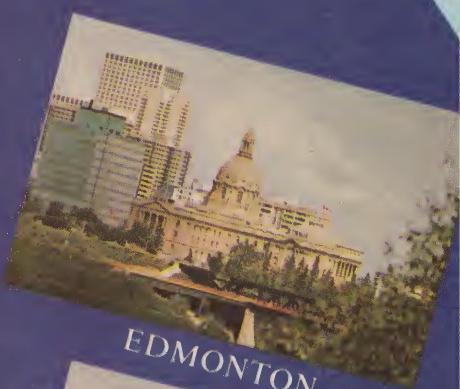
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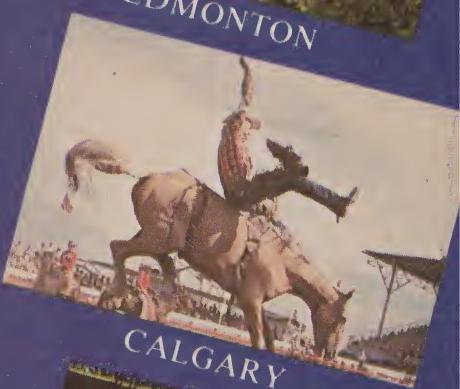
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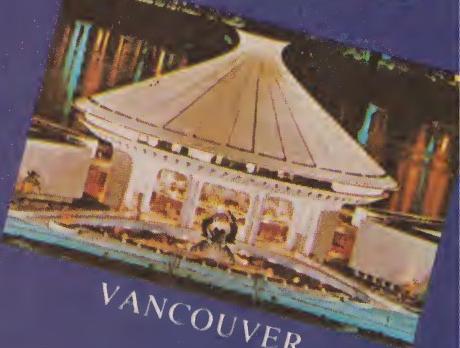
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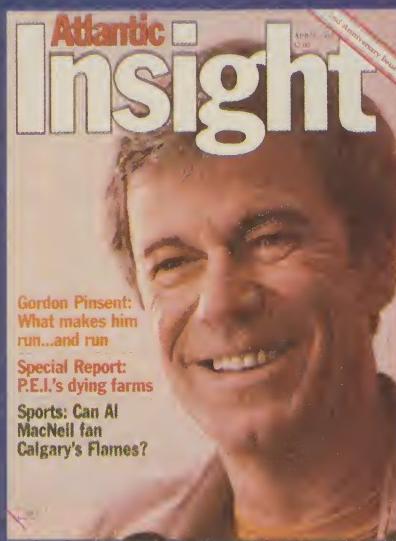
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though. Unemployed Cape Bretoners are still migrating to Grande Cache, drawn by the 3 million tons of raw coking coal that's hauled out of the No. 9 mine every year.

About a quarter of the town's population are from Cape Breton; every year, uncounted numbers of Nova Scotia miners drift into this little piece of Cape Breton tucked into the Rockies. "I feel like the Cape Breton godfather sometimes," sighs Neil Royal. "An Aucoin from Steeles Hill will call and ask if he can put my name down on his application. 'You know me father,' he'll say, but usually I don't. Hell, if he thinks it will help—let him use it."

Wages range from \$9.35 an hour for laborers to about \$12 for skilled tradesmen. Many newcomers start in the prep plant, where coal is cleaned and sorted, at \$10 an hour, figuring they'll build up a grub stake and go home. "But then," says Ernie Bonds, 25, from Glace Bay, "you go back and find there's still no work. I'm out here to get my black tag [two years' experience as an underground miner]. I went home after I'd worked a year, and asked Devco what were my chances of getting on at the mine. You know what they told me? One in 1,500."

Johnny Gardiner, 28, is back in Grande Cache for the third time. "I'd go back home tomorrow if there was a job at half the wage," he says. "Once a Cape Bretoner, always one, I guess." Gardiner is downing a pint of beer with friends at the Grande Cache Hotel tavern, mainstay of the town's nightlife. "I never worked a day of my life in Cape Breton," he says sadly.

Homesickness has been a problem from the town's beginning. Tish Gale, manager of the Motor Inn lounge, and her husband, Don, a miner, left Sydney Mines 10 years ago with eight other couples. Only the Gales stayed; Tish remembers wives so homesick they left Alberta before even reaching Grande Cache. "I think the men probably could have made it here," she says, "but the women never gave it a chance." More families are staying now than 10 years ago. But the town's isolation, the lack of variety in the grocery stores, the booze-ups by husbands at the bar bother some women.

Aside from work, there isn't a lot to do in Grande Cache, where it's been known to snow every month for 17 months in a row. The nearest town, Hinton, is 112 km away; next is Jasper, 160 km away, and then Edmonton. There's a pool hall, and a cinema that plays old B movies, and a circus once a year during Coal Dust Daze. And Grande Cache has seen its share of troubles. There were lice in 1971, which

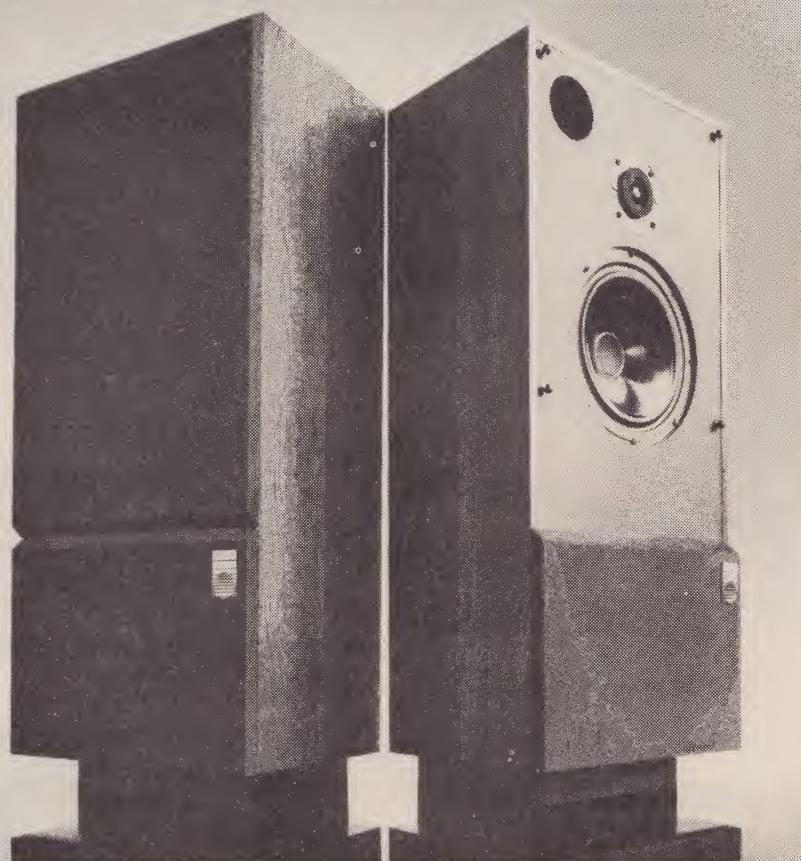
meant the whole town had to be quarantined and Grande Cachers were barred from Edmonton hotels. There was the flood that washed out the only road and left Grande Cache without heat or power for a week. Last year, there was a cave-in that killed four miners. Tommy Matthews, a 22-year-old from Sydney Mines, was one of them. "I never cried before in my life," Nova Scotia miner Pat Patterson says, "but I cried that night when I realized Tommy was gone."

Still, Tish Gale says she wouldn't go back to live in Cape Breton. Neither would Carol Butler. She and her husband, Len, pulled up stakes five

years ago, leaving behind a new home in Coxheath, N.S., where Len worked as a printer for the *Cape Breton Post*. "Our friends all said we were nuts," Carol says. "We left on the spur of the moment, almost impulse. We had a nice home, three kids. But my husband was slaving, working 12-hour days, six-day weeks. It was affecting our marriage, and when my sister called from Grande Cache one day and said why not come here, we decided to go. It's the best move we ever made."

Carol Butler likes Grande Cache's relaxed, friendly atmosphere and "no keeping up with the Joneses." Len's job as a computer programmer means

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## Expatriates

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For the Butlers and the Royals, Grande Cache has been their lucky number. When the first phase of company housing went in, the Royals moved into a house with the rent fixed at \$120 a month. Today, apartment rents are going at \$300 and \$400 a month. Those who bought a house from the company five years ago can sell it back to McIntyre, net about \$20,000, and go home with a profit. If

they want to leave.

"I'd have a hard time deciding if someone said we could move back home today," Wilma Royal says. "We miss our family, and oh, the ocean....But we're settled here. When we first came, it wasn't so much the money, so much that it was *steady*. You knew they weren't going to close the mine on you next week or next year." "I love Cape Breton," Carol Butler says. "I love my home. But I wouldn't want to go back. When we go back for visits, it's always the same old

gloom and doom and nobody doing anything for himself. It's a different way of thinking here. You know, I remember when we used to buy 10 lottery tickets on every lottery. Just like everybody else in Cape Breton, we'd watch the draw on TV, and it would be the topic of conversation for days. It's funny, but we haven't bought a ticket since we've been out here."

— Jennifer Henderson

## Quick now, where was that again?

Atlantic Canadians have been going down the road for so long, most of us probably have a fairly clear mental picture of a good chunk of central and western Canada. What do western Canadians know about the Atlantic region? Not much, if tests given University of British Columbia geography students are any indication.

For 20 years, UBC geography professor J. Lewis Robinson has been asking students beginning his course to draw maps showing everything they know about Canada. In one experiment a few years ago, he discovered that they could draw more accurate maps of Southeast Asia than of the Atlantic provinces. Some common errors: Newfoundland is too far offshore or becomes part of the mainland with Labrador; Nova Scotia becomes an island; New Brunswick is forgotten or is attached directly to southern Quebec; Prince Edward Island is east of Nova Scotia.

Would eastern Canadian students have any better luck in demonstrating how the west is drawn? Not likely, at least not according to the results of another Robinson experiment in 1978. Trying to determine if the problems western students encountered in drawing the inscrutable east might have happened because they started drawing the west and then had no room left on the page to show what they knew about the east, Robinson asked 13 geography teachers in eastern Canada to get their students to draw the same map. This time, the west got short shrift while the Atlantic provinces were shown as larger-than-life. A Newfoundland student, for example, transposed Saskatchewan and Manitoba, while a Halifax student showed a gigantic New Brunswick swallowing up parts of Quebec and the northeastern United States linking up directly with Ontario.

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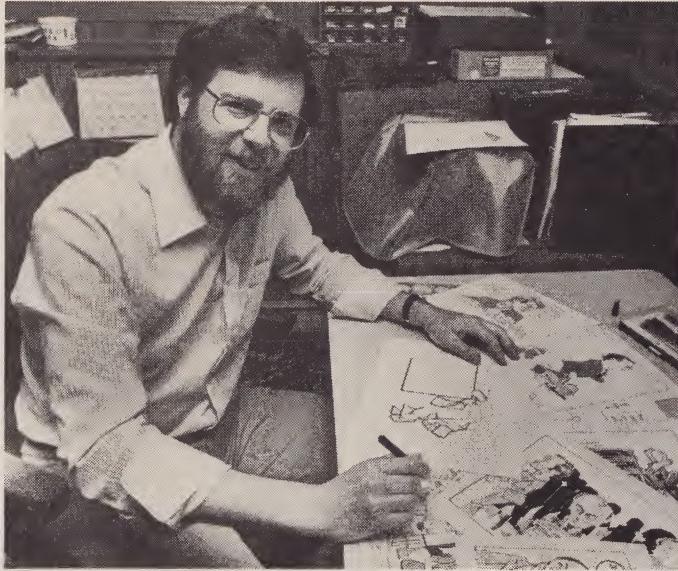
# Josh Beutel: Have pen, will skewer

*Josh Beutel is quickly becoming Atlantic Canada's best-known political cartoonist. Which is one reason he's begun to keep his private jokes to himself*

When *Newsweek* called this spring to ask if it could reprint one of his cartoons, Saint John cartoonist Josh Beutel knew he'd better make a quick trip back to his drawing board. In the cartoon which he'd originally drawn for the *Saint John Telegraph-Journal*, Beutel had poked fun at Prime Minister Trudeau's unilateral attempts to patriate the Canadian constitution. Beutel had portrayed Trudeau as a Moses-like figure carrying two tablets. "Take two tablets and I'll do the rest," the caption advised. That was fine; the problem was that what looked like squiggles on the tablets were, in fact, Hebrew words and phrases for some of the choicer epithets the prime minister had been accused of mouthing at opposition MPs and at striking Quebec mail truck drivers.

"There was nothing on there that was not uttered publicly by Trudeau," Beutel insists, but he concedes: "It's not something newspapers like to produce." After quickly confessing his little private joke to *Telegraph-Journal* editor-in-chief Fred Hazel, who says only that they "settled it between us," Beutel then laundered the offending Hebrew out of the cartoon.

Beutel knows he will have to be more careful about jokes from now on because many of them are finding a larger audience. Although the cartoon, which appeared in *Newsweek*'s April 27, 1981, edition, was Beutel's first international exposure, it certainly won't



Beutel: This year he expects to draw about 325 cartoons

and Brazil this fall. He has quickly become the region's first nationally acclaimed political cartoonist since Robert Chambers retired from the *Halifax Herald* in 1976.

Not bad for a man who did his first published cartoon as a lark nine years ago and who—in the words of Premier Richard Hatfield—appeared "like a mushroom" on the New Brunswick political consciousness just three years ago. Says Terry Mosher, the *Montreal Gazette* cartoonist better known as Aislin: "Josh is a comer."

The son of a Romanian Jewish clothing manufacturer in Montreal, Beutel

be his last. Nationally syndicated by Toronto-based Miller Services Ltd. since last December, some of Beutel's cartoons have been included in a recently published book called *The Art of Political Cartooning in Canada*. Two others will be part of an exhibition of Canadian humor touring Europe

became both a Maritimer and a cartoonist by accident. "I had always liked to draw cartoons," explains Beutel, who studied fine arts in Montreal, "although it never occurred to me as a potential for a career." He became a high school art teacher instead and was teaching in Napanee, Ont., in 1972

when he became incensed by an article in the community's weekly newspaper. This story concerned comments by a local MP whom Beutel describes as "a Leonard Jones-type." (Jones, a former mayor of Moncton and one-time MP, strongly opposes federal bilingualism policy.) Rather than write a letter to the editor, Beutel drew a cartoon. The paper's editors liked it so much they asked him to create one every week.

In 1974, Beutel took a year's leave



## Media

of absence from teaching in Napanee, long enough to convince him he didn't want to go back to the classroom. He and his wife, Leona, an Acadian from Moncton, and their two small children moved to Sackville, N.B., in 1976. Leona took a job as a French teacher while Beutel supervised construction of their new home. He kept busy for the next two years "househusbanding and doing artwork on the side." One of his part-time efforts during that period, "Land, Sea, Air," a wall-sized abstract mural commissioned by Transport

Canada, still greets visitors to the Moncton airport.

Beutel also continued to draw cartoons for the Sackville, N.B., weekly. That's how Fred Hazel first became aware of him. "We'd seen a couple of his cartoons," Hazel says, "and they impressed us a good deal." After striking out with the *Moncton Times*, which already had a cartoonist, and the *Halifax Herald*, which ignored his submissions, Beutel finally struck a deal with Hazel's *Telegraph-Journal* in the fall of 1978 to publish his cartoons three

times a week. Six months later, Hazel offered him a full-time job as the paper's editorial cartoonist. "Without a second thought," Beutel packed his pens and moved to Saint John.

Although he still works at home and cooks "most meals," Beutel is a prolific cartoonist. This year, for example, he expects to draw about 325 cartoons, 50 more than in 1980. While the *Vancouver Sun's* Roy Peterson says, "Josh is doing a very important job" in providing great regional viewpoints in cartooning, the truth is that about 60% of Beutel's cartoons deal with national or international issues. Beutel himself says he is a regional cartoonist "simply because there aren't other cartoonists in the area. I'm a cartoonist, period," he insists.

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Beutel's targets have ranged from New Brunswick Opposition leader Joseph Daigle, portrayed as an abused hydrant, to a trench-coated Prince Charles asking for a telephone scrambler during the controversy over the alleged taping of the Prince's phone conversations this spring. Most of Beutel's subjects haven't been offended by his drawings, which are humorous rather than vicious. Some, like New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield, have bought originals of the cartoons at prices ranging from \$75 to \$100. "I don't think there's anyone who doesn't love the flattery of being a cartoon," Hatfield says.

— Norbert Cunningham

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# If a Scotsman swallows his pride...



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## Harry Flemming's column

### Gerry Regan gathers dust, but where?



*The likeness was excellent, the artist impeccable. But the painting of former Nova Scotia premier Gerald Regan is nowhere to be seen*

**B**y and large, Nova Scotians haven't done too badly in following Joseph Howe's 1871 adjuration: "A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country, by perpetual reference to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

Thanks to the federal government, we've rebuilt Fortress Louisbourg and restored Halifax's Citadel. The Nova Scotia government has done well by history and the tourist industry by preserving as museums a half-dozen of the province's most elegant old homes. Every town and city has its war memorial and every mining community commemorates the men who died in the province's countless coal mining disasters. By now, it's an apathetic town that doesn't have a museum of some sort.

As for Howe himself, the modest granite obelisk over his grave in Camp Hill Cemetery in Halifax stands undecorated but otherwise is kempt and in good repair. His larger-than-life statue adorns the south lawn of Province House while inside, in the Legislative Chamber, Howe's full-length portrait shares equal billing with that of his Conservative rival and contemporary, James W. Johnston. Another political balancing act is the presence, on facing walls of the Chamber, of smaller portraits of two other premiers of Nova Scotia, Sir Charles Tupper, a Conservative, and William Stevens Fielding, a Liberal. Outside, in the lobby, sandwiched among such British monarchs as William IV, Victoria and Edward VII, are portraits of two famous Nova Scotians, Sir Robert Borden, prime minister of Canada from 1911 to 1920, and George H. Murray, premier from 1896 to 1923.

And that's it. There's no portrait of any premier since Murray, not even of

Angus L. Macdonald, who served 15 years in the office, and Robert L. Stanfield, whose tenure lasted from 1956 to 1967. The only evidence in Province House that Macdonald or Stanfield or any of the other nine premiers since Murray ever existed is a collection of small black and white photos in the lower foyer. Ex-presidents of golf clubs receive no worse treatment.

All this is by way of relating how another portrait of a recent premier came to be painted and the mysterious circumstances that have attended it since its completion six years ago.

In 1975 I was an aide in the premier's office. Gerald A. Regan was then approaching both his fifth year as Nova Scotia premier and 10th as leader of the Liberal party. I conceived what I considered a bright idea for a gift—a portrait of him by eminent local artist, Tom Forrestall. Initially, I thought, Regan would retain the painting and then, in time, he or his family would present it for permanent display in Province House.

Forrestall agreed to the deal and we quickly settled on a fee of \$5,000, a reasonable sum considering the artist's acclaimed talents. I then approached provincial party president Senator Al Graham with the idea. I said the painting could be paid for by having 100 party supporters contribute \$50 or 50, \$100. Graham agreed and after assuring the premier that no public funds would be involved, I gave Forrestall the go-ahead. Working from photographs and short sittings, he finished what we both considered to be an excellent portrait of Premier Regan seated at his desk in Province House. Done in egg tempera, the painting measured approximately two feet by four feet.

Things then became unstuck. Party bigwigs told me my financing plan wouldn't work. "Anyone who contributes will be after him [the premier]



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## Harry Flemming's column

for favors," one of them explained. I had naively thought Nova Scotia Liberals less importunate than that. With Forrestall about to leave for a year in Britain, I decided to buy the portrait myself. Borrowing the money from the bank, I figured it would just be a matter of a few months before the party brass decided on the best forum for presenting the gift—and repaying me. That was in June, '75.

By November I was becoming concerned. No plans were being made for presenting the portrait and no efforts were being made to take it off my hands. Finally, I had a curt call from party fund raiser Senator A.I. Barrow. "Have the painting here tomorrow together with your account." I obeyed. Whereupon the painting, still in its packing case, was placed in the vault of Barrow's downtown Halifax office. I haven't seen it since—nor do I know anyone else who has. I was paid with a cheque the Royal Bank quickly honored, although it was signed with an initial only.

Through the years I've made inquiries about the painting. Regan has told me he's never seen it. This would rule out—at least for the time being—a negative reaction from him similar to that of Winston Churchill when he first saw Graham Sutherland's now-destroyed Churchill portrait: "A striking example of modern art"; or of Lyndon Johnson to Peter Hurd's LBJ portrait: "The ugliest thing I've ever seen."

I was sure the Regan portrait would be presented during the June, 1980, convention that chose Regan's successor as Nova Scotia Liberal leader. The portrait was never mentioned. Recently, as the sixth anniversary of the painting's completion came and went, I phoned Senator Barrow. As cryptic as ever, he told me it was "put away somewhere" and "will be presented at the proper time. The man [Regan presumably] knows all about it." Repeated questioning elicited no further information.

Throughout history many great paintings have been "lost," perhaps the largest and most famous of them all being Leonardo da Vinci's monumental "Battle of Anghiari." It hasn't been seen since 1557. Others have disappeared from time to time only to re-emerge from someone's attic or from beneath a papered wall to reclaim their glory.

Tom Forrestall's portrait of Gerald Regan, in view of Senator Barrow's assurances, can't be said to be "lost"; it just seems to be in a state of indeterminate limbo.

# Meta van Dyk "strikes" again because arthritis research is paying off.



Watching Meta van Dyk hold a 230 average with her Tuesday night bowling league, it's hard to believe she has rheumatoid arthritis.

At first, Meta didn't believe it either. Even after several years of working in the X-ray department office of a hospital specializing in the diagnosis and treatment of rheumatic disease, she shrugged off the early symptoms of arthritis. Like a lot of other people, Meta tried to live with her aches and pains. But, there came a time when that was no longer possible.

While Meta didn't take time off work because of her condition, she found it increasingly difficult to perform simple tasks. Pain, swelling and weakness in her hands and wrists made it almost impossible to pull out a drawer, turn a water faucet or open a jar lid.

"When it got to the point that I had trouble opening the door of my refrigerator, I realized I had to have medical help," she says.

Meta got the professional help she needed. She still has arthritis but its painful, debilitating symptoms are being controlled through medication and therapy. She wishes now that she'd gone to her doctor earlier.

For Meta van Dyk, and thousands of other Canadians, arthritis research is paying off.

About one in every eight Canadians has some form of arthritis. But victory is coming within reach. Your support for The Arthritis Society is used to fund vital medical research.

For more information about arthritis contact your local Arthritis Society or write to Box 98, Terminal A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A2.



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## Brian De Palma wants to scare you. For the fun of it

*De Palma isn't trying to score symbolic points in his films. That's what makes him an original master of the horror movie*

By Martin Knelman

**A**t the beginning of *Blow Out*, Brian De Palma creates a delirious satire of his own movies. Without explanation, he drops us into the middle of a sequence that features a woman being attacked in a shower. It looks like an amateur's attempt to steal from Hitchcock's *Psycho*, but the execution is so inept that the audience is less likely to be frightened than convulsed with laughter. What could De Palma, who has been so obviously influenced by Hitchcock, and who is more often compared to Hitchcock by his detractors than by his admirers, possibly be up to this time?

The camera pulls back, and we realize that this pre-credit sequence is a film within the film. One of the minor characters is a movie director who has a certain resemblance to De Palma before he became successful. People ask condescendingly when he's going to grow out of this kid stuff and do something serious. The funniest part is

that he can't even make junk persuasively well. The screening is stopped by his dissatisfaction with the screams of the victim. A talent search is started, and throughout *Blow Out*, girls keep being dragged in to do scream tests. At the end, this joke is turned into a chillingly ironic comment, and De Palma achieves a kicker that tops the celebrated hand-reaching-out-of-the-grave kicker to *Carrie*.

*Blow Out* is De Palma's version of *Blow Up*, set in stolid Philadelphia instead of swinging London, and without the ponderous metaphysics of Antonioni's controversial mystery-cum-tonne-poem. *Blow Out* has a crackling pace that never lets up, and it has the gleeful gothic-comic sensibility of De Palma's best movies: *Phantom of the Paradise*, *Carrie*, and *Dressed to Kill*.

After the back-to-back disasters of *Urban Cowboy* and *Moment to Moment*, John Travolta makes a confident comeback as Jack Terri, the sound technician who gets drawn into a series

of conspiratorial killings. Working on the schlock horror picture, Travolta is recording sounds at night, when he happens to see—and record on tape—an apparent accident; a car blows a tire and careens off a bridge on a lonely road at night. Travolta dives in, smashes a car window and rescues a girl by the name of Sally Bedina. But an older man in the car, a governor campaigning for re-election, is killed.

Sally, played by De Palma's wife, Nancy Allen, is a charmingly stunned quasi-hooker who was supposed to be performing sexual favors for the governor in the ill-fated car. The governor's assistant begs Travolta to forget what he saw and disappear with the girl so the governor's family won't be publicly embarrassed. But a little later, Travolta worries that the whole incident could have been an elaborate plot by the governor's political rivals to have him eliminated. Does the tape indicate that before the tire blew there was a gunshot?

I don't want to reveal any more of the plot, but suffice to say that in De Palma's hands, the handling is anything but routine. At the end, you feel spent; all you can do is murmur, "Wow." The terror never lets up, and Travolta and Allen make the most amusingly odd couple since Lily Tomlin and Art Carney in *The Late Show*. And it's all pulled together into the ultimate De Palma epic. For the last half-hour, you hardly dare pause for breath.

And yet there are people who will say of De Palma's *Blow Out* what they said of his *Dressed to Kill*—and which is said to the inept director within the film at the beginning of *Blow Out*—"How come a smart guy like you is still doing this shit?" The answer is that De Palma has no intention of "growing up" if that means surrendering his infatuation with the lore of comic books and the cheap thrills of pop culture. De Palma may have started out like that amateur director in *Blow Out*, but he's developed into one of the very few geniuses of the medium. He loves playing with the audience's responses, and making us laugh at our own childish susceptibility. To see him as an imitation Hitchcock is a mistake; his work has its own sensibility and personality. He doesn't play symbolism games, or make fatuous comments on modern alienation. He goes for the visceral, and his attitude is cackling, cheerful, perverse. He also achieves stunningly sensual and flamboyant power. A genuine master and a true original, Brian De Palma turns comic-book materials into cinematic art. ☒



Nancy Allen, John Travolta: That accident was no accident

# My son, the reader.



Begging got me nowhere. Even bribery failed. But miracle of miracles, I discovered the kid has a heart. He found out about the MS READ-a-thon. You know, the program that lets our sons and daughters read their favourite books, and the sponsors (parents, friends, neighbours, local merchants, everyone and anyone) chip in a few cents for every book they read.

Sounds like small stuff? Last year the kids read more than 2 million books and raised more than \$2 million to help find a cure for this terrible disease, multiple sclerosis, that attacks the central nervous system of young adults and destroys coordination.

Chances are, none of us will have multiple sclerosis in our families. Even so, it sure makes me feel good

to think my son might help them find the cure.

Meanwhile, look at my boy — reading!

If you would like your child to participate in the MS READ-a-thon, write to the MS READ-a-thon, 130 Bloor Street West, Suite 700, Toronto M5S 1N5 or call (416) 922-5695.



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 Halifax  
 October 5-6  
 Communications Skills Workshop  
 Halifax  
 October 5-6  
 Going on Computer  
 Halifax  
 October 5-8  
 Paperwork Simplification and Procedures  
 Improvement  
 Charlottetown  
 October 6-8  
 Professional Development for Secretaries  
 St. John's  
 October 6-8  
 Building an Effective Work Team  
 Moncton  
 October 8  
 Managing in a Stressful Environment  
 Halifax  
 October 14-15  
 Communication Skills Workshop  
 Fredericton  
 October 14-15  
 Writing Effective Letters & Reports  
 Charlottetown  
 October 19-20  
 Labour Relations for Supervisors  
 Saint John  
 October 19-20  
 Assertive Management  
 Halifax  
 October 19-21  
 Quality Circles  
 Halifax  
 October 20-22  
 Professional Development for Secretaries  
 Halifax  
 October 21-23  
 Planning Ahead for Business  
 Charlottetown  
 October 25-30  
 Mach One  
 Halifax  
 October 26-27  
 Manpower Planning  
 Halifax  
 October 26-27  
 Managing Management Time  
 Halifax  
 October 28  
 Alcohol and Drugs in the Work Place  
 Halifax  
 November 2-3  
 Inventory Management  
 Halifax  
 November 3-5  
 Employment Interviewing  
 Moncton  
 November 4-6  
 Fundamentals of Finance & Accounting  
 for Non-Financial Managers  
 Halifax  
 November 4-6  
 Work Planning and Control  
 Halifax

For additional information — registration contact...  
 Carol Connor, Program Co-ordinator

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# Calendar

## NEW BRUNSWICK

Aug. 17-28 — Photographs by Dorothea Hooper, City Hall, Saint John

Aug. 20 — Walter Dale Memorial Race, Fredericton Raceway

Aug. 20-22 — Fair, Stanley

Aug. 20-23 — Madawaska Fair, Saint-Basile

Aug. 22 — Stock Car Racing, Danny's Speed Bowl, Bathurst

Aug. 22-29 — Kings Co. Agricultural Fair, Sussex

Aug. 27-30 — Kent Co. Fair, Ste-Marie-de-Kent

Aug. 27-31 — St. Isidore Fair

Aug. 30-Sept. 5 — Atlantic National Exhibition, Saint John

Sept. 1-30 — Robert Percival: Acrylics and Watercolors, City Hall, Saint John

Sept. 1-Oct. 30 — Atlantic Parallels: Works by 10 Atlantic provinces photographers, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Sept. 2-6 — Recreation Festival, Bertrand

Sept. 2-7 — Por-Ti-Pic Festival, St. Leonard

Sept. 5, 6 — Handcraft Festival, Mactaquac

Sept. 7 — Labor Day Invitational Race and Capital City Place, Fredericton Raceway

Sept. 7 — Dutch Valley Horse Show, Sussex Corner

Sept. 10-12 — Tobique Lions Fall Fair, Plaster Rock

Sept. 12-15 — The Hadassah Open Exhibit, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Sept. 17-19 — Queens Co. Fair, Gagetown

Sept. 18-20 — Rodeo East '81, the Coliseum, Moncton

Sept. 19 — Rufin Barrieau Memorial Race, Exhibition Park Raceway, Saint John

Sept. 23-26 — Albert Co. Exhibition, Albert

Sept. 25, 26 — Charlie Pride: Country Singer, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Sept. 30-Nov. 20 — Shouts of Joy: Wall hangings by Christine Scott of Saint John, N.B. Museum, Saint John

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Aug. 23 — John Allan Cameron, Confederation Centre

Aug. 26, 27 — P.E.I. Plowing Match and Agricultural Fair, Dundas

Aug. 30 — Maud Whitmore Scholarship: Festival cast, crew and orchestra present an evening of live enter-



Gord Cahill, Manager, Sales & Production Coordination  
National Sea Products Ltd., Halifax

Bob Bell, Sales & Services Officer  
CN Rail, Halifax

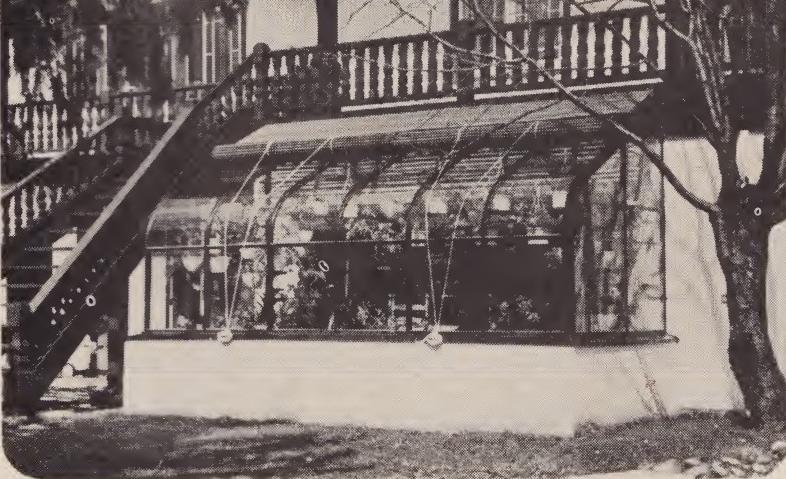
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## Calendar

tainment, Confederation Centre

Sept. 1—Charlottetown Festival presents "Aimee!", Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Sept. 1-7—Summer Festival Exhibition: Paintings, porcelain and crafts, Confederation Centre

Sept. 2—Charlottetown Festival presents "Anne of Green Gables," Confederation Centre

Sept. 4—Charlottetown Festival presents "Fauntleroy," Confederation Centre

Sept. 4-6—Le Festival Acadien, Abram's Village

Sept. 5, 20—Maritime Championship Drag Racing, Oyster Bed Bridge

Sept. 8-12—Charlottetown Festival presents "Billy Bishop Goes to War," Confederation Centre

Sept. 10-Oct. 4—Couleurs d'Acadie: Art exhibit, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Sept. 10-Oct. 4—Jack Butler: Recent work, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Sept. 11-13—Rodeo East '81: Top North American rodeo cowboys, Kennedy Coliseum, Charlottetown

Sept. 12, 13—Harvest Moon Open Golf Tournament, Brudenell

Sept. 12-Oct. 25—Elitekey: An exhibit of Micmac material culture, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Sept. 13—P.E.I. Roadrunners Marathon, Cavendish to Charlottetown

## NOVA SCOTIA

Aug. 19-22—County Exhibition, Shelburne

Aug. 21—Third Annual Antique Show, Yarmouth

Aug. 21, 22—Down East Old-Time Fiddling Contest, Sackville

Aug. 21-23—Walton Shore Fire-fighters Carnival, Walton

Aug. 22-24—Sam Slick Days, Windsor

Aug. 24-29—N.S. Provincial Exhibition, Bible Hill

Aug. 29—St. Margaret of Scotland Lobster Supper, Hackett's Cove

Sept. 1-5—Canadian Puppet Festivals Society presents "A Taste of Dracula," The Leading Wind Theatre, Chester

Sept. 1-6—Nancy Stevens: Halifax realist painter, Dartmouth Heritage Museum

Sept. 1-13—The Contemporary Art Society: Works by 100 Artists, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Sept. 2-6—Eastern Nova Scotia Exhibition, Antigonish

Sept. 4-7—Annual Stanley Fly-in,

**Stanley**

Sept. 4-Oct. 4—World Print III, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

Sept. 6—Atlantic Soccer League—Saint John vs. Canada Games, Huskies Stadium, Halifax

Sept. 6—The Blessing of the Crops, Minudie

Sept. 7-12—N.S. Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion, Lunenburg

Sept. 8-12—North Colchester Exhibition, Pictou

Sept. 11-Oct. 19—Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen Profile '81: An exhibit of fine, juried craftwork, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Sept. 15-20—Hants Co. Exhibition, Windsor

Sept. 19, 20—Fred Smith Memorial Trophy Endurance Race, Shubenacadie

Sept. 19-26—The Joseph Howe Festival, Halifax

Sept. 19-27—Harvestfest, Truro

Sept. 22-27—Sackville Days

**NEWFOUNDLAND**

Aug. 21-23—Humber/Bay of Islands Summer Games, Pasadena

Aug. 24-26—Canadian Division, National Diving Championships, Aquarena, St. John's

Aug. 26—Bicycle Touring (Bell Island, 55 km), St. John's

Aug. 29—Harness Racing, St. John's Trotting Park, Goulds

Sept. 1-28—Traditional Outport Furniture, Nfld. Museum, St. John's

Sept. 1-Oct. 17—"Life Through the Ages," Mary March Museum, Grand Falls

Sept. 2—Harness Racing, St. John's Trotting Park, Goulds

Sept. 5-7—Folk Festival, Bay of Islands

Sept. 5-7—Avalon Horse Show, St. John's

Sept. 5-7—Nfld. Open Tennis Championships, Green Belt Club, St. John's

Sept. 5-7—Labor Day Golf Invitational, Blomidon Golf Club, Corner Brook

Sept. 10—Professional Wrestling, Marystow

Sept. 19—Beancrock Sailing Race, Holyrood

Sept. 20—Annual Snowbird Gymnastics Show, A.P. Lowe School, Labrador City

Sept. 20—Mass Health Fun Runs, Labrador City

Sept. 24-Oct. 3—Trinity Conception Fair, S.W. Memorial Stadium, Harbour Grace

Sept. 25, 26—Annual Agricultural Fair, Piccadilly



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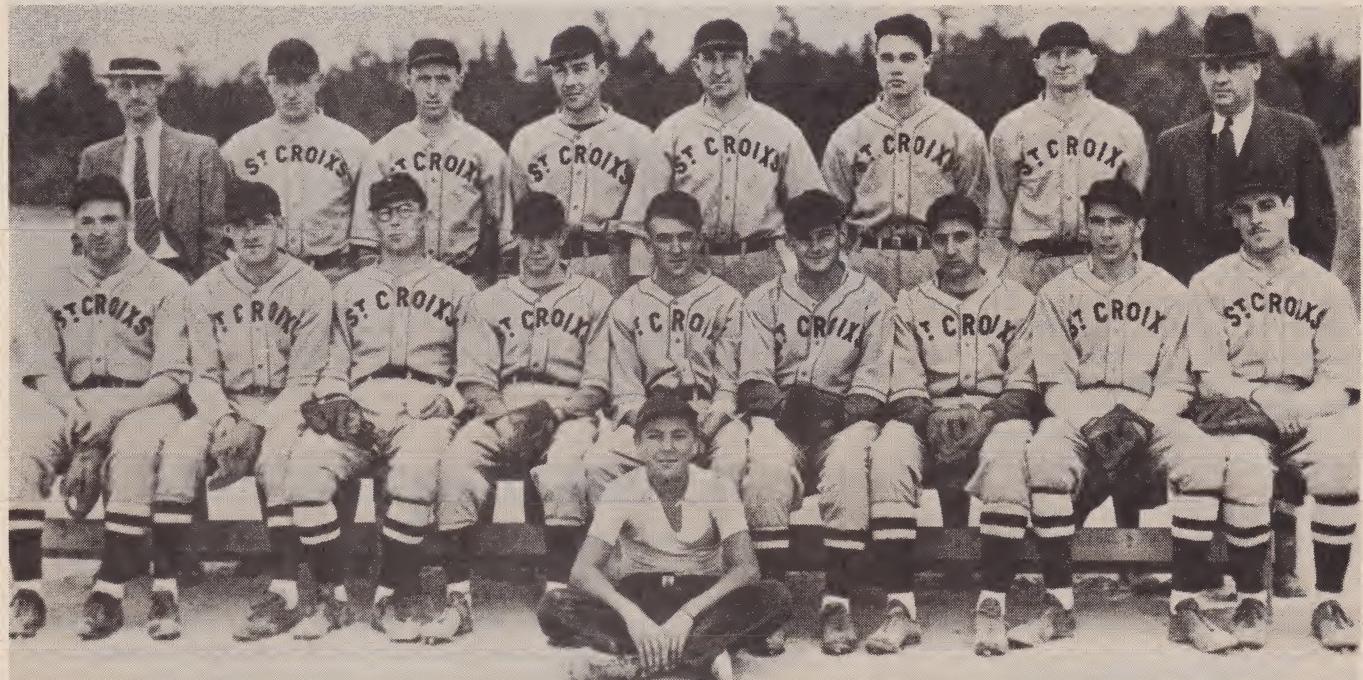
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# Sports



In 1931, back row (left to right): Len Webber, Secty.; Charles Godfrey, catcher; Raney Moffatt, short stop; Gordon Coffey, centre field; Theo McLain, catcher; Ken Kallenberg, pitcher; Baldy Moffatt, coach; M.C. Buchanan, manager; front row (left to right): Pete Talbot, first base; Harry Boles, third base; Cecil Brownell, pitcher; Phil McCarroll, second base; Earl Ross, right field; Alvin Young, left field; Art Lowe, left field; Norman Buchanan, pitcher; Clem White, pitcher; Charles Moffatt, mascot.

## The boys of summer, 1931

*It was the beginning of an incredible decade for an incredible baseball team. The boys from the St. Stephen-Milltown team still get together every year to reminisce about those good days gone by.*

The place where they once joyously celebrated their triumphs is now an elementary school, and the screaming newspaper headlines that told of their extraordinary deeds have long since been relegated to a closet shelf. But to the 19 remaining men, who were part of the near-legendary St. Stephen-Milltown Maritime championship senior baseball teams of the 1930s, bricked-over fields and passing years haven't dimmed their pride or their memories.

From 1931 through 1939 the St. Stephen-Milltown team, known variously as the Mohawks, Kiwanis and St. Croixs, beat back the Depression and rival teams to win seven Maritime titles and nine consecutive New Brunswick senior ball championships. "In those days," recalls Halifax *Herald* sports columnist Ace Foley, who witnessed many St. Stephen-Milltown playoff victories, "there was more interest in those final series than in the World Series."

They had nicknames to rival a Walt Disney cartoon: Baldy, Shorty, Howdy, Muddy, Squirrely, Danky and Lefty, and each year, at their annual

reunion in Fredericton, the survivors still answer to those names.

The players were originally brought together in 1929 by the Mohawk Club, a local citizens' organization set up to promote hockey and baseball in the St. Stephen area. The club, whose prominent members included both Whidden Ganong of the Ganong chocolate factory and future mayor Arlo Hayman, provided moral support and about-town credibility, but little ready cash.

In threadbare, cast-away uniforms formerly used in high school and industrial leagues, the team reached the provincial semi-finals before bowing out in their first season. The following year, 1930, they won their first provincial crown on the playing field, but lost it when their opponents, Moncton Cercle Catholique de la Jeunesse, protested that they had used American players from nearby Maine communities across the St. Croix River. The New Brunswick Amateur Baseball Association ordered the series replayed but St. Stephen-Milltown refused so Moncton was awarded the title. To the St. Stephen players, who included several seasoned former semi-profes-

sional players, the whole mess still smells of mouldy cowhide. "We were new to amateur baseball," says player-coach Orville Mitchell, now 78, "but we learned from that."

They also learned from the "barn-storming" teams who played them in exhibition games. All-black touring aggregations like the Philadelphia Colored Giants and the Detroit Clowns taught them "inside" baseball, a sort of PhD course in the game's finer points which eventually became a widely acknowledged hallmark of the St. Stephen-Milltown team. "The American players were smarter," explains pitcher Jim Morell, 72. "You couldn't fool them. You had to use your head."

More than 5,000 people (a number greater than the combined population of the twin border towns) showed up on July 17, 1934, to see the Milltown team take on the National League's Boston Braves. Sixteen-year-old Ken Kallenberg, the Milltown pitcher from Calais, Me., was rocked for nine runs in the first two innings. Though the Milltown team eventually lost 11-3, infielder George Purcell, 74, says that "it was good experience. We didn't

intend to beat them or anything like that."

They had far less trouble with Maritime opponents like the Springhill Fencebusters, Liverpool Larrupers and Charlottetown Abbies, all of whom they defeated in Maritime championships.

who waited outside the offices of St. Stephen's *Saint Croix Courier* for inning-by-inning telegraph accounts of championship games; and the DiMaggio-like skills of centre fielder Gordon Coffey, the classiest player at his position in the history of Maritime baseball.

The 44 men who had a hand in

a reunion at Fredericton's Lord Beaverbrook Hotel during the Hall of Fame annual dinner. They rent a hospitality suite (lovingly referred to as "Home Plate") and tell and retell their favorite stories. This year 16 of the surviving team members showed up. Some, like Roy Boles of Fort Erie, Ont., had



P GALLOWAY

The team today. Back row (left to right): Jack Hill, Grant Allen, Gordon Coffey, Jim Morell, Harry Boles, Aubrey (Baldy) Moffatt, Roy Boles, Len Webber; front row (left to right): Orville Mitchell, Earl Ross, Cecil Brownell, Alvin Young, Lloyd Kelly, George Purcell, Clem White, Cliff Middlemiss

Because there were no home run hitters on the St. Stephen-Milltown roster, some opponents hinted the real reason that the team kept winning was because they were devious. They cite the infamous "hidden ball trick" of the 1932 Maritime final to support that allegation. St. Stephen-Milltown were beating the Yarmouth Gateways two games to one in that best-of-five series and 7-2 in the game when Yarmouth first baseman Doug Horton smacked a double to the outfield with two out in the bottom of the ninth. When the ball was tracked down and relayed to St. Stephen-Milltown second baseman Orville Mitchell, he walked the ball to his pitcher, "Howdy" Clark, and innocently returned to his position. But, as soon as Horton moved off the base, he was quickly tagged by Mitchell, who had hidden the ball in his glove, and called out. Yarmouth fans stormed the field in protest and the St. Stephen team made a rather hasty exit. "We all started for the cars," Mitchell laughs. "It was a pretty tense situation." Outfielder Art Lowe, 66, makes no apologies for their success. "The fellas we had were heads-up. They had more than natural ability between their ears. We were smarter than the other teams that we played." Lowe and the others remember the highlights: The 13-day rain delay before the fifth and deciding game of the 1933 Maritime final against Springhill; the huge receptions that greeted the team when they arrived home as champions; coach Aubrey "Baldy" Moffatt's theatrics under pressure; the hundreds of anxious fans

building, coaching or playing during that spectacular nine-year span were inducted into the New Brunswick Sports Hall of Fame in 1971. Each year since then, the team has organized

journeyed hundreds of miles just to see old team-mates, putting added meaning into Orville Mitchell's claim: "Back then, we'd rather have played ball than eat."

— Robert Ashe



## The girls of summer, 1981

*They used to laugh when a woman walked into the weight room. Not anymore*

The musclemen file across the stage of Halifax's Neptune Theatre, flexing well-greased biceps, powerful pectorals, huge triceps, a ripple of abdominals. Spectators whistle and cheer as about 25 tanned bodies in three sizes—lightweight, middleweight, heavyweight—pose and preen under the spotlight. This is the first bodybuilding championship in Halifax in eight years. The contestants are men of iron.

The fairest of them all, the new Mr. Atlantic Canada, is Robert Taylor, 25, of Charlottetown. But that's not the event most spectators have been waiting for. Just before intermission, a hush falls over the crowd as three bikini-clad contestants show off their pectorals, abdominals, shoulders, triceps, upper back. One is a grandmother. Another is 22, petite, brunette and pretty. She's Janice Lee Nickerson of Halifax, the first Miss Atlantic Canada. She probably won't be the last.

Now that the Men Only sign has been removed from the weight-room door at fitness clubs across the country, it's becoming commonplace to see women working out beside men, practising deadlifts, barcurls, and squats, using the benchpress, the legpress, the universals, and repeating the routines until exhaustion sets in. Janice Lee Nickerson, an instructor at the Racquet Club's Nautilus Fitness Centre, says she entered this spring's competition to promote bodybuilding for women. About 100 women already work out at her club, she says, and more would take up the sport "if men were more receptive to the idea." But women's attitudes also need changing, she says. "When women discover that I lift weights, they look at me and say, 'Wow, you look great,' until I flex my muscles. Then they shudder at the sight. It's a conditioning attitude that we all have to overcome."

Dr. Phil Campagna, assistant professor of physical education at Dalhousie University, says women used to shy away from bodybuilding because of the myths attached to the sport—that women bodybuilders become musclebound hulks, and tend to look more like well-developed males than females. "Today, through education

and awareness of their bodies, these myths are quickly being shattered," Campagna says. "It's about time women joined in the sport. After all, it's a wonderful way to fitness."

Physical fitness experts say women's bodies develop differently from men's (because they lack the male hormone, testosterone, they don't develop the same muscle mass), and the entire concept of female bodybuilding is different. While the rule for male body-builders is "the bigger the better," women bodybuilders should be very lean. In women's competition, body symmetry, poise and muscle definition are the crucial judging points.



Janice Nickerson: Overcoming attitudes

Paulette Robichaud Rattray of Halifax works out in a gym six days a week, pumping iron and doing vigorous exercises to strengthen her cardiovascular system. At five-foot-two and 105 pounds, she's not what you'd call a robust woman. But she's stronger and has more endurance than most men. "I've been working out for more than a year now," she says, "and I feel more feminine than I ever have in my life." How do men respond when they discover she lifts weights? "Most men are more attentive," she says. "I think that's because I have more respect for my body, and I have such discipline, they respect that about me."

Women who take up bodybuilding say they like the way the sport makes them look and feel. "One hour in the gym with weights, and I feel on top of

the world," one says. "I enjoy the discipline," another remarks. "Working with weights after a long day at work relaxes me, releases all my tension." Harold Alexander of Halifax, a member of the Amateur Bodybuilding Association of Nova Scotia and a promoter of the spring competition, says bodybuilding offers instant results. "It's truly the total fitness sport," he says.

But it's also one of the most demanding sports. "When you're training for competition," Rattray says, "your social life comes second." Campagna notes that once people get hooked on bodybuilding, however, they stay with it a long time. And they compete in their 40s and 50s, when most other athletes are considered over the hill. Marie Nickerson of Halifax (no relation to Janice Lee), a contestant in the Miss Atlantic Canada championship, is a 49-year-old grandmother. She's also a walking advertisement for the benefits of weight training. "When I began training for competition, I weighed 148 pounds," she says. "Today I'm 125. Bodybuilding to me is like taking a piece of sculpture and totally remodelling it." For 28 years before taking up the sport, she says, she tried a whole smorgasbord of fitness activities—yoga, dancersize, callisthenics, Swedish gymnastics, aerobics. "Nothing shaped me the way bodybuilding has," she says.

Like Marie Nickerson, Bob Taylor was a first-time competitor in the spring championships. He prepared for the competition by working out in the gym six days a week and dieting strenuously to lose 30 pounds of fat. Now, he says, he's on to bigger and better things: There's a Mr. Canada contest this summer in Vancouver and the World's Grand Prix (for men and women) in Montreal in November.

Janice Lee Nickerson, Miss Atlantic Canada, says she might consider other contests "if I had financial and moral support." She's pleased about the public response to the first Miss Atlantic Canada contest; the auditorium was packed, and spectators cheered and applauded enthusiastically.

In the lobby at intermission, though, not all the comments were positive. "They do look nice," one man said of the women bodybuilders, "but I wouldn't want my wife walking around like that."

—Sandy Bernard

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# Fisheries

## McLobsters, anyone?

Hugh Paton of P.E.I. wants to raise lobsters the way agribusiness raises chickens. Can the Colonel and McDonald's be far behind?

Will the lobster go the way of the chicken? Confined from the moment it's hatched, force-fed on high-protein mush and kept in narrow quarters before being marketed en masse? It will if Prince Edward Island businessman Hugh ("Pete") Paton has his way. Paton is the driving force and—along with the federal government and Labatt's brewery—financial backer for a \$1.2-million lobster farming experiment that could be the beginning of a multimillion-dollar-a-year Island industry.

"We've got people coming to us for lobsters already, and they're willing to pay astounding prices," Paton says. The owner of one of Charlottetown's largest shopping malls, a property development company and a restaurant, Paton, according to one loyal employee, is a man who makes a success of just about anything he handles. Although he's already had an offer of \$6 a pound from a European buyer for his lobsters, Paton must turn away prospective buyers for the moment. His Marine Lobster Farms Ltd., located in a former chowder-making factory in the tiny tourist village of Victoria, is barely halfway through its four-year experimental phase. Commercial production is still several years away. But already there's more activity in the factory than in the entire village.

Two rubber-booted women with clipboards and instruments move among the racks of plastic trays stacked from floor to ceiling and interconnected with pipes. Everywhere salt water gushes, gurgles, sprays and drips, no doubt making the place like home for most of the residents. The trays, explains Edgar Mason, 28, marine biologist and general manager of the project, are divided into sections to segregate each lobster so they don't eat each other.

Mason, who oversees a staff of three other biologists, three technicians and an engineer, has been here since the experimental farm's inception in the spring of 1978. It's one of three such projects in North America. The others are in Maine and California but, according to Mason, they're far less advanced.

The first experiments involved 4,000 canner-sized (half-pound to one pound) lobsters which were kept in a controlled environment and fed high-protein food. In addition, a hormone that slows down the lobster's growth was removed so the lobsters would moult more frequently and thus grow much faster. Although the lobsters did grow quickly, they also became much more susceptible to gaffkemia, a disease common to crustaceans. Much of the stock was wiped out or had to be sacrificed for biopsies. The half that survived did

show a 33% weight gain over one year. They were sold to fish markets in Moncton and Charlottetown, and buyers snapped them up. "They tasted excellent," Mason says. "A lot of people said they were even better than ordinary lobsters."

Marine Lobster Farms is now trying to grow lobsters from the larval stage. About 4,000 lobsters, all under a year old and all developed from egg-bearing females, are being pampered in the lab. Even under controlled conditions, however, the mortality rate is still about 70% during the first few weeks and about 30% at the juvenile stage. But that's still much lower than in the wild, where only about one in 1,000 makes it to the adult stage. And, while it takes six to eight years for a lobster to reach one pound in its wild habitat, force-fed lobsters are expected to reach that weight in just over two years.

Mason believes the project will eventually prove that lobsters can be raised commercially at a reasonable price. And Paton is so confident of the future, he's already talking about larger, \$5-million facilities for full-scale production. "We are looking eventually to producing half a million pounds of lobster a year," he says.

Scientists are even more enthusiastic because of Labatt's involvement in the project. Dr. Robert Cook, director of the St. Andrews, N.B., biological station and head of an eight-member committee overseeing the Victoria project, says: "They [Labatt's] see this as an opportunity to get in right at the start...an opportunity to gain access to the technical information."

And what about the lobster fishermen? Will they be forced out of business by the cultured-lobster industry? Quite the contrary, says Jim Jenkins, federal Fisheries and Oceans project development officer in Charlottetown. "The long-range benefits to the fishermen will be tremendous." Projects like the Victoria fish farm will act as hatcheries, restocking waters that are now practically devoid of lobsters because of overfishing or disease. A good example, Jenkins says, is the Victoria area itself. Twenty years ago, fishermen took 20,000 pounds a season here; today the figure is 3,000. Only one or two lobster fishermen out of more than a dozen 12 or 15 years ago still fish in Victoria harbor.

Can the lobster really be brought back and raised like chicken? "Oh yes," says businessman Paton. "The lobster now is where the chicken was 20 or 25 years ago." — Rob Dykstra



Mason with segregated lobster trays

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## The circus is in town

*The Martin and Downs Circus is touring the Maritimes again but be careful how you broach the subject with Al Stencell. "Circuses," he says, "seem to run into a lot of bad luck when they come east."*



**T**he circus owner looks worried. "I don't," he says, hesitating slightly, "I don't believe in jinx!" Al Stencell sinks back into his chair, hiccups, pushes at his glasses and looks nervously at his wife.

Al Stencell owns the Martin and Downs Circus which is touring the Maritimes this summer. Martin and Downs, the best show of its size in North America, is a medium-sized circus: Big enough to have a couple of elephants lumbering around the lot, small enough so that everybody on the show does double duty. Everybody includes the elephants. During the show they swing around the ring like polite locomotives, but before and after each day's performance, they join in with all the other performers and help haul up and tear down the big top. During the show even Al Stencell, circus owner, dons a sparkling vest and stomps around the main ring with his three trained poodles. The poodles had cartilage operations during the winter. Though it cost Stencell several hundred dollars a dog, he isn't worried about the little knee joints of his three aging poodles.

"I am not worried about anything," he says again, "and I don't believe in jinx." He reaches for a banana. "Al

always starts eating when he is worried," says his wife, Shirley. Stencell snorts.

On July 14, Stencell opened his first Maritime tour in Plaster Rock, N.B. "Circuses," he says, "seem to run into a lot of bad luck when they come east." Indeed.

There was, in 1930, the circus train that derailed right at the station in Cannon, N.B.—five people were killed when nine cars left the track—ending the circus's Maritime tour. There was also, in 1965, the unforgettable Kelly Miller circus fiasco. Old Kelly Miller decided to load his circus onto a boat and take it to Maritime ports where circuses had never been before. The idea was sound. But Miller didn't know the first thing about boats. He set off to Florida where he bought an old freighter and loaded up his show. In deference to his insurance company he did hire an old alcoholic captain. But that was as far as he would go. Miller thought he could sail his freighter up the eastern seaboard as easily as he could drive a Mack truck. So, to make up the rest of the required crew, he simply bribed various government officials, and procured a batch of official-looking papers for his performers and the working men.

The freighter thumped out of Florida one afternoon and wasn't heard of for a week. A search was mounted and when they were towed back into port, an embarrassed Kelly Miller explained that the tiller had malfunctioned the first day out and the boat had spent days steaming around in circles while the radio officer tried to figure out how to work the radio. While waiting in port for repairs, Miller fired his captain, only to rehire him with a raise because no one else would sign on. They set off again and got lost again off Charlotte, N.C. Finally, they staggered triumphantly into Yarmouth, N.S. They lasted one night. The rest of the sorry tale can be read in a little orange book, published by the Yarmouth Firefighters Museum, called *The Circus Ship Fire*, which comes complete with pictures of one of the crew lurching off the ship with a leopard tucked neatly under his arm.

"We have had our share of problems too," Stencell says. "In 1974, we had the only blowdown in the history of this show. That was in Oromocto, New Brunswick. All of a sudden the wind came up and slammed into the tent like a sledgehammer. It nearly turned over some of the house trailers and it ripped the marquee to shreds. Then the hail

## Show Business

hit us. I swear there were hailstones as large as golf balls. In the middle of all of this the elephant spooked and ran off down the street. I caught her five blocks off the lot.

"It took us three weeks to get the marquee back in shape. We had to sew it together like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. I think we finally got it up again in Sackville [N.B.]."

That same summer in Alberton, P.E.I., two of Stencell's working crew were killed in a freak electrical accident as they were setting up the tent. "We've had some problems, but the Maritimes is a great place to bring a circus," says Stencell, who takes his show to the west one summer and the east the next. "We had our biggest day ever in Middleton, Nova Scotia. You should have seen the traffic jams coming out to the tent. We had to add on two or three extra shows. I think that we finished the last one after midnight.

"But it isn't just the business. It's the people and the places." Stencell smiles. "I come from Lanark County in Ontario, and that is a beautiful part of Canada, but I don't think there is a prettier view in the country than going up to that Rotary Club park in Wolfville and looking down into the river valley. Or driving down the Saint John River early in the morning watching all the mist curl off the river. You don't see that anywhere else."

"Hey Al?" Stencell's wife, Shirley, is calling from the back of their house trailer. "Are we going to play that town with all the fog again?"

"It was Clares Harbour, in Nova Scotia," he says. "When we got there the fog was so thick I had to tie flashlights to the gateposts of the park to guide the trucks in. We got there in the fog and we left in the fog."

"It was so weird," says Shirley. "I remember standing on the midway watching the townspeople coming out of the fog. They came to the circus like ghosts and they left like that, just sort of fading away. There was even fog in the tent."

"We're going back to Clares Harbour in August," Stencell says. "Maybe we'll get to see it this time." He smiles.

"You know what I am going to do?" he says. "When we get to Pictou, Nova Scotia, I am going to take the elephant out to Twitter Johnson's grave. He was a clown and an acrobat in the old days [with the Barnett Brothers Circus of New Glasgow]. I am going to take the elephant out there and have him lay a wreath on Twitter's grave. Twitter would have liked that. That'll be sort of neat eh?"

— Stuart McLean

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## Opinion

# Alberta-bashing? Who us?

*No, we'd rather blame Ottawa for increasing oil prices.  
We have, well, a history of ties to the west*

Every time that dreadful Peter Lougheed does something awful my phone rings. It's some Alberta radio station calling. The person at the other end is in a sizzling desperation for what everyone needs during a crisis: A freelance journalist. What she (it's usually a she) wants to know lest she catch fire is how the resistance is progressing. Have Maritimers been provoked beyond endurance by yet another Alberta-inspired oil price rise? Are fishermen, neck veins purple and false teeth hissing, brandishing their two-tined prongs at the western skies? Are spud farmers hurling rotting culls at the setting sun? Are troop trains being assembled?

"Well, er, no," I reply, rising to the occasion. "Nobody's saying a word."

A significance-laden silence ensues during which the lady's universe comes apart. "N-n-n-nothing?" she stutters. If true, it's a reversal of logic as remarkable as Einstein's overthrow of Newton. If they're mad as hell in Ontario, doesn't it stand to reason that they're bursting their bile ducts on the coast, considering their much-publicized dependence on oil? Doesn't the east get more despicably eastly the farther east one goes? Don't Ontario showers become raging storms that crack their heads on coastal promontories?

"No, no, it's not like that at all," I explain. "Out here we have, well, a long-standing affection for the west."

"Why?"

"Well, it's a matter of history and all that...you know."

"No, I don't."

The lady rings off with weary frustration. Hostile Ontarians are one thing, but how do you handle inscrutable Maritimers?

The problem is too fine to explain on the phone. But being in gleeful possession of a printed page, I shall now explain why Maritimers can't really get mad at the west.

In my case, it happened along the railroad track on the South Shore of Nova Scotia. At some point when I was a wee tad in hot pursuit of some

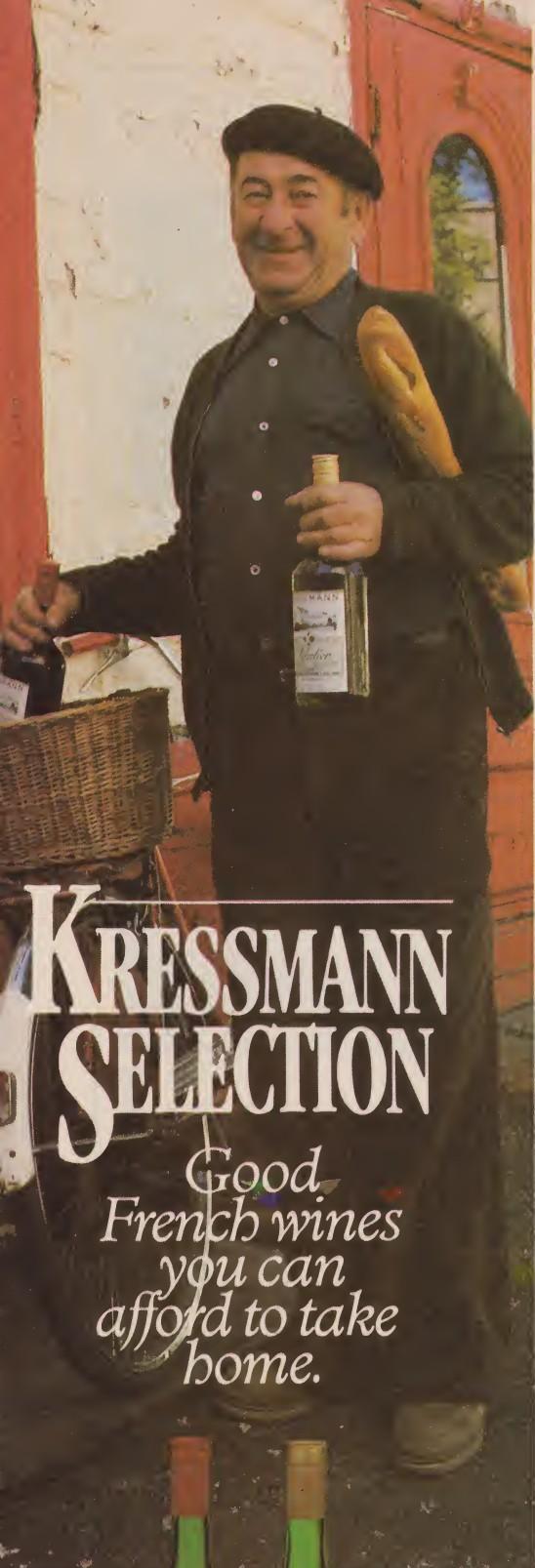
hapless toad or snake, I paused to wonder where the railroad led to after it disappeared into the trees. I guessed it followed the shore to Halifax. But beyond that? Surely not to Montreal. Despite my being an Acadian, the best Montreal could do for me was evoke an image of missionaries burning at the stake. Pungent stuff, but you didn't need something as important as a railway for that. And Toronto was just a little pile of boxes, as suggested in the well-known injunction: "Send your Puffed Rice box tops to Box 120, Toronto."

No, the rails ran boldly into Winnipeg and from there on to the great prairies. Here was a real world of grain elevators, cowboys, combines and all that to which a lad could aspire.

That was my first impression of the country: A great coastline backed by a great forest through which ran a railway directly to the Prairies, skipping past a few paltry dude outfits in between. And how did this knowledge come about? Well, someone around got the *Winnipeg Free Press Weekly* and it would get deposited at the general store. I couldn't read yet, but the pictures told the tale. And what Maritime rural community didn't have the *Free Press Weekly* floating around?

And of course we got flour from the west. This was brought home to me during the 1952 rail strike. My grandfather hawked down to his gut, let one go at the spittoon and intoned in the voice of doom: "The strike's only a day old and already there's no more flour at the store." No more flour at the store? I shuddered. We would all starve. Or eat salt eels three times a day.

The west and the Maritimes made common cause in the 1920s in a great political battle of the day. The west fought for official recognition of the Crows Nest Pass Rates and the Maritimes for the Maritime Freight Rate Act—this at a time when railways meant everything. They fought against the silly buggers of Ottawa and they won, they won! And it was a famous victory! (What good did it do? you ask. That's another story.)



## KRESSMANN SELECTION

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East and west joined forces in the cause of "fish and wheat"—Ontario newspaper columnists used the phrase with whining contempt. To them, it was an outrage that Ontario's finest institution, the Parliament of Canada, was full of uncouth types from east and west always bellyaching about "fish and wheat."

During the Depression, Maritimers sent carloads of salt cod as relief for hard-pressed western farmers. In her book, *Grass Roots*, Winnipeg writer Heather Robertson quotes an old farmer from Biggar, Sask. "They were flat and yellow and stiff as boards. Nobody knew what to do with them. Who in Saskatchewan had ever seen a salt cod?...They were totally inedible. And the stink was terrible....The pigs couldn't eat it. So we gathered the cod up and buried it."

So we didn't do much to help westerners survive (they survived anyway as it turns out). What we did do was contribute to the political evolution which has made the west what it is today. Peter Lougheed—not a bad guy after all—knows all this and is returning the favor. He lends the Atlantic provinces money at the same preferential rates as Ontario has on the New York money markets. This makes Bill Davis mad. Why should second-raters be able to do as well as Ontario? It's not fair.

So, you see, it's rather complicated but it explains why we can't get mad at the west. And even if Alberta dropped an atomic bomb on Upper Musquodoboit we would find a way to blame Ottawa for it instead.

—Ralph Surette

## Up coming in Atlantic Insight

The Nickersons: A fish story you'd better believe

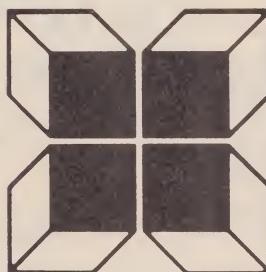
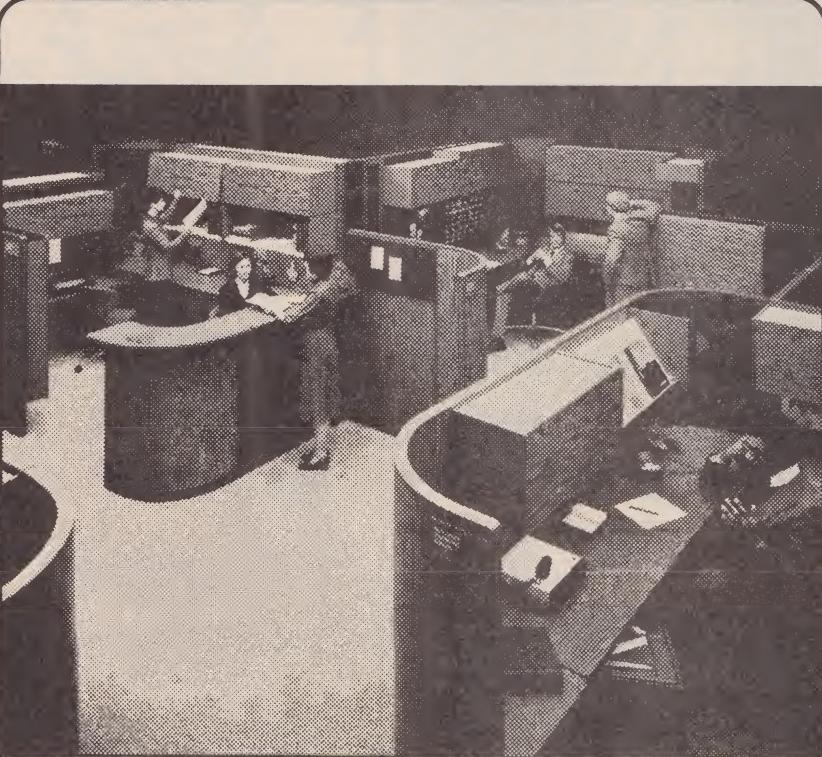
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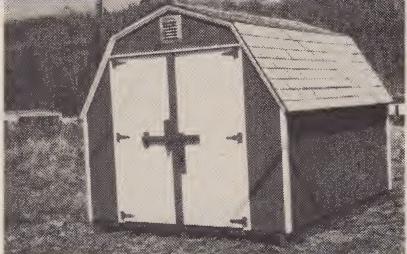
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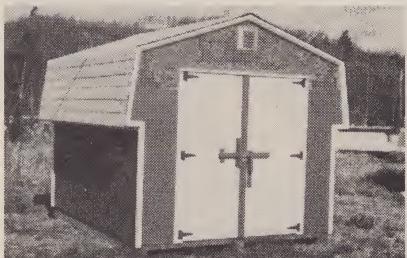
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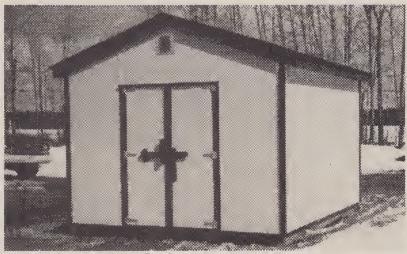
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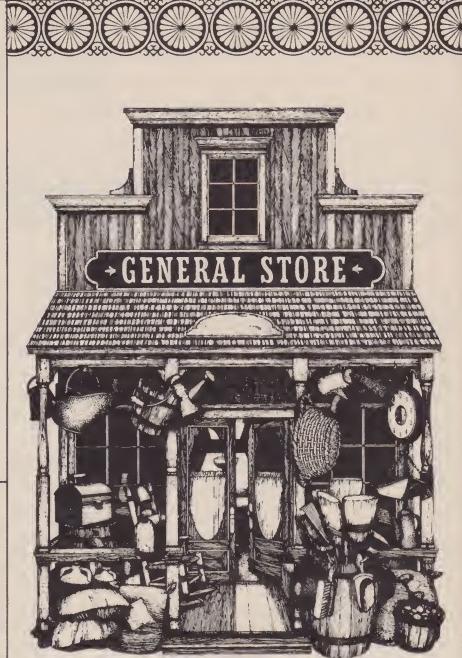
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## Ray Guy's column

# See Dick and Jane run. See Lucy bite the dust

*The older generation learned their ABCs from Royal Readers. Royal Readers didn't mince words*

**L**ately, in an elevator in Toronto, I overheard two British Columbian women trying to top one another regarding the simplicity and therefore the virtue of the private schools in which they had installed their offspring. I mention this partly to reassure Mother once again that even though I never made it to brain surgeon, the life of a freelance journalist is a glamorous and useful one which takes me to exotic spots. One of the B.C. ladies boasted that her kinder went to a place so sensible and sound that they were taught nothing but Greek, Latin, English and arithmetic...none of this new math or how to supercharge your tricycle. The other said that her tots went to a place so advanced that it used no English literature texts printed after 1912.

They got off the Otis six floors below mine so I was left to speculate that in one place the boot laces of the little scholars were tied in hard knots to prevent them counting above 10 while in the other the infants were given slabs of granite and chisels to chip out uplifting bits of Homer.

Educational methods are changing all the time. I started off down the pathways of organized enlightenment in the company of Jerry and Jane and their alsatian, yclept Laddie. Jerry and Jane were in a constant state of amazement at the way Laddie was able to walk, run and, when put to it, even jump. By page 18, Laddie chased a squirrel. We had to learn to spell the name of Laddie's quarry. Since there are no squirrels in Newfoundland it was obviously early preparation for a job on the mainland. Jerry and Jane went to something called kindergarten so we had to learn how to spell that, too. Kindergarten was something they had up there in the States. We went to "primmer class" to learn such things as how to spell kindergarten.

By the age of five I knew that "the red light says stop; the green light says go" but was well into puberty before I actually got to St. John's and saw what was then possibly the only traffic light in Newfoundland. It was located, I

think, at a junction called Rawlin's Cross. Which brings us to the denominational system of education here.

There used to be separate schools for Church of Englanders, Wesleyans, Roman Catholics, Salvationists, Pentecostalists and Seventh Day Adventists. Except for the Papists and the Pents, the rest have pretty much amalgamated now. But back to Rawlin's Cross called, for short, The Cross. A person named (why not?) Paddy Murphy lived between two shopkeepers at Rawlin's Cross who were both notorious for their sharp practices. He eventually died and soon hereafter when Father Power was quizzing a class on spiritual matters he asked: "Joseph White, my lad, tell us who it was that died on the Cross between two thieves."

"Paddy Murphy, Father."

Jerry and Jane eventually gave place to Dick and Jane, and their dog was a cocker spaniel named Spot. He was every bit as agile as Laddie which brought forth constant exclamations from Dick and Jane. In Catholic schools, though, Spot was the canine prodigy of David and Anne. David's and Anne's kindergarten had a crucifix above the blackboard and a Bride of Christ to teach them such spiffy conversational gambits as "Oh, oh, oh. Look, look, look. See Spot run."

My parents and their contemporaries made do with Tom. He, too, had a dog but it was apparently nameless..."This is Tom. This is Tom's dog. Tom eats two eggs a day. See how fat he is." But that generation had the advantage of "Royal Readers." The dogs of Dick and Jane and David and Anne were put far behind them before the first school year was out.

Instead of grades, you were classed by the book number. St. John's men, to demonstrate their sophistication compared to the rest of the human race, still snicker at the bayman who went into a shoe shop on Water Street and said: "Give us a pair of boots to fit a girl in Number Five Book."

There was none of this Dick and Jane pap in the Royal Readers. Life

was real and life was earnest. In Number Three Book alone there are upward of a dozen hideous juvenile deaths. These kiddies copped it either in the course of excruciatingly noble acts or while disobeying their elders and betters. Sometimes both. Take the sad but inspirational case of the brothers, Robert and James, who climbed up some scaffolding to a church roof—which they ought not to have done—and fell off. Robert clutched a beam and James managed to grab Robert's legs. "In this awful position the lads hung, shouting for help. At last the strain of the double weight became more than Robert's hands could bear. 'Could you save yourself if I let go?' asked James. 'Then good-bye and God bless you!' cried the noble boy as he let go his hold and..."

Thereafter, we may suppose, Robert walked through life radiating repentance and gratitude, his knuckles grazing the pavement.

You can still count on the older race to come indoors out of a blizzard and say, "Christ, this is worse than the night Lucy Gray was lost!" This Lucy ("the sweetest thing that ever grew inside a human door!" no less) was sent off with a lantern to fetch Mummy from town while Daddy stayed home and "raised his hook and snapped a fagot-band"—either an interesting perversion, I suppose, or an archaic cottage industry. They traced her little footprints through the snow but these disappeared in the middle of a bridge. Hide nor hair was ever found of her although we're told in stanza 15 that "some maintain that to this day she is a living child" which is an odd conclusion as it would put her well up into her 90s.

Number Three Book has some general information, too. "The Tongue," for instance. "What a wonderful thing our tongue is! No other part of our body moves so freely. It can be thrust out and pulled back very quickly; and it may be moved from side to side, or up and down, at pleasure."

Whenever I reread this scientific treatise I get, for some reason, an image of Lucy Gray being thus enlightened while sitting on Lewis Carroll's knee.

But the heft of the Royal Readers is how to perish with a stiff upper lip. Not a bad course of instruction at a time when there were two world wars yet to come. Lucy Gray and Robert the English orangutan point the way.



# The Canadian Spirit...

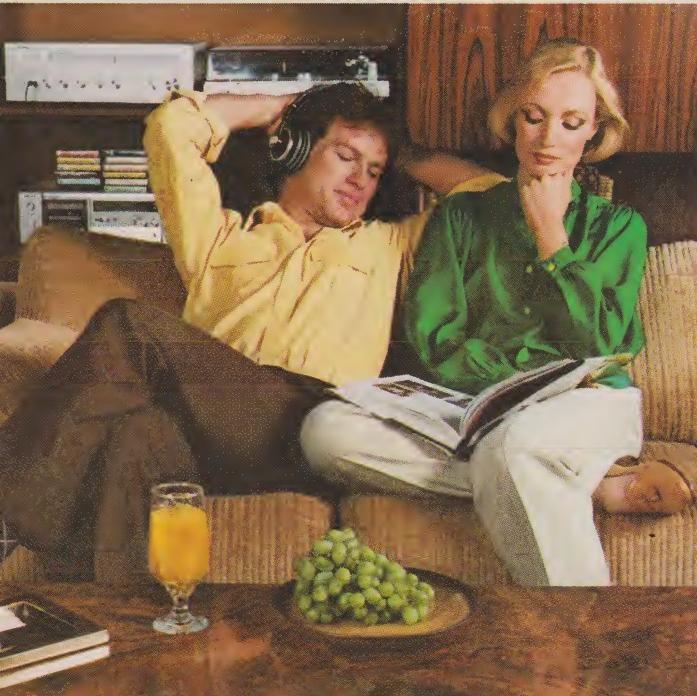


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